15 CENTS

Everybody's Magazine

# SOCIALISM

# PROMISE OR MENACE?

A DEBATE BETWEEN

MORRIS HILLQUIT
MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY

AND

JOHN AUGUSTINE RYAN, D.D.
PROFESSOR OF MORAL THEOLOGY AND ECONOMICS, SAINT PAUL SEMINARY.

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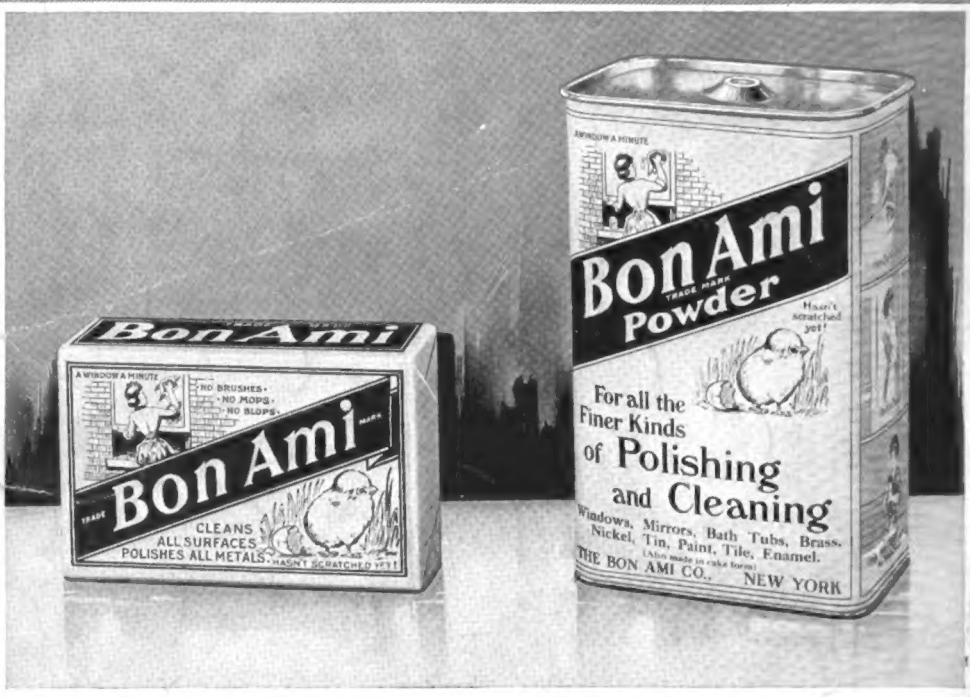
OCTOBER




# Take your choice—
# Cake or Powder!

**Yes,** we are now making Bon Ami in *powder* form as well as *cake.*

The new powder is made of exactly the same fine materials as the cake; it will do exactly the same work, and, like the cake, *will not scratch.*

Some housewives prefer a powder—others prefer a cake—you now have both in Bon Ami.

At the touch of a wet cloth, Bon Ami Powder turns to a clean, white lather.

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Bon Ami is not intended for scouring, scraping or grinding, but *for all the finer kinds of cleaning and polishing*—windows, mirrors, bath-tubs, brass, nickel, painted woodwork, tile and enamel

Be sure to try Bon Ami Powder. Your grocer can supply you with either Powder or Cake for 10 cents.

*"Like the chick that's newly hatched,*

*Bon Ami has never scratched."*

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

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# EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK *for* OCTOBER

OCTOBER *hath* 31 days — *By* FRANKLIN P. ADAMS — 1913

## PREDICTIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1913

About this time look out for results of investigations of railroad wrecks and factory fires that have occurred since June. The Grand Jury will find that the fires were due to untraceable causes, and the owners of the buildings will be severely spoken to; railroad engineers will be summarily dealt with, and a few may be imprisoned for manslaughter. Railroad dividends and the profits in women's apparel will increase, and the cost of living will advance slightly. The Giants will fail to win the world's baseball championship.

### HER OTHER NAME IS LEGION

*My lady wears the modern style*
*That any one can through see;*
*And so—please to restrain your smile—*
*We all call her Trans-Lucy.*

### ANCIENT HUMOR

Socrates, having heard of the prominence of May Sutton, Maurice E. McLoughlin, and W. M. Johnston, is said to have summoned to him Alcibiades and to have remarked: "I think, O Alcibiades, that the name of the state of California should be changed."

"And what alteration in nomenclature, O Sage," said Alcibiades, "would you suggest?"

"Well," said the great philosopher, "since you press me, I will tell you. I recommend that it be changed to Tennissee."

The Acropolis reverberated with laughter.

### THE MERRY MONARCH

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
But he never had to track items for an Almanack—
Which accounts for his jollitee.

### *Fascinating Facts*

Needles came into use in 1545.

The first watches were made at Nuremberg in 1477.

The population of Brandon, Vt., where Stephen A. Douglas, a school named for whom the Editor of EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK attended between the ages of seven and twelve years, was born, is 1,330.

1—W. —Festival of the Rosary. Pheasant shooting begins in England. *Look out for October ale.*
2—Th. —Jewish New Year, 5674. Richard III. born, 1452.
3—Fr. —Currency Bill devised by Beelzebub, 483 B. C. } RAIN }
4—Sa. —St. Francis of Assisi died, 1226.
5—Su. —Jonathan Edwards, at whose desk Walter Prichard Eaton writes, born, 1703.
6—M. —Albert Harkness, collaborator with Satan in Latin and Greek grammars, born, 1822. World Series begins, 1913. *Look out for rain.*
7—Tu. —National League retains hope of winning World Series, 1913.
8—W. —Rienzi assassinated, 1354. Treaty between United States and Holland, 1782.*
9—Th. —Cervantes born, 1547. Chicago Day at World's Fair, 1893. Editor EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK feels incipient senility, 1913.
10—Fr. —Robert G. Shaw, colonel first colored regiment from the North, born, 1837. Nansen born, 1861.
11—Sa. —South African War begins, 1899.
12—Su. —America, where EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is published, discovered, 1492. Rudyard Kipling temporarily abandons literature, 1902.
13—M. —Claudius poisoned, 54. Saxons, on Friday the 13th, stay up late indulging in wines, liquors, and wassail, 1066.
14—Tu. —Normans win Battle of Hastings, 1066.
15—W. —Virgil, the Will Carleton of his day, born, 70 B.C. Gregorian calendar, now used by insurance companies, introduced, 1582. Denman Thompson born, 1833.
16—Th. —Freedom shrieked as Kosciuszko fell, 1817. Houses of Parliament burned, 1834. Snodgrass muffs fly ball, 1912.
17—Fr. —Suffragettes accused of setting fire to Houses of Parliament, 1911. Turkey declared war against Balkan States, 1912.
18—Sa. —Beau Nash born, 1674. Long-distance telephone opened between New York and Chicago, 1892.
19—Su. —John Adams born, 1735. Theodore Roosevelt takes teaspoonful of Madeira, 1891.
20—M. —Sir Christopher Wren, architect of St. Paul's, born, 1632.
21—Tu. —Coleridge born, 1772. Death of Lord Nelson, 1805. Mayor Gaynor confident of re-election, 1913.
22—W. —Sarah Bernhardt born, 1845!!!!!!
23—Th. —Inventors of the best safety razor meet at Madison Square Garden, 1913.
24—Fr. —Erie Canal opened, 1809. Belva Lockwood discovers universe, 1830.
25—Sa. —ST. CRISPIN'S DAY. Demosthenes died, 322 B. C. Six Hundred advance ½ league onward, 1854.
26—Su. —Petticoats abolished, 1913.
27—M. —M. J. Brutus died, 42 B. C. Kermit Roosevelt's father born, 1858.
28—Tu. —Statue of Liberty, first thing seen by immigrants to America, dedicated, 1886. Harvard College founded, 1636.
29—W. —Sir Walter Raleigh, discoverer of tobacco and other chivalrous customs, beheaded, 1618.
30—Th. —Richard Brinsley Sheridan born, 1751.
31—Fr. —ALL HALLOW'S EVE. Connecticut charter concealed in oak, 1687; rediscovered by Charles Mellen, 1907.

*Dutch treaty, so to speak.

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*Photograph by H. G. Ponting, F. R. G. S.*

SLEDGE-TRACKS ON THE ANTARCTIC SNOW.—"WE CAME TO THE REMAINS OF A CAMP, WITH SLEDGE-TRACKS AND SKI-TRACKS. THIS TOLD THE WHOLE STORY: THE NORWEGIANS HAD ARRIVED FIRST."

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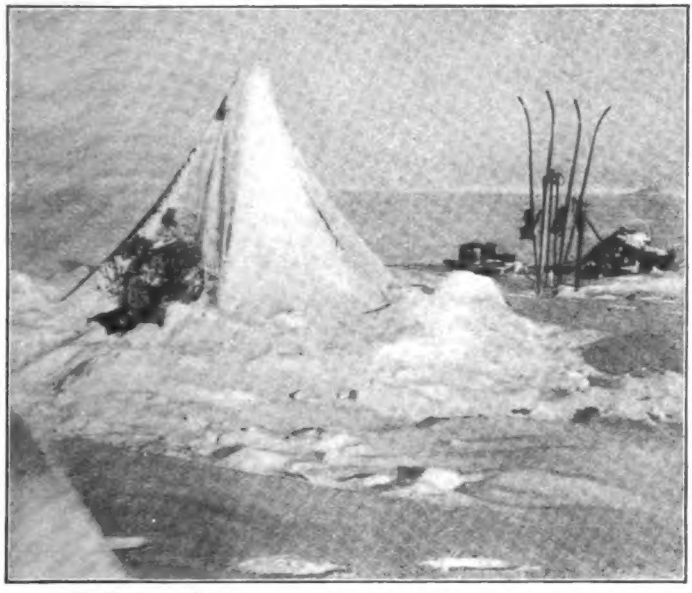

*Photograph by Lieut. H. R. Bowers*

SCOTT'S TENT AFTER A THREE DAYS' BLIZZARD.

## "The Uttermost South"

# THE UNDYING STORY of CAPTAIN SCOTT

### FROM HIS DIARIES

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY
CAPTAIN ROBERT F. SCOTT AND MEMBERS OF THE ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

SPENT, starved, frozen, five brave men died on the Great Antarctic Ice-Barrier after a record of rare fortitude and devotion. In the pages that follow we read, to their pitiful brave ending, the diary entries revealing the finest qualities of humanity.

In last month's instalment, Scott's final supporting party turned back, leaving only those five who died, to push onward. From that moment no record could come out of the frozen South except the diary entries made by Scott himself to the very end, and the photographs taken by himself at the Pole and on the journey. These rough notes and these few pictures as they are published here, were found beside his body in the snow-shrouded tent.

To those who ask "Of what use?"—no one can make answer that would satisfy. Scott and his men went into service and

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*Photograph by H. G. Ponting, F. R. G. S.*

LIEUTENANT HENRY R. BOWERS, ROYAL INDIAN MARINE, ONE OF THE LAST THREE SURVIVORS WHO DIED IN THE TENT, MARCH 29, 1912.

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*Photograph by H. G. Ponting, F. R. G. S.*

CAPTAIN ROBERT FALCON SCOTT, R.N., ROYAL NAVY, COMMANDER ROYAL VICTORIAN ORDER.
DIED MARCH 29, 1912.

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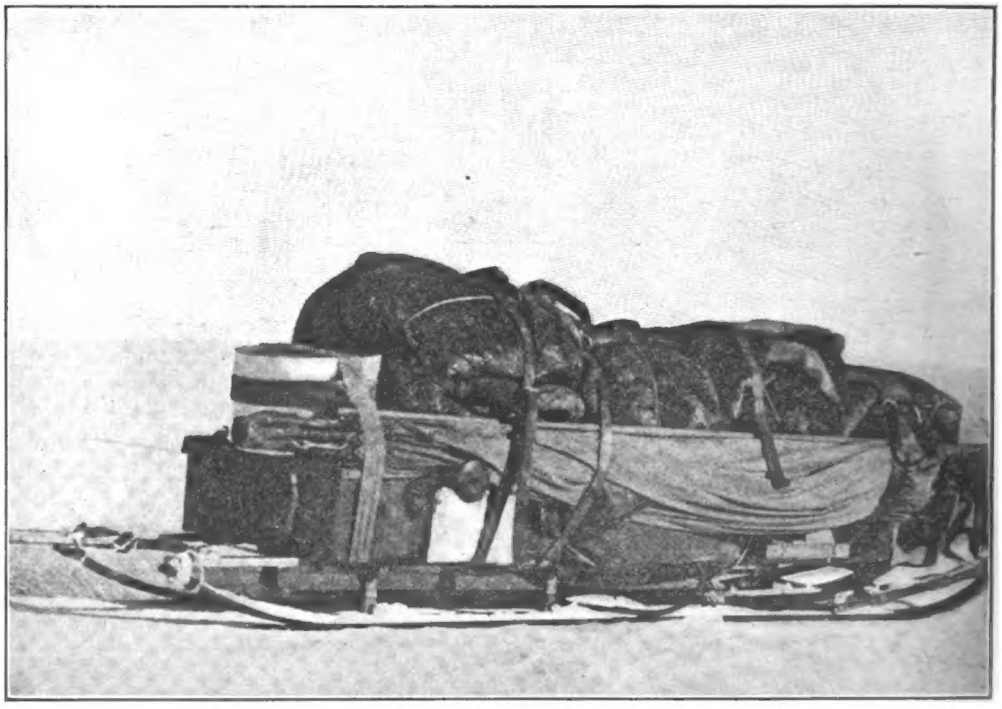

ARRIVAL OF THE SOUTHERN PARTY AT THE POLE—THE LAST DAY'S SLEDGING SOUTHWARD WAS TAKEN BY CAPTAIN SCOTT AS A RECORD OF THE

sacrifice for a cause that they felt to be great. For the price they paid, we have this record. The contributions to science in many fields are of high interest and value. Photographically, the achievement is supreme. No such equipment had ever been taken with a Polar expedition. From the photographs that we have printed, and from the remarkable moving-pictures of life in the Antarctic being shown throughout the country, the work of the expedition, the scenery, the creatures of the South are visualized into common knowledge as has never been possible before.

On the morning of January 4, 1912, the five who faced southward said "Good-by" to the three who turned homeward.—EDITOR OF EVERYBODY'S.

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"JAN. 4. On the afternoon march we came on a surface covered with loose, sandy snow and the pulling became very heavy. We managed to get off twelve and a half miles (geog.) by seven P. M., but it was very heavy work.

"In the afternoon the wind died away, and to-night it is flat calm. The sun so warm that in spite of the temperature we can stand about outside in the greatest comfort."

Sharp is the contrast next day. "A dreadfully trying day; the surface as bad as it could be after the first hour. For five hours in the morning marched solidly; and again in the afternoon we plugged on . . . the hardest we have yet done on the plateau. We sigh for a breeze to sweep the hard snow. However, we are very close to the 88th parallel, little more than 120 miles from the Pole, only a march from Shackleton's final camp, and in a general way getting on. We go little over a mile and a quarter an hour now—it is a big strain as the shadows creep slowly round from our right through ahead to our left."

With the exception of one fair and promising day, the 9th, following a blizzard, the next spell of ten days till the 15th is a continuous record of stubborn pushing on against the dull resistance of broken and clogging surface.

"Jan. 6. We are in the midst of a sea of

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THIS PICTURE SHOWS THE LOAD THEY DRAGGED EVEN TO THE VERY END. THE PHOTOGRAPH CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH THEY WERE TRAVELING.

fish-hook waves, well remembered from our Northern experience. . . . . To add to our trouble, every sastrugus is covered with a beard of sharp, branching crystals. We have only covered ten and a half miles (geog.) and it's been about the hardest pull we've had. We think of leaving our ski here, mainly because of risk of breakage.

"We are south of Shackleton's last camp, so I suppose have made the most southerly camp.

"Jan. 7. The vicissitudes of this work are bewildering. Last night we decided to leave our ski on account of the sastrugi. This morning we marched out a mile in forty minutes and the sastrugi gradually disappeared. I kept debating the ski question and at this point stopped, and after discussion we went back and fetched the ski; it cost us one and one-half hours, nearly. Marching again, I found to my horror we could scarcely move the sledge on ski; the first hour was awful, owing to the wretched coating of loose, sandy snow. However, we persisted, and toward the latter end of our tiring march we began to make better progress but the work is still awfully heavy. I must stick to the ski after this.

"Things, luckily, will not remain as they are. To-morrow we depot a week's provision, lightening altogether about one hundred pounds. This afternoon the welcome southerly wind returned and is now blowing force 2 to 3. I can not but think it will improve the surface."

In the evening reflections are still more cheerful. "I am awfully glad we have hung on to the ski; hard as the marching is, it is far less tiring on ski. Bowers has a heavy time on foot, but nothing seems to tire him. Edgar Evans has a nasty cut on his hand (sledge-making). I hope it won't give trouble. Our food continues to amply satisfy. What luck to have hit on such an excellent ration. We really are an excellently found party."

On the 8th came a blizzard; and with it a day's enforced rest; good for Evans's cut hand. The 9th placed them beyond the record of Shackleton's walk farthest south beyond his last camp. "All is new ahead." But there was nothing new in the terrible monotony and hard marching. To make

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a fresh depot would increase the speed, but an unexpected hazard appeared. "Bowers's watch has suddenly dropped twenty-six minutes; it may have stopped from being frozen outside his pocket, or he may have inadvertently touched the hands. Anyway it makes one more chary of leaving stores on this great plain, especially as the blizzard tended to drift up our tracks."

On the tenth they left a depot of one week's food and sundry articles of clothing, going forward with eighteen days' food. "Yesterday I should have said it was certain to see us through; but now the surface is beyond words, and if it continues we shall have the greatest difficulty to keep our march long enough. The surface is quite covered with sandy snow, and when the sun shines it is terrible.

**"Their shields are as bright and shining as the snow that covers their graves."**

**Fridtjof Nansen.**

"Only eighty-five miles from the Pole, but it's going to be a stiff pull *both ways* apparently; still we do make progress, which is something.

"Jan. 11th. It was heavy pulling from the beginning to-day, but for the first two and a half hours we could keep the sledge moving; then the sun came out (it had been overcast and snowing, with light south-easterly breeze), and the rest of the forenoon was agonizing. I never had such pulling; all the time the sledge rasps and creaks. We have covered six miles (geog.), but at fearful cost to ourselves.

"Another hard grind in the afternoon and five miles added. About seventy-four miles from the Pole—can we keep this up for seven days? It takes it out of us like anything. None of us ever had such hard work before."

But they were not spent, for on the 29th there was a moment when "clouds spread over from the west with light, chill wind, and for a few brief minutes we tasted the delight of having the sledge following free. I had got to fear that we were weakening badly in our pulling; those few minutes showed me that we only want a good surface to get along as merrily as of old."

Four more marches of double figures and they ought to get through, but with what effort! "It is going to be a close thing." Was it the exhaustion of the march or some damp quality in the air that made every one feel chilled that night, though the temperature was higher than the night before?

"Little Bowers is wonderful; in spite of my protest he *would* take sights after we had camped to-night, after marching in the soft snow all day, where we have been comparatively restful on ski."

From a windless area they passed on the 13th to "a sea of sastrugi" and sandy snow crystals in the afternoon. "Well, another day with double figures and a bit over. The chance holds.

"Jan. 14. The surface was a little better, but the steering was awfully difficult and trying; very often I could see nothing, and Bowers on my shoulders directed me." Again they noticed the peculiar damp cold.

Next day the last depot was made: "Four days' food and a sundry or two." After a strenuous morning, when "the surface was terrible—four and three-quarter hours yielded six miles—the sledge came surprisingly lightly after lunch.

"Only twenty-seven miles from the Pole, and nine days' provisions" to carry forward from a final depot. "We *ought* to do it now.

"Jan. 16. We marched well in the morning and covered seven and a half miles. Noon sight showed lat. 89° 42′ S., and in the afternoon we set off in high spirits, feeling that to-morrow would see us at our destination.

"About the second hour of the march, Bowers's sharp eyes detected what he thought was a cairn. He was uneasy about it, but argued it must be a wind-drift. Half an hour later he made out a black speck ahead, no natural snow-feature. Before long, we came up to a black flag tied to a sledge-bearer, near by the remains of a camp, with sledge-tracks and ski-tracks going and coming, and the clear trace of dogs' paws—many dogs. This told the whole story: the Norwegians had arrived first.

"It is a terrible disappointment, and I am very sorry for my loyal companions."

They resolved to carry out their plans to the uttermost: "next day march to the Pole and then hasten home with all the speed we could compass" to catch the ship.

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*Photograph by H. G. Ponting, F. R. G. S.*

DR. EDWARD ADRIAN WILSON, SCOTT'S DEAREST FRIEND, AND ONE OF THE TWO WHO DIED WITH HIM IN THE TENT, MARCH 29, 1912. DR. WILSON WAS WITH CAPTAIN SCOTT "FARTHEST SOUTH" IN 1902.

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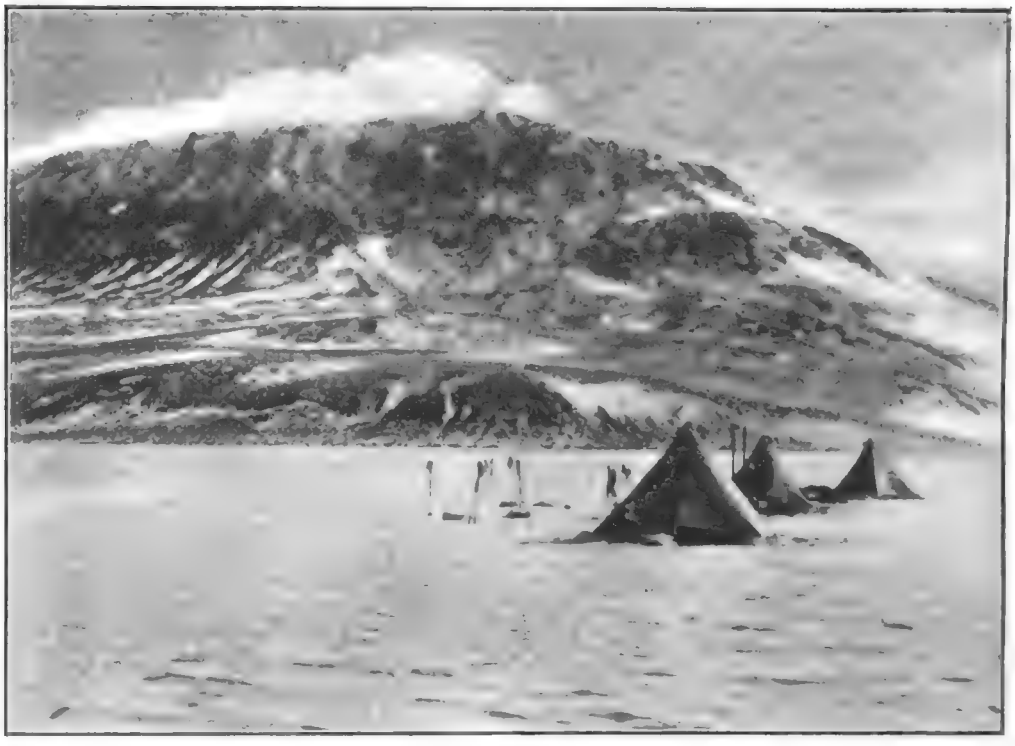

THE CLOUDMAKER. THIS MOUNTAIN, FIRST DESCRIBED BY SHACKLETON AND HERE PHOTOGRAPHED BY SCOTT, IS A PROMONTORY IN THE WEST WALL OF THE BEARDMORE GLACIER.

They were still descending; "certainly the Norwegians found an easier way up."

So on January 17th they made their "69th camp at the Pole. With a high headwind and temperature —22°, it has been a particularly bad day. At night it was still blowing hard, and there was that curious damp, cold feeling in the air which chills one to the bone in no time."

Meanwhile the indefatigable Bowers was "laying himself out to get sights in terribly difficult circumstances. We had followed the Norwegian sledge-tracks in the morning for some way, and in about three miles passed two small cairns. Then the weather overcast, the tracks increasingly drifted up and obviously went too far to the west; so it was decided to make straight for the Pole according to our own calculations."

Next morning, the 18th, "we decided, after summing up all observations, that we were three and a half miles away from the Pole—one mile beyond it and three to the right. More or less in that direction Bowers saw a cairn or tent. It turned out to be a tent, two miles from our camp, and therefore about one and a half miles from the Pole. In the tent was the record of the five Norwegians who had been there:

"Roald Amundsen
"Olav Olavsen Bjaaland
"Hilmer Hanssen
"Sverre H. Hassel
"Oscar Wisting
"16 Dec., 1911."

The tent excited admiration. It was "a small, compact affair supported by a single bamboo." Various mits and other warm things were left in the tent, as if the weather had been warmer than expected. There was "a note also from Amundsen," asking Scott "to forward a letter to King Haakon."

Then they turned to making the record of their own visit: "We built a cairn at the Pole Camp, put up the Union Jack, and photographed ourselves—mighty cold work all of it. Less than half a mile south we saw an old under-runner of a sledge stuck up in the snow, and commandeered it as a yard for our sail. A note attached talked

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of the tent as being two miles from the Pole."

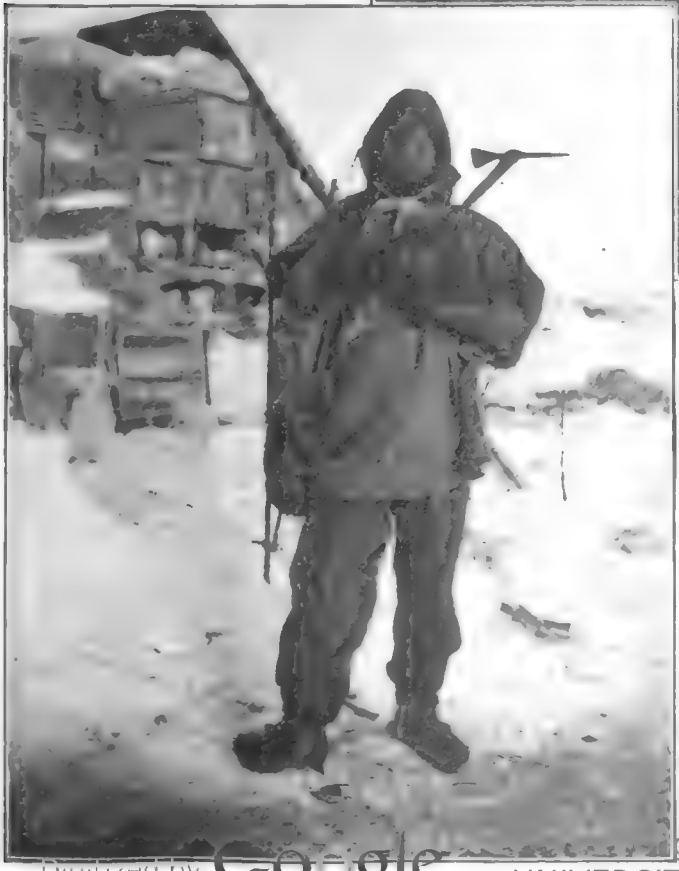
Nor does the Journal begrudge a handsome acknowledgment: "There is no doubt that our predecessors have made thoroughly sure of their mark and fully carried out their program."

Finally "we carried the Union Jack about three-quarters of a mile north and left it on a piece of stick as near to the true position of the Pole as we could fix it."

The homeward march began on January 19th. "It was heavy dragging from the first, in spite of the light load and a full sail."

During the last ten outward marches they had gradually descended a thousand feet to the Pole; so that the first part of the return was "collar-work," besides being over a bad surface. "The old tracks were drifted up, deep in places, and toothed sastrugi had already formed over them. Marching with the wind was warmer and pleasanter than against it, but the cold was perhaps more felt at the halts. However, the cairns were easily picked up, the Southern depot reached on the 20th," the prospect of getting over

PETTY OFFICER EDGAR EVANS, R. N. DIED FEBRUARY 17, 1912.



CAPTAIN LAWRANCE E. G. OATES. DIED MARCH 16, 1912.

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*Photograph by Roald Amundsen. Copyright, 1913, by Lee Keedick, publisher of Amundsen's book, "The South Pole." Reproduced by permission.*

CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN, WITH HIS PARTY, AT THE SOUTH POLE, DECEMBER, 17, 1911.

THE NORWEGIAN FLAG AND THE *FRAM* PENNANT FLY ABOVE THE TENT. WHEN HE TURNED HOMEWARD HE LEFT IN THE TENT A LETTER TO CAPTAIN SCOTT, WITH ANOTHER TO BE FORWARDED TO KING HAAKON. SIX MONTHS LATER, IN AUSTRALIA, HE WAS WRITING HIS BOOK—MENTIONING THESE LETTERS, AND DESCRIBING THE TENT. AMONG CAPTAIN SCOTT'S PAPERS, FOUND MONTHS LATER, WERE THESE TWO LETTERS; HIS DIARY CONTAINED THE SAME DETAILS OF DESCRIPTION; AND AMONG HIS PHOTOGRAPHS WAS THAT OF AMUNDSEN'S TENT, SHOWN ON THE PAGE OPPOSITE. THUS THE TWO EXPLORERS BY TEXT AND PICTURE CONFIRM EACH OTHER'S RECORDS.

the ticklish stage to the Three Degree depot fairly promising.

"It was blowing quite hard and drifting when the afternoon march was started. At first with full sail the sledge traveled at a great rate; then we got on an extraordinary surface, the drifting snow lying in heaps. It clung to the ski, which could only be pushed forward with an effort, and the pulling was really awful. But we went steadily on, looking forward to the time when Bowers should get his ski again from their *cache*. I'm afraid he must find these long marches very trying with his short legs, but he is an undefeated little sportsman."

But heavy pulling up the hundred miles, where it had been difficult to drag down hill, was the least part of their toil. The elements began thus early to conspire against them. The 21st brought a half-day's blizzard, the 23rd, 24th, and 25th others, and in their train brought a foretaste of calamity. Everything lessened speed, and every delay cut down the margin of safety allowed for between depots. To the struggle against the elements and the "difficulty of following the track," were added the first slight indications of lessening vitality in those who were destined first to be stricken down in the contest—a susceptibility to cold; an unnoticed frost-bite.

On the evening of the 21st they had "six days' food in hand, and forty-five miles to the next depot, where seven days' food waited. Then ninety miles to go to the Three Degree depot. Once there we ought to be safe;" but it was desirable "to have a day or two in hand" to allow for contingencies, such as "difficulty in following the old tracks," and being unable to find the depots in the dim waste of snow by the help of observations for latitude.

"At the best, the guiding cairns could only be seen when less than a mile away;" one day the tracks would be clear, and a following wind, albeit swelling into a blizzard, would urge them at speed under full sail; another they were held up half a day by the force of the gale—"the second full gale already in the six days since leaving the Pole." On other days the tracks were repeatedly lost, especially on the broken surface where they had zigzagged up through a sea of storm-tossed sastrugi.

Once the track was only recovered thanks to "Bowers's sharp eyes," he espied one of

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*Photograph by Lieut. Henry R. Bowers.*

THE SCOTT PARTY BEFORE AMUNDSEN'S TENT AT THE SOUTH POLE, JANUARY 18, 1912. LEFT TO RIGHT: SCOTT, OATES, WILSON, EVANS. IT IS INTERESTING TO OBSERVE, BY COMPARISON WITH THE AMUNDSEN PHOTOGRAPH OPPOSITE, HOW LITTLE CHANGE A MONTH ON THE POLAR PLATEAU HAD BROUGHT TO THE TENT.

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the four-mile cairns afar off. Evans got frostbitten in the face; Oates felt the cold; Wilson, who, like his leader and Bowers, was otherwise as fit as was possible under the conditions, had a bout of torturing snow-blindness, and later strained a tendon in his leg, and for a day could not pull.

Troubles were forgotten in camp, however; and time after time they hit off a depot and went forward with enough to carry them to the next—and something to spare; but not enough to let them satisfy their growing hunger. That must wait for enough at the Three Degree depot; for "a real feed" at the old camp at the foot of the glacier. Meanwhile they were "pretty thin, though none feeling worn out;" shortening the hours of rest in the wet sleeping-bags, and talking more of food; and glad that they had only to pull light sledges, especially as Evans's hands were in a bad state.

"It is the sandy crystals that hold us up. There has been a very great alteration of the surface since we were last here." But the last day of the month brought them to a cheerful milestone; they "picked up Bowers's ski, the last thing to find on the summit. Now we have only to go north and so shall welcome strong winds." (Alas that on the Barrier the rare favorable winds were often "powerless to move the sledge on a surface awful beyond words," and later they were more often adverse.)

Another five days and they hoped to have completed the summit stage. On February 1 they were so far advanced that it was allowable to increase rations slightly —"it makes a lot of difference," is the satisfactory comment. Next day came a setback. Descending the same "steep slope where we had exchanged sledges on December 28th, in trying to keep the track and to keep my feet at the same time, I came an awful 'purler' on my shoulder." It was very sore and disabling for a couple of days, while Wilson was still not quite recovered and Evans's hand was no better. Happily the two were well before the worst surfaces on the glacier had to be traversed.

It is not till February 4th that we mark the first overt blow of Fate, ominous of the end. Scott and Evans together "unexpectedly fell into a crevasse;" then "Evans had another fall." This must have been the occasion when he struck his head, and suffered some degree of concussion; so that his alertness was dulled and his splendid helpfulness abated. And this when the temperature was 20° lower than on the ascent.

February 7 brought the end of the return summit journey after two "horrid" and "anxious" days. "We were caught in a maze of crevasses—huge open chasms unbridged"—and compelled to force a way over smaller crevasses and wearisome sastrugi. Weather was threatening; food ran low; anxiety only ended on the second evening when a straight course brought them to the long-looked-for depot, at "the end of the summit journey, after twenty-seven days to the Pole and twenty-one back—nearly seven weeks in low temperature, with almost incessant wind."

The descent of the glacier took eleven days, from February 8 to 18. It opened with a day of refreshing interest. "The moraine we reached was obviously so interesting that at last when we got out of the wind we decided to camp and spend the rest of the day geologizing, even finding veritable coal seams. To set foot on rock after fourteen weeks of snow and ice, and nearly seven out of sight of aught else, was like going ashore after a sea voyage."

These and other specimens were hauled on the sledge to the very last. Though the discoverers should perish, their discoveries should be saved for science.

But they were not to reach the mid-glacier depot without sixty hours' critical experience. The 11th had a black mark as "the worst day we have had during the trip;" for, unwisely turning east out of an area of ice pressure, they became entangled in a worse one—"a regular trap of irregular crevasses succeeded by huge chasms," over which only desperation forced a way.

At the end of twelve hours' marching in "horrible light which made everything look fantastic," the depot was still many miles away. A similar experience landed them next day "in the worst place of all"—faced with a short supper and one meal only remaining in the food-bag; the depot doubtful in locality. "We *must* get there to-morrow. Meanwhile we are cheerful with an effort. It is a tight place, but luckily we've been well fed, up to the present. Pray God we have fine weather to-morrow. Three-quarter rations must suffice." Yet, "it was a test of our endurance on the march and our fitness with small supper. We have come through well.

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THE FIVE HEROES AT THE SOUTH POLE: THEIR LAST PHOTOGRAPH TOGETHER. LEFT TO RIGHT: OATES, BOWERS, SCOTT, WILSON, EVANS. THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN BY LIEUT. BOWERS, WHO FIRST FOCUSED THE CAMERA, THEN TOOK HIS PLACE AND SNAPPED THE SHUTTER BY A STRING, WHICH CAN BE SEEN IN HIS RIGHT HAND. THE FLAGS ARE THE UNION JACK AND THE SLEDGE PENNANTS.

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"All slept well in spite of our grave anxieties." Fog and snow awaited them on the morning of the 13th. On "tea and one biscuit we pushed ahead, leaving a scanty remaining meal for eventualities," and gradually got clear of the tangle. After a false alarm from Evans, "Wilson suddenly saw the actual depot-flag, to our inexpressible relief." It was a near thing and "gave a horrid feeling of insecurity" such as must be guarded against in future.

Thereafter progress was slow—"there is no getting away from the fact that we are not going strong." Evans especially could give little help and involuntarily delayed the march. And for the remaining days short rations were again necessary.

On his last day, February 17, "Evans seemed cheerful, but twice dropped out of the pulling team, having worked his ski-shoes adrift," to adjust them; then lagged behind; so that the rest, after a hard pull, "seeing him a long way astern, camped for lunch," and waited for him. But "after lunch, Evans still not appearing, we looked out, to see him still afar off." All four hurriedly skied back to him; "he showed every sign of collapse; and slowly said he thought he must have fainted. By the time the sledge was fetched he was unconscious, and he died in the tent soon after midnight."

It was a swift ending for a gallant sailor. A chapter of accidents had converted the strongest man and handiest artificer into a drag upon the party he had done so much to help.

"It is a terrible thing to lose a companion in this way, but calm reflection shows that there could not have been a better ending to the terrible anxieties of the past week."

**"Captain Scott was a brave man, whose first thought always was to provide for the safety of his own men."**

**Roald Amundsen.**

February 18 was spent in "Shambles Camp," where "plenty of horse-meat was in store. New life seems to come with greater food almost immediately, but I am anxious about the Barrier surface." The last stage homeward began here; no more mountains nor torn and splintered ice-falls had to be surmounted; it was relatively plain going; but tired men without their strongest companion could not make the long marches that the ponies had made; above all, the gloomy forebodings as to the surface of the Barrier were more than fulfilled. "It has been like desert sand, not the least glide in the world."

To make bad worse, the southerly wind that should have filled their sail gradually failed, and by the 28th—contrary to all experience—blew too often from the north, hindering, not helping; and in the increasing cold—for that day the night temperature was —40°, and —32° when they began marching—the slightest breeze ahead was "blighting." "Everything depends on the weather." Yet out of the fifteen marches on the Barrier, six were of thirteen miles and five averaged a full ten.

Day after day the record of courage against odds continues, with a growing consciousness of their slender chances. Once the wind sprang up and the drifting snow obliterated the "faint track." They got astray in the dimness, yet "such untoward events fail to damp the spirit of the party."

Next day there was sun, though with consequent "loose ice crystals spoiling the surface. Luckily Bowers took a round of angles and with the help of the chart we fogged out that we must be inside rather than outside tracks. The data were so meager that it seemed a great responsibility to march out, and we were none of us happy about it. But just as we decided to lunch, Bowers's wonderful sharp eyes detected an old double-lunch cairn, the theodolite telescope confirmed it, and our spirits rose accordingly."

The track was only lost again during part of one day; "to have picked up this the Southern Barrier depot, even with a shortage of oil and Wilson's fearful attack of snow-blindness, thrust anxieties aside for the time." The nights were very cold now; the need of "more food, more fat, more fuel" made itself felt. "Cold feet starting march, as day footgear doesn't dry at all."

The pace was better from February 25; "double figures" were attained; the human engines responded to a large ration as they drew near the next depot, which they triumphantly reached on the afternoon of March 1, despite "*very* heavy dragging."

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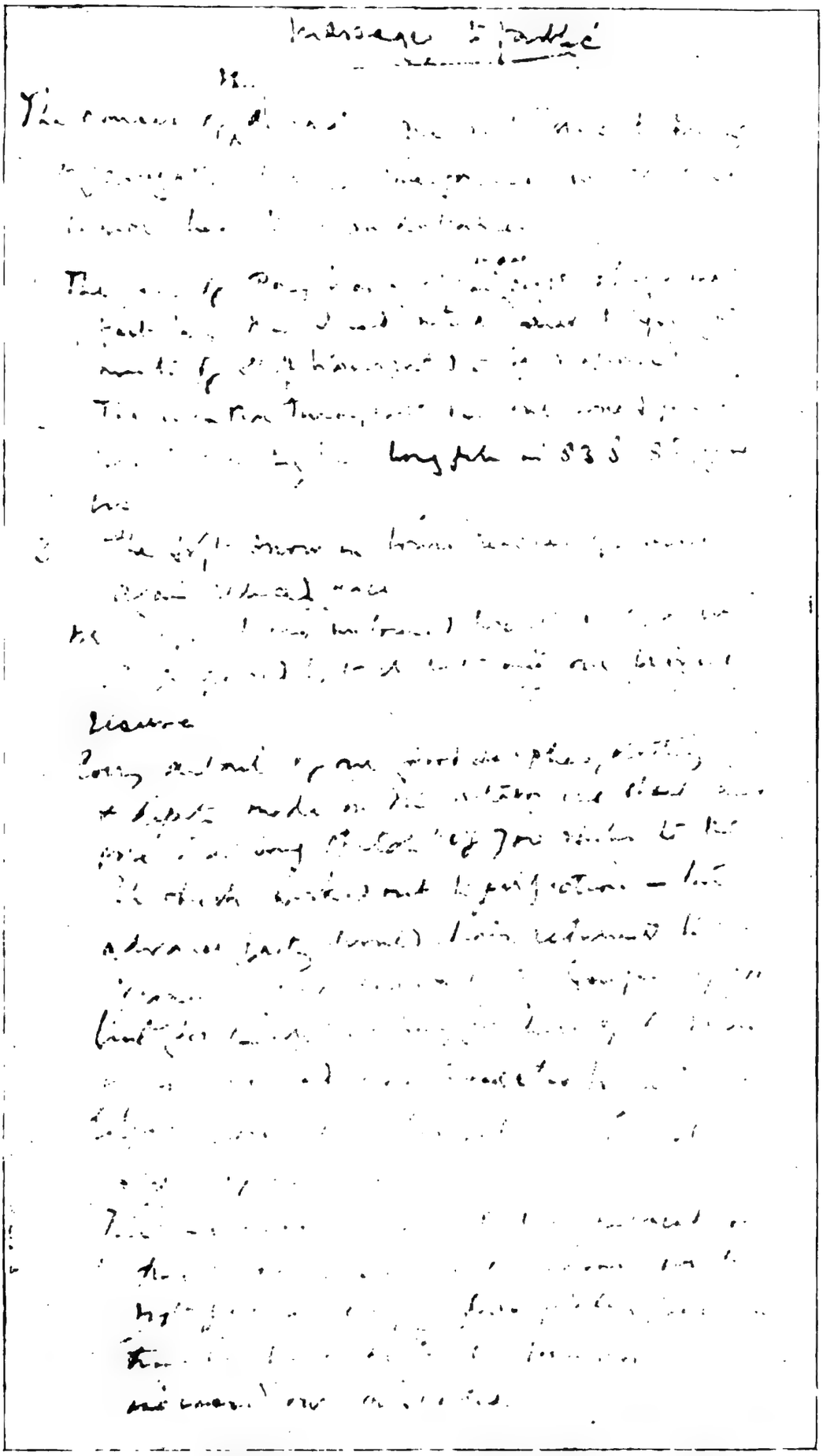

THE LAST MESSAGE FROM CAPTAIN ROBERT FALCON SCOTT.

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S FAREWELL MESSAGE FILLED TWO AND ONE HALF PAGES OF THE NOTEBOOK FOUND BESIDE HIS DEAD BODY EIGHT MONTHS AFTER IT WAS WRITTEN. THIS IS THE FIRST PAGE.


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They knew they were "in a very tight place indeed, but none of us despondent yet, or at least we preserve every semblance of good cheer;" and where all were "unendingly cheerful among themselves," the leader "could only guess what each man feels in his heart."

The marching was slow with a lame comrade; slower for the "appalling surface; one's heart sinks as the sledge stops dead at some sastrugi behind which the surface sand lies thickly heaped." It is appalling to think that "a rise of the thermometer to the minus twenties came as a relief;" that such a day "made us all much more comfortable. But a colder snap was bound to come again soon, and Oates, already so hard hit, would weather it very poorly." The one hope lay in pushing on and finding "extra food at the next depot."

By March 5 they were "two pony marches and four miles (about) from the depot; such a short distance it would have appeared on the summit," a few weeks before! "Our fuel dreadfully low, and poor Oates nearly done. His feet are in a wretched condition, and he is very lame. His case is doubly pathetic because we can do nothing for him; more hot food might do a little, but only a little." None had expected to encounter "these terribly low temperatures" at this season.

Of the three sound men, "Wilson is feeling the cold most, mainly from his self-sacrificing devotion in doctoring Oates's feet," standing about till chilled; and soon comes an entry: "Wilson's feet giving trouble now, but this mainly because he gives so much help to others." All were determined "to see the game through with a proper spirit. We talk of all sorts of subjects in the tent, not much of food now, since we decided to take the risk of running a full ration."

Those "two pony marches and four miles (about)" were only won through by four days of slow, dogged pulling. On March 9 they reached the longed-for depot. Their fears were realized. Apparently the fierce cold had injured the stoppers and much of the oil had vanished. Inwardly hopeless of bringing Oates through, and knowing him to be their "greatest handicap," they kept him in heart, and, inspired by his comrades' unflinching support, he held on bravely another eight days. "He has rare pluck," exclaims Scott. "He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and to the very last was able and willing to discuss outside subjects."

Bravely and calmly these steadfast men faced the situation. Oates "understood, but practically asked for advice. Nothing could be said but to urge him to march as long as he could. So far the tragical side of our story."

How pathetic are the simple calculations; one on March 10: "We have seven days' food and should be about fifty-five (geog.) miles from One Ton Camp to-night; 6x7=42, leaving us thirteen miles short of our distance, even if things get no worse." Another, next day, under the pitiful encouragement of having managed seven miles instead of six: let but that average be kept up, and the remaining "six days' food will carry us forty-two miles out of the forty-seven to One Ton Camp. I doubt if we can possibly do it."

Then a strong north wind set in; a very short march was made. Next day the wind, though not north, was piercing; the thermometer at noon —43°; pitching camp difficult and dangerous because so slow, and all, once in the tent, deadly cold. Still the words stand: "We must fight it out to the last biscuit, but can't reduce rations."

At midday on the 15th Oates at last "said he couldn't go on; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping-bag. This we could not do, and induced him to come on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him he struggled on, and we made a few miles. At night he was worse, and we knew the end had come.

"March 17. He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night—yesterday—hoping not to wake, but he woke in the morning. It was blowing a blizzard. He said 'I am just going outside and may be some time.' He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since."

And here the Journal places it formally on record that they "stuck to their sick companions to the last. In the case of Edgar Evans, when we were absolutely out of food and he lay insensible, the safety of the remainder seemed to demand his abandonment; but he died a natural death—we did not leave him till two hours after his death." And on March 16, "We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death, but though we tried to dissuade him we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English

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Jan. 18.—Find Amundsen's records. Scott leaves records.

Jan. 17.—69th camp, at the Pole—dead reckoning. 3½ miles from the Pole—observations.

Jan. 16.—Find Amundsen's camp. "Terrible disappointment."

Jan. 15.—Last depot established—"four days' food and 27 miles from the Pole."

Jan. 4.—Last supporting party turns back.

Jan. 1, 1912.—170 miles to go.

Dec. 31.—"Three Degree" depot established.

Christmas Day.—Dangerous falls and rescues in crevasse. Special four-course dinner.

Dec. 22.—First supporting party turns back with all surviving dogs. Beginning of Summit journey.

Dec. 21.—Glacier surmounted.

Dec. 10.—Journey over Barrier completed—424 miles. At foot of Beardmore Glacier.

Dec. 9.—"Slaughter Camp." Last of ponies shot.

Dec. 1.—Weakest ponies killed.

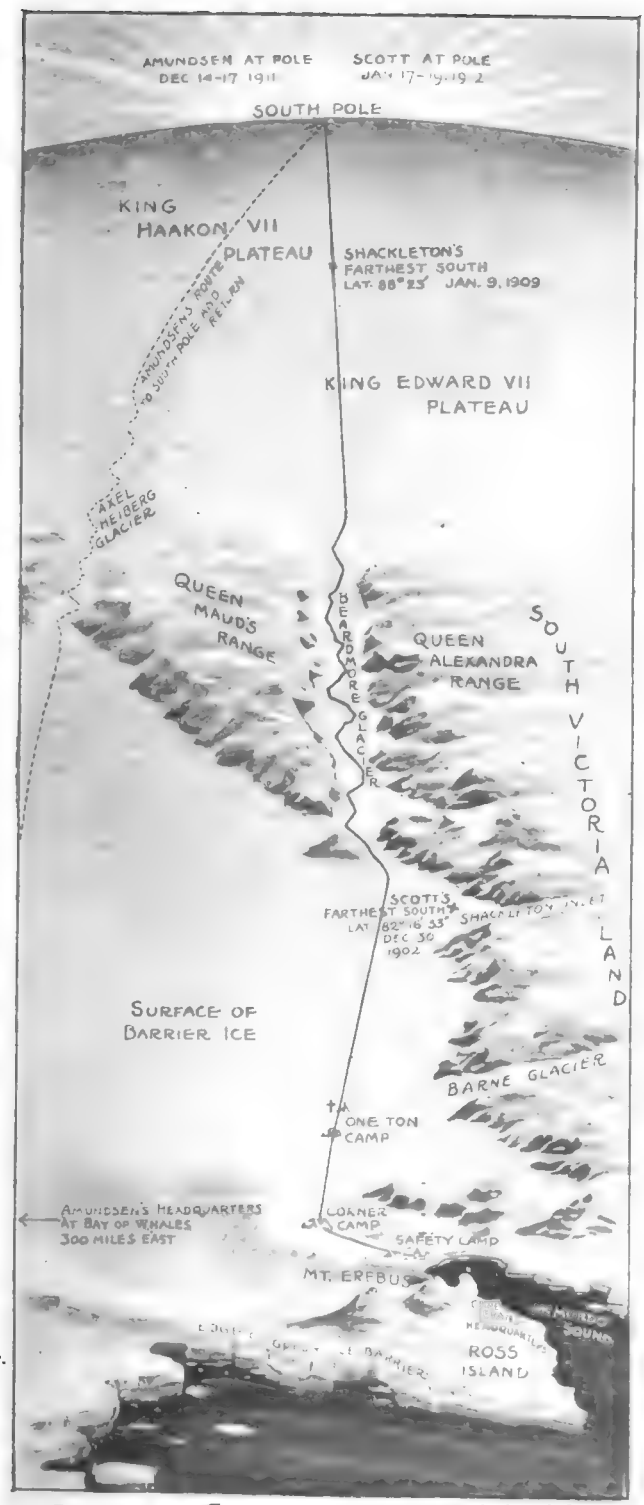
Nov. 15.—Reach One Ton Camp.

Nov. 6.—Motor-sledges finally abandoned. First blizzard.

Nov. 1, 1911.—Cape Evans. Start from winter quarters.

1846 Miles Total Journey.

GOING




RETURNING

Jan. 19, 1912.—Journey north begins.

Jan. 21-25.—Bad weather. First indications of lessening vitality.

Feb. 4.—Scott and Evans have bad fall in crevasse. Evans injured.

Feb. 17.—Evans dies.

Feb. 18.—In "Shambles Camp."

Feb. 19-25.—Suffer great hardships. Finally reach next depot.

Mar. 5.—Two "pony marches" and four miles to go. Fuel dreadfully low. Oates very lame.

Mar. 9.—Make depot after four days' hard pulling. Find oil shortage.

Mar. 11.—Encouragement over making 7 miles.

Mar. 13.—43°. All exhausted and deadly cold.

Mar. 15.—Oates proposes being left behind. Is persuaded to make afternoon's march. Worse at night.

Mar. 16.—Oates goes out into the blizzard and does not return.

Mar. 18.—Winds cuts marching short—Scott's foot badly frozen.

Mar. 19.—Last camping ground, 11 miles from One Ton Camp. Two days' provisions, one day's fuel.

Mar. 20.—Unprecedented blizzard holds them in camp.

Mar. 29.—Blizzard continues to rage—travel impossible. Last entry in diary. Cross (+) indicates last camp.

Nov. 12, 1912.—Rescue party arrives—eight months too late.

Picture map of Captain Scott's Polar trip. Read upward on the left for the outward journey, and downward on the right for the return.

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gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit."

And so for the last effort. Theodolite and camera and Oates's sleeping-bags were left behind, but the "diaries and geological specimens carried at Wilson's special request will be found with us or on our sledge." The note of the 18th runs: "Ill-fortune presses, but better may come." The cruel wind cut short the marching, and Scott's own right foot was badly frostbitten. All three had some foot-trouble by the 18th, and Scott could calmly contemplate the prospect that "amputation is the least I can hope for now. The weather doesn't give us a chance."

With a northerly wind blowing in their faces and a temperature of —40° on the 19th they struggled to that last camping ground, "with two days' food but barely one allowance of fuel"—a mere eleven miles from plenty at One Ton Camp.

There, the probable meeting-time having been calculated from the speed of the former return parties, Cherry-Garrard and Demetri and the dog-teams had been waiting from March 4 to March 10 in order to convey them swiftly back to the base, that all might sail home in the *Terra Nova*, which had returned and must depart before the winter ice formed. Held up by a blizzard and unable to advance further, Cherry-Garrard hung on till only enough dog-food remained to take the dogs back. He had come too early for the Southern party, so incalculably delayed, and was forced to return through storm and cold to Hut Point, so heavy a struggle that he was prostrated with a strained heart, his companion knocked out, and the dogs frostbitten and ill.

Even in their extremity, the strong wills of the Southern party might have compelled them across those weary eleven miles, borne on for a couple of days, more by sheer determination than by the unsatisfying sustenance of cold rations. But an unheard-of blizzard descended upon them which lasted nine days. To go out in a blizzard is to be instantly robbed of breath, to be half stupefied by the battery of hurricane wind and whirling snow-particles, to wander away hopelessly from tracks and direction.

Expecting the storm to lull after the usual interval, a "forlorn hope" was resolved upon after a couple of days: Bowers and Wilson were to push on for supplies and fuel. But day after day the blizzard held them prisoners.

The final resolve was to start, if a start could be made, "and die in their tracks." But to stir out was impossible.

Still, on the 29th, the last date given, the blizzard continued to rage. "Every day we have been ready to start for our depot eleven miles away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for any better things now."

And in the quiet of their frail shelter Scott wrote firmly, clearly, without faltering or erasure, that Message to the Public, with its calmly weighed justification of his enterprise, which rings with the fine simplicity and sincerity of his own life.

**"A splendid feat, a splendid tragedy, a splendid epic—written, like many another British epic dotted over the globe, in a language which any creed and race and tongue of man can understand."**

**Robert E. Peary.**

## MESSAGE TO PUBLIC.

The causes of the disaster are not due to faulty organization but to misfortune in all risks which had to be undertaken.

1. The loss of pony transport in March, 1911, obliged me to start later than I had intended and obliged the limits of stuff transported to be narrowed.

2. The weather throughout the outward journey and especially the long gale in 83° S. stopped us.

3. The soft snow in lower reaches of glacier again reduced pace.

We fought these untoward events with a will and conquered, but it cut into our provision reserve.

Every detail of our food supplies, clothing and depots made on the interior ice-sheet and over that long stretch of seven hundred miles to the Pole and back, worked out to perfection—the advance party would have returned to the glacier in fine form and with surplus of food but for the astonishing

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BENEATH THIS SEPULCHER OF SNOW, ON THE SURFACE OF THE GREAT ICE-BARRIER, LIE THE BODIES OF CAPTAIN SCOTT, DR. WILSON, AND LIEUTENANT BOWERS. OVER THEIR BODIES THE RESCUING PARTY SPREAD THE TENT IN WHICH THEY HAD DIED, AND ERECTED A CROSS OF SKIS LASHED TOGETHER. IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND IS CAPTAIN SCOTT'S SKI-STICK, PLANTED UPRIGHT IN THE SNOW, AND ON THE RIGHT HIS SLEDGE. THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE RESCUING PARTY ARE PLAINLY VISIBLE.

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failure of the man whom we had least expected to fail. Edgar Evans was thought the strongest man of the party.

The Beardmore Glacier is not difficult in fine weather, but on our return we did not get a single completely fine day. This with a sick companion enormously increased our anxieties.

As I have said elsewhere, we got into frightfully rough ice and Edgar Evans received a concussion of the brain. He died a natural death, but left us a shaken party with the season unduly advanced.

**"Captain Scott was the most efficient and the most careful of explorers."**
**Ernest Shackleton.**

But all the facts above enumerated were as nothing to the surprise which awaited us on the Barrier. I maintain that our arrangements for returning were quite adequate and that no one in the world would have expected the temperatures and surfaces which we encountered at this time of the year. On the Summit in Lat. 85, 86, we had —20°, —30°. On the Barrier in Lat. 82, ten thousand feet lower, we had —30° in the day, —47° at night pretty regularly, with continuous head-wind during our day marches.

It is clear that these circumstances came on very suddenly, and our wreck is certainly due to this sudden advent of severe weather, which does not seem to have any satisfactory cause.

I do not think human beings ever came through such a month as we have come through, and we should have got through in spite of the weather but for the sickening of a second companion, Captain Oates, and a shortage of fuel in our depots for which I can not account, and finally, but for the storm which has fallen on us within eleven miles of the depot at which we hoped to secure our final supplies. Surely misfortune could scarcely have exceeded this last blow.

We arrived within eleven miles of our old One Ton Camp with fuel for one last meal and food for two days.

For four days we have been unable to leave the tent—the gale howling about us. We are weak, writing is difficult, but for my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another, and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past.

We took risks; we knew we took them. Things have come out against us, and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last. But if we have been willing to give our lives to this enterprise, which is for the honor of our country, I appeal to our countrymen to see that those who depend on us are properly cared for.

Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance, and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale, but surely, surely, a great rich country like ours will see that those who are dependent on us are properly provided for. R. SCOTT.

It appeared that the calculations for Scott's arrival at One Ton Camp had given too early a date in the wide range admissible. Accordingly, Dr. Atkinson made one more effort. No help could come from Cape Evans, the ice being out. But Atkinson set out on March 27, with his sole active helper, Keohane, and sledged to Corner Camp, in the last hope of helping the Southern travelers.

All he could do was to leave a depot of a week's provisions, and return on April 1 to Hut Point.

Then followed the long wait of the second winter, occupied as before in keeping the many records. Winter over, Atkinson set out on October 30 with a search party in two divisions; himself with Cherry-Garrard and Demetri and the dog-teams; Wright with Nelson, Gran, Lashley, Crean, Williamson, Keohane, and Hooper, who took seven Indian mules, brought out on the second trip of the *Terra Nova*, for transport purposes. They were prepared to go six hundred miles to the head of the Beardmore Glacier, and carried three months' provisions. Corner Camp they found had not been visited; nor One Ton Camp; the stores were all in order and lay untouched.

On November 12th, from a distance of five miles, the advance-guard caught sight of the tent standing in the lonely plain. Only a yard of it was visible above the snow.

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CROSS ERECTED ON OBSERVATION HILL, HUT POINT, TO THE MEMORY OF THE FIVE WHO DIED.
THE HILL OVERLOOKS THE WINTER QUARTERS OF THE *DISCOVERY*, THE SHIP OF CAPTAIN SCOTT'S FIRST EXPEDITION, AND COMMANDS A FINE VIEW OF THE GREAT ICE BARRIER.

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One of the relief party, describing the conditions which they found, says: "Lieutenant Wright of Toronto, a Canadian, commanding our little party, approached the tent first and lifted the flap. Captain Scott lay on his back as if asleep, but outside of his sleeping-bag. Doctor Wilson and Lieutenant Bowers were in their sleeping-bags, and it was apparent that they had been carefully wrapped up by Captain Scott, who evidently was the last to die.

"Lieutenant Bowers lay on his side exactly as if he were asleep. Doctor Wilson was sitting in a half-reclining position, his back against the side of the tent, facing us as we entered. On his features were the traces of a faint smile.

"When we had secured all the equipment and the records of Captain Scott, we laid the bodies side by side and said a burial service for them. Then we removed the poles from the tent and covered the bodies over with the canvas. On top of this we built a cairn of snow and ice, fifteen feet high. We took two skis, bound them together in the form of a cross, erected it at the top of the cairn, a last memorial to the dead, and left them where they fell."

On the wood of the cross they carved this epitaph:

"To seek, to strive, to find, and not to yield."

Then they marched another twenty-three miles south, and searched for the body of Captain Oates; but it was not to be found, and so to him also they erected a cairn and cross with the record that

"Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman."

So Atkinson and his men returned to Hut Point. There was still some time before the *Terra Nova* could be expected; and Priestley and Debenham, with five others, made the ascent of Mount Erebus, which rises in one sweep to the height of 13,120 feet, a striking climb apart from the geological and surveying results obtained.

Last of all, the *Terra Nova* came on her final voyage to the South. The party embarked, leaving supplies at Cape Evans for any future explorers; then sailed to Hut Point, and on the familiar height of Observation Hill erected a large cross looking out across the vast spaces of the Barrier, where lay their captain and his fellow adventurers.

TYPICAL CAMPING SCENE ON THE PLATEAU, 150 MILES FROM THE POLE.

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# A VERY GALLANT GENTLEMAN

by

FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE

SO THAT'S the answer, eh? We're only lumps
Of ordinary chemicals—some salts,
Acids, and gases, accidently grouped
In cell-formation? There creation halts,
You say, and what comes next is just what comes
When you put this and that and t'other bit
Of inorganic matter in your tube
And watch the mixture swirl and seethe and spit
Till all its atoms find affinities.

That's all, you say? Then life and love and hate,
Courage and hope and anguish and despair,
The will to strive, the pride of duty done,
The fear of shame that drives the coward to dare
The death he dreads—all these, you say, are one
With your reactions done in Jena glass?

O shrewd philosophers! Your simple plan
To shift the whole responsibillty
For all we are and all we hope to be—
How easy! "Here's a compound we call man,
And here's one called a rock, and here's a cliff.
The rock rolls off the cliff and kills the man;
But can you blame the rock? Nor can you if
The man obeys the natural laws that pull
All of us, always, down and ever down.
For if we sink—'reactions'—that absolves,
And if we rise—'reactions' —nothing more."

* * * * * * * * * *

Pardon me, gentlemen, but—*it's a lie!*

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"Reactions," eh? Well, what's your formula
For one particular kind—I won't insist
On proof of every theorem in the list
But only one—what chemicals combine,
What $CO_2$ and $H_2SO_4$,
To cause such things as happened yesterday,
To send a very gallant gentleman
Into antarctic night, to perish there
Alone, not driv'n nor shamed nor cheered to die,
But fighting, as mankind has always fought,
His baser self, and conquering, as mankind
Down the long years has always conquered self?

What are *your* tests to prove a man's a man?
Which of *your* compounds ever lightly threw
Its life away, as men have always done,
Spurr'd not by lust nor greed nor hope of fame
But casting all aside on the bare chance
That it might somehow serve the Greater Good?

*There's* a reaction—what's *its* formula?
Produce *that* in your test-tubes if you can!

THE TENT OF DEATH, AFTER THE SNOW HAD BEEN CLEARED AWAY. THE BAGGAGE WAS FOUND ON THE SLEDGE, COMPLETELY BURIED IN SNOW.

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# The EMPTY DIVING-DRESS

*"Always, where there is a great Diamond, there shall be Blood."*

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

AUTHOR OF "VAITI OF THE ISLANDS," "WHEN THE RED GODS CALL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SARKA

NIGHT in Samarai Island town. Stars in the water all round about the houses; stars glinting and disappearing, high among the eighteen-foot leaves of Samarai's splendid palms. At the back of the island, where one walks for quiet, the sea lying like a witch's mirror of black glass between the scarcely visible white of the coral pathway and the dark, lurking hills of Sariba and Basilisk.

Strolling there in the pleasant gloom, by the fresh, salt-smelling straits, the Marquis and I, pursuing our quest of the great stone that we had seen in the charm-bag of Mo, the Sorcerer of Kata-Kata, and that had already nearly cost us our lives.

"I like this Samarai," observed the Marquis, treading along the tinkling gravel of the path with the lightness Nature had oddly linked to his enormous bulk. "So small that you go round it all in the quarter of an hour; so beautiful that it resembles a dream of heaven. This place is Eden, my friend."

"So all the steamer passengers say," I answered. "If you'd seen some of the ladies of Samarai punching one another's heads with umbrellas in front of Bunn's Hotel, or watched half the people of the town going off in boats on Sunday afternoon and all rowing away from each other, you'd maybe reckon the Eden part was wearing a little thin. You've never lived on coral islands; I have."

"I shut my eyes for what I do not like, and look at the rest in a strange novelty like this: I am not the new broom that never rejoices," replied the Marquis, twisting the proverb in a superior tone. "We are come here on a confounded dangerous and fragile mission; therefore, we need all the refreshness we can get for our minds."

"Well, admire the scenery all you like," I said, "though I don't see how it is going to help you to find out where Mo has got to with the diamond."

"I demand of you, don't we jolly well know he is here?" asked the Marquis. "Wasn't it on the cause of that, that we are come from Kata-Kata right off, as soon as we are found that he is taken fright and enlisted on a pearling vessel to get away before the magistrate and ourselves should come back to punish him?"

"We don't know," I said. "We only

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guessed. You remember, when the police had burned the town, and killed the pigs, and all the people had run off into the bush, being well scared, as they deserved to be—that was when we heard from our boys that Mo wasn't there at all; but they only knew he'd gone down to the coast."

"But we ourselves, we knew that the pearler vessel had been recruiting along that veritable coast; that suffices, since the boys have said that Mo recruited once a long time ago to Thursday Island, and knows the diving."

"One can't tell he didn't merely go off into the bush," I said. "I'd rather he had. A man who goes among a lot of pearlers with a rough diamond about him that he doesn't know the value of, isn't likely to keep it long—if he keeps his life, he's fortunate."

"We shall know on to-morrow, when the fleet comes in for Sunday. It seems to me that I haven't always been thankful enough for Sunday. Flint, tell me, it is surely unusual that a great sorcerer like Mo should engage himself to work in a pearl fleet?"

"Not so very," I said. "He bosses the other boys round a lot, as they're all afraid of him, and he generally manages to get the best part of their wages. But I don't think Mo would have come away if he hadn't been scared. He certainly had a very good job where he was."

"He is wonderful, that man," said the Marquis, musingly. "I shall be glad to see him again, although he has done so much bad."

"Don't go asking after him," I warned. "Best leave it to me. We're playing for a big stake. My word, Marky, it is a big one! All the money for everything we want, all the rest of our lives—and we can't afford to excite suspicion. These pearler folk keep their eyes skinned, I can tell you; they live by that."

"A stitch in time is as good as a mile. I comprehend your warning, and leave it to you," said the Marquis, with what one must call (for the want of a better term) his most Marquisatorial air. "I have all confidence in you. Do you think that they may perhaps have some excellent billiard-tables in those hotels?"

"I don't think; I know they haven't," I said. "But they have something we can knock balls about on, if that will do."

The next day was Saturday, and on Saturday afternoon, according to the customs of the pearling fleet, all the luggers were due to come in for Sunday. It was not a large fleet, there at Samarai. New Guinea has never been much of a pearling center; but Thursday and Broome Islands were temporarily exhausted, and a few of the fleet had run over to Samarai to try what they could do about China Strait.

It is a nasty place for pearling: the shell is none too plentiful, the depths are appalling, and the current in the straits is at all times exceedingly dangerous. Still, it is better than nothing when nothing better is to be had. The best class of pearler does not come to New Guinea, as a rule. I expected to see none but the riffraff of Thursday Island when the fleet came in.

There were signs of their presence already. Samarai had not been improved by the shelling. The hotels were prosperous, and, in consequence, rowdy; the Papuans, who had come over from various places in the Territory to take service with the fleet in different ways, were a nasty-looking lot. There was a new store, kept by a Greek named George. It had divers' gear in it, also pearl-shell, curios, cards, dice, firearms, and knives. I had heard something of George himself, in my journeyings about the north coasts of Australia, and I didn't think him an addition to the society of Samarai, doubtful as the latter was.

However, I wanted a talk with him before the boats came in; so I disposed of the Marquis safely. It was not difficult: the police were having a dance on the green near the Government jetty, and he had only to hear of it to be off like a bandicoot. Then I went down the curious little main street that is so like something in a theatre, with its primly built offices and stores on one side, and the palms, and the flaming blue sea, and the great carved canoes from Misima Island on the other, to the tin shanty where George the Greek was to be found.

I bought some of his rubbishing curios for a commencement, taking care to inform him that I had a French nobleman tourist in tow, as I knew well George the Greek wasn't likely to suppose I wanted the stuff for myself. And I made the transaction seem natural by demanding a percentage on the sale, and getting it, too. (Of course, I handed it over to the Marquis

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HE CURSED THE SHIP AND ALL IN HER IN AT LEAST FOUR DIFFERENT LANGUAGES.

afterward.) By this time the little beast was quite pleasant and friendly, and disposed to talk, so I proposed an adjournment to the hotel, intending to pump him cautiously as to the natives employed in the fleet. He took his cer[illegible] and began shutting up shop; it was near closing time already, and they don't take much stock of hours in an island town. I had a good look at him while he locked up, and liked him not at all. I had never seen him so close before.

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He was good-looking, but unpleasantly so—black, shiny eyes, too large, with lashes too long; hooked Mephistophelian nose; jet-black curls like a spaniel's; boot-brush mustache—all cheap and gaudy and smart-looking, and all a bit greasy, somehow. He had horrible little soft hands, with turn-back fingers; and his figure, though good, was as twisty and wriggly as a snake's. It came upon me right then that if there was a man in New Guinea likely to give us trouble about that stone (should any breath of the secret creep out), there he stood—George the Greek.

We didn't get our talk in the hotel, after all. Before the Greek had done locking up, the natives raised a cry of "Sail-O!" and we ran out to see if by any chance it was the fleet. The hour was too early. I scarcely expected anything but some stray cutter up from Port Moresby or the East.

But it was the fleet—two hours before its time. We saw the thin masts pricking like black needles against the sky, a long way off, as we stood among the trails of pink beach convolvulus, looking into the Straits. We saw the hulls rise up above the sea-line, and the shapes of the little vessels appear, and then——

"Ba God, dey're half-masted!" said the Greek.

"Half-masted!" repeated the Marquis, who had just turned up, the dance being done. "But that signifies death!"

"That's right," I said. "Some one in the fleet's dead. That's why they are coming home early, and have their flags half-masted. Look, you can see now—every boat's got it."

"What was the name of the boat that came recruiting?" asked the Marquis.

"The *Gertrude*," I said, treading sharply on his toe. He took the hint angelically.

"Da *Gertrude*, she is coming first," contributed the Greek, watching. "There is a nigger on da *Gertrude*, he owe me three pound nineteen shillin'. I hope he is not dead."

"A Malay?" I asked.

"A New Guinea—Mo. He is bad man, dat Mo. He promise, he no pay. I go down to da jet', and look. If he is dead, I make da owner pay me."

We tramped down together through the burning sun to the wooden jetty that stretched its stilty legs out into water of such a wonderful green that nobody could hope to describe it or compare it to anything save itself. We waited there for near half an hour, before the fleet came up—a dozen or so of poor-looking luggers, dirty and ill-manned. The *Gertrude* came in first, and George the Greek was into a dingey and over her gunwale before she had time to drop anchor. In a minute he reappeared, with a face of demoniac fury; spat violently over the counter, cursed the ship and all in her in at least four different languages, and jumped into his boat again.

"Lost your money?" I asked, as the dingey shot up to the steps.

George the Greek did not reply, otherwise than by stating, in gross and in detail, the things he would do to the owner of the *Gertrude*—should fortune favor him with a chance. The owner of the *Gertrude*, meantime, a fair, flushed, bloated man, who seemed to have been drinking, and to have arrived at the pathetic stage, leaned over the counter and called out to George to "let the poor blighter rest in 'is blooming grave, and don't go bringin' bad luck on yourself by cursin' the dead."

"He got no grave!" shouted George, with much bad language. (He seemed to think it a very mean circumstance that Mo should have no grave.) "He lie dere at bottom of da sea, like one damned lobsta."

"Don't you make no mistake," rejoined the captain with drunken gravity. "He's here in the cabin, wrapped in his dress, as we took the poor blighter up, and he'll be buried proper, just as he is. No one can say I don't treat my niggers decent, dead or alive. Good Joe Gilbert: that's what I'm known as, and that's what I am." He took a bottle out of his pocket and inverted it on his nose.

"Marky," I said quietly, "I'd be much obliged if you would go off and wait for me somewhere; I'll join you by and by. I want to see if Mo left any baggage that we could get hold of, and the fewer of us there are in it, the better. We don't want to attract notice."

"I go," said the Marquis, departing. "I wait near the shop of the Greek. He interest me, somehow, that beggar."

I waited until George had gone off, cursing, and then got aboard the lugger. The captain, on hearing that I was collecting curios for the Marquis, let me see all the stuff that Mo had left behind. His sorcerer's bag, full of the odds and ends we had

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already seen, lay in a corner of the little forecastle. I scarcely expected to find what I was looking for there, and I did not. After purchasing one or two bits of carving at a price that put the captain in a good temper, I asked him if that was all the Papuan had had.

"All that I know of," he said, "unless it was the rubbish he used to put round his neck before he'd get into the diving-dress."

My heart beat a little faster. "What was that?" I asked.

"Couldn't tell you; some of their sorcerer's charms. Most like, a bone or a queer bit of coral. His brother would tie it on for him; most times he went down he'd have something of the sort, and he'd be praying to his devils before he started, to keep away the sharks. Seems to me he got the wrong sort of prayer under way: his devils kept away the sharks all right, but they didn't take no care about divers' paralysis, and that's what got Mo. He was dead Lord knows how long when we pulled him up, and he must have lost his air, as he's all jammed into the helmet and corselet, and we can't get it off."

"Thanks," I said, picking up my purchases. "I'll go and take these to the Marquis."

I found him waiting near the Greek's, looking at the things displayed in the window. Among them was a diving-dress complete: great copper and gun-metal helmet joined to a wide breast-plate or "corselet"; leaden-soled boots, rubber cloth body,

"THEY WOULD MAKE A GRAVE OF A NATIVE ROUGHLY! THEY WOULD TRAMPLE ABOUT IT!"

"Did you see that dress?" I asked, as we walked on. "Mo's inside of one just like it, jammed in tight. I didn't see him, but I have seen that sort of thing before. The face is all flattened out against the glasses of the helmet. . . ."

"Enough, enough!" cried the Marquis.

"It isn't enough," I said. "I've got to explain, for a reason. Well, being like that, there's no getting them out of the dress without cutting them to pieces, so it's the custom of the diving trade to bury them as they are. Mo will be buried this afternoon over at the cemetery island. And—*and*—anything he may have had on his person when he died will be buried with him. And, Marky, the captain told me he usually went down with some sort of a charm hung round his neck. And the diamond's

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not among his gear that he left behind."

"It is too horrible!" said the Marquis, his pink face paling.

"All right; if you think it is, I don't. I'll take over your share and welcome."

"No, I don't desire that." The color was coming back to his face. "If it must be, it shall. Tell me all you think."

"Come for a walk round the island, and we'll talk," I said, leading off by the big Calophyllum tree that bears such fine nuts. We didn't say much till we were away at the back of the island, where we had strolled the night before. It looked fine there: the view was like the back-cloth to the scene of "The Pirate's Island" in a melodrama, and the arcade of palms was cool and green in the glare of the afternoon.

We talked, walking up and down. I did not want to go back to the town side until we had finished our plan of campaign, for Samarai, like all tiny island towns, is full of ears. The Marquis, I must say, came out rather well here; he had a good, clear head of his own, when it wasn't temporarily thrown out of business by one of his three fads, and, as there was no dancing, no sorcery, and nothing with a petticoat, grass or silken, in this affair, he was quite sensible.

"First it is to discover," he said, "whether any one has found out about the stone. What do you think?"

"No knowing," I said, "but I think not, on the whole. Mo had only been here a few days, and unless he was actually doing magic, he wouldn't have been opening up his bag. You know he was shy of that, anyhow."

"Point one: It was probably not discovered that he had the stone. Point two: Had he taken the stone with him when he dived?"

"Again, no knowing. But I reckon he did. There'd be room on his chest below the corselet—that's the breastplate thing that extends over the diver's shoulders and chest, to keep off water pressure. And, if he didn't know what a diamond was, he certainly valued the thing a lot, for his sorcery work. And the captain says he usually took some charm to keep him safe."

"Good. Point three: How shall we do this sacrilege, since it is convented that we do it?"

"We'll have to wait a few days, till the nights are dark all through—there's an hour or two of moonlight just now—go over to the cemetery island in a canoe by ourselves, and do what we have to do. Makes you creep, doesn't it?"

"I creep, but I think of my beautiful château in Indre-et-Loire, all ruined, and my mother, who is already very old, and who has but little money for the candles she will burn in church at my safety in traveling, and then, by Jove, old chap, I say to me that the proof of the pudding sweeps clean, as your excellent English proverbs make it, and I decide to act."

"Well, your proverbs are original, Marky, but I don't know that they haven't a queer sort of sense of their own. A pudding this size ought to sweep most things clean—if you will have it that way. And we're not breaking any law of God or man that I know of, in taking a diamond from a corpse that didn't know what to do with it when he was alive, and doesn't need it now."

"Perfectly."

"There's only one thing. Don't get to asking any questions anywhere of any kind of person, about anything. I hope that's definite. Because you might, without meaning it in the least, get George or some other fellow thinking, and we don't want them to think."

"I comprehend perfectly. Flint, this is altogether so good that I feel myself exalted. I will dance—"

"No, Marky, don't," I begged. "Somebody might come. I like your dancing all right, and I think you'd knock spots off Pavlova and Mordkin, and the girl who served up prophet's head—but I don't want you to dance now. Anything that excites remark and draws attention to us two is going to be bad policy at present. Swear off, Marky, if you're wise."

"It was but the dance of *Marguerite* with the casket of jewels that I desired to make—nothing more, my friend," said the Marquis, a little wistfully. "The dance, I mean, that she ought to make—it is never right done by the theatre."

"Wait till you get the jewel before you start doing jewel dances," I said. "Did you ever hear of the cuckoo clock and the parson?"

"Never; tell me of it."

"Well, there was once a poor woman who had a cuckoo clock, and the clock stopped, and wouldn't go on. Now it happened just then that the parson came in to make a

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call on her, and he was rather a bit of an amateur clock-maker.

"So he took the clock off home with him to fix up, and the poor woman was overcome with gratitude. And, by and by, he sent it back, saying it was all right. A few days after, he called on the poor woman again, and said, in that high and mighty tone a lot of parsons have, 'Well, my good woman, how does your clock go now?' And the poor creature said, trembling, 'Thank you, sir, it's only too kind of you, sir, and it goes very well indeed, sir. There's only just one little thing, sir—since you was so good as to mend it, it oos before it cucks!' Mark, don't you ever oo before you cuck. Lots of people do, and it's a mighty bad habit to get into."

"Certainly, I will remember, and I will not dance the dance of *Marguerite* and the jewels, or indeed any dance at all. You have much wisdom, Flint," said the Marquis, quite gravely. "I am afraid it shall be a good while that we have to wait and do nothing. Truly, hope deferred makes a long turning."

It certainly seemed a long time, though it was only a week, before I thought the nights were dark enough to carry out our plan. In the blazing moonlight of New Guinea some wandering native would without doubt have seen us crossing the straits to the cemetery island, even if no white man spied us. The moonless nights were our only chance. But it was irksome to wait, and wonder and speculate whether any one, by any possible chance, knew as much as we knew ourselves.

Well, the moonless nights came round, and the evening I had fixed upon arrived. It was Saturday, when I reckoned that the greater part of Samarai would be drunk and not in a condition to notice any one's movements very closely. I had not adopted a disguise, which the Marquis was very anxious for me to do. I explained to him that one might as well hope to disguise the keeper of an elephant successfully—the elephant would be bound to give him away. And the elephant itself, I added, couldn't be made to look like anything but an elephant.

The conclusion was obvious. We did not disguise.

With two spades and a pick in the bottom of a good, double-outrigged canoe, we set out quietly from the beach in the starlit dusk, not too early and not too late. There was not the least difficulty about it, which fact I am sure disappointed the Marquis terribly. I think he would have liked to black his face and wear a conspirator's cloak, and wriggle on his stomach from the hotel to the beach, and have half-a-dozen Greeks and Malays chase him with revolvers.

But, as a matter of fact, nobody saw us, and we got away without so much as a splash.

It was a glorious night: we floated in a hollow globe of stars—stars above, stars below, some flashing like the great diamond we had gone out to find, some glowing like little moons and casting long spears of light into the sea. We had a mile or two to go to the cemetery island; I paddled all the way, and the Marquis, crouched rather uncomfortably on the rough perch that does duty for a seat in native canoes, sang softly to himself in I do not know how many languages. The more his emotions were stirred, the more polyglot he became, as a rule. He seemed to be a perfect Tower of Babel, that night.

We grounded on a white sand beach that shone faintly in the starlight, and made our way up to the cemetery, along a dank, overgrown track, with the weird night-birds of New Guinea chipping and sawing, and clanking bells, and cracking whips, in the bush alongside. The intoxicating scent of the tropical forest came sweet and strong in our faces, on the fresh night-breeze—the smell that "makes your heart-strings crack," when you encounter it unexpectedly in some warm, scented hothouse, far away from the burning equatorial lands.

I do not think either of us thought more than we could help of the horrible task we had come to do. I, for one, rigidly kept my mind away from it, and thought only of the stone. . . . How many carats was it?—I wondered. We were all familiar with the photographs of the great Cullinan in the rough, just then. I judged the Sorcerer's Stone, compared with that, to be small, but large compared with any other in the world. Say, three hundred in the rough. . . What would it cut to? How much would it be worth? How many tens of thousands? And who would buy such a costly gem?

Sometimes these very large diamonds were harder to dispose of than smaller stones, since purchasers were so few. There



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were the millionaires of America—and the rajahs of India—and it would take the very biggest of either to make bids for our treasure, when we got it.

I didn't say *if* we got it. I was determined that we should get it.

We had no lanterns with us: the light of the stars was enough for a good bushman, and I knew the cemetery track by heart. So do most men who have lived long in New Guinea.

I guessed where the diver must have been buried: there were not many suitable spots left. We stumbled along among the overgrown, neglected mounds, destitute of name or stone to mark them out one from another, and found what I was looking for—a new, bare grave. I think my heart was beating rather fast as I struck a match and looked, to make sure. . . .

I dropped the match, and stamped on it.

"Marquis," I said, "we're done—" and my voice sounded strange in my own ears, as I spoke.

"They are before us?" cried the Marquis, going down on his knees by the grave. "A match!"

"No good," I said, striking one, however, for a moment. "You see how the ground's trampled—and the grave has certainly been dug up, and covered in very roughly afterward. We'll open it, of course, but——"

"They would make a grave of a native roughly! They would trample about it!"

"Not on the top of it, Mark. When you're burying a man, black or white, you don't stamp over his head. No, you take my word for it, we've lost this trick. But even if we have, we've not lost the game. Remember, we're on an island, and there isn't a boat for another fortnight."

I was digging as I spoke, spading up the loose soil in big lumps, and throwing it out of the way. The Marquis, again with his Marquisatorial air, took up the other spade, and joined in. I told him not to worry, but he insisted.

"It would not be fitting a gentleman of France, if I should let you commit this sin for me, and not sin also," he said. I thought that if the measure of his iniquity were to be calculated by the amount of digging he got through, it needn't trouble his conscience much; but I said nothing, even when he caught a crab with his spade, and fell almost on top of me. It pleased him, and did not harm any one—least of all, in my opinion, the poor black wretch below.

In a very few minutes our spades struck something. I felt about in the soil, and touched a soft, indefinite mass. Exploring carefully, I found, to my astonishment, that, whatever else I might discover in the grave, there was no heavy metal helmet and corselet. It was imperative to strike a light now, no matter what the risk, and I took out a little bit of candle I had brought with me.

There is no need to say exactly what I saw, or detail anything I may have done. It was a brief business. Almost at once, I understood that the grave had been opened, as I had feared; that the body had been removed from the helmet and corselet with considerable violence, and that, whatever else there might be in the ravaged tomb of Mo, ex-sorcerer of Kata-Kata town, diamond there was none.

You might think that the Marquis and I would have been knocked over by this. We weren't a bit. We were disappointed; but we had been disappointed about the sorcerer's stone before, and the chances of getting it were not much worse now than they had been on our arrival. Samarai, a very small island, with every one in sight of every one else all the time, and no calling steamer due, was about as good a hunting-ground as one could wish for. And, anyhow, I didn't mean to lose heart, if things looked twice as black. So I told the Marquis, and he agreed with me. He even offered to prove how little he was discouraged by doing the war-dance of the priests in "Athalie" all the way back to the shore. I told him I had always reckoned it was a march, and he explained he would do the dance they ought to have done, and didn't.

As I wanted to return as quickly as possible, I persuaded him to put off the performance until we had got back to the town. I thought he would have forgotten it by that time, but he hadn't. The spectacle of the Marquis, in a very dirty singlet and trousers and bare, sandy feet, doing the war-dance of the priests by starlight all down the main street of Samarai at two o'clock in the morning is one of the things that I expect to remember all the rest of my life.

Next morning, as might have been expected, we were both suffering from the sort of mental sore-head that follows after

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THE SPECTACLE OF THE MARQUIS, IN A DIRTY SINGLET AND TROUSERS, AND BARE FEET, DOING THE WAR-DANCE OF THE PRIESTS IN "ATHALIE" IN THE MAIN STREET AT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, IS ONE OF THE THINGS I EXPECT TO REMEMBER ALL THE REST OF MY LIFE.

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great excitement, and in consequence were somewhat depressed. We walked round and round the island, chafing, as every one in Samarai chafes, at its narrow confines, and discussing the affair of the diamond ceaselessly. I don't think I shall ever see green palms on a white shore again, or smell the dank, weedy smell of a coral reef, without thinking of diamonds and divers and graves. We talked it over inside and out, and upside down, and arrived at the following conclusion:

George the Greek was probably at the bottom of the matter.

But why George the Greek was at the bottom of the matter, we did not understand.

If George the Greek had known of the diamond, he would have got it away from Mo by fraud or force, long before our arrival in Samarai or Mo's unlucky death. He would have got it, if he had had to cut the sorcerer to pieces, alive.

But if George the Greek did not know about the stone (and, indeed, his conduct on the jetty suggested that he did not), why should he dig the body up?

These conclusions seemed to point to the fact that George the Greek had not been in the matter, after all. But neither the Marquis nor I would accept that explanation—I am sure I do not know why. We said we felt he had been in it; and the Marquis proposed a visit to his store, to find out what we could.

In the hot, sleepy hours of the afternoon we went down to George's little shanty, feeling more dispirited, now, than either of us would have cared to admit. The Marquis, I think, wouldn't have danced the war-dance of the priests for an audience of a hundred pretty women. I wouldn't have laughed at one of his upside-down proverbs for a case of iced champagne. The street was steaming with the peculiarly unpleasant heat that follows after a heavy shower in a high temperature, and the sea, under the westering sun, dazzled like a mirror flashed in one's eyes by a mischievous boy.

The Marquis said, as far as I gathered, that "a feeling of sadness came o'er him that his heart could not resist," and I said that I felt like chewed string.

Then happened something that put starch into both of us, as quickly as if the thermometer had dropped twenty degrees. We heard a row beginning.

"By gum, my friend, they fight somewhere; let's go and see," said the Marquis.

"It's going to be the father of a row, I reckon," said I, cheerfully. "Hurry up, or we'll miss the best." For the shouts and stamps that we had heard were rising into a chorus of yells, punctuated by crashes, and by shrill screams from one especial voice. It was not a woman's voice, but it wasn't exactly like the ordinary white man's, and it had a shrewish quality in it that I seemed to recognize.

"George, for a sovereign!" I cried. And I began to run, the Marquis coming after as quickly as he could—which was quicker than you would think, if you had never seen him in action.

George's shanty, when we reached it, was invisible, except for the roof. The rest had disappeared under a sort of human wave. At least twenty men, black, white, and yellow, were shoving and fighting in front of it, all apparently moved by one desire—to get inside. From within the store came the owner's frantic yells, mingled with language that really was astonishing, even for a Greek. And the crashing and smashing and banging went on and on, getting louder.

Helping each other as two strong men can, the Marquis and I shoved somehow through the press—which, we now observed, was composed entirely of divers. This was Sunday, and the fleet, of course, did not work, so a number of white men and a few Papuans, Malays, and Japs, all employed on the luggers as a rule, were left free to spend the Sabbath as they liked. It seemed that this was what they liked; and it looked very much like burglary, battery, and murder.

"What's the row, Bob?" I yelled through the noise to a diver whom I recognized. He had a tomahawk in his hand and was smashing the window-frame of the store, the window-panes having long since gone. Inside, I could see the Greek literally tearing his hair—the first time I had ever seen any one do it; up till then, I thought only people in books did so—and trying to get away from Big Carl, a huge Swede, who had got both arms around George and was holding on like the serpent in the statue whose name I can't remember.

All the divers who could get into the store were inside, and they were very busy indeed, wrecking it with tomahawks. The counter was gone, the shelves were firewood, the curios and shells were smashed,

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and there were some indistinguishable fragments of metal on the floor, which seemed to arouse the special hatred of the invaders. Bob, too, while I was trying to make him hear, got away from me, and into the store; and immediately he began hacking away at the metal on the floor. It looked, what was left of it, rather like a diver's corselet.

I wanted to know what it was all about, and as no one seemed disposed to stop long enough to tell me, I "cut out" by main force another man I knew and hauled him half across the street. He swore at me, and tried to fight, but I held him.

"You'll go when you've told me what the row is about," I said.

The man, swearing at intervals, told me.

"It's George the Greek," he said. "Will you let me go?" (Blank.) "It was the helmet and corselet—Parratt, of the *Dawn*, wanted to buy one, and George had a second-hand one in his window, cheap—They're smashing the floor now—why didn't I think of that? Let me go." (Impolite expressions.) "Well, if you won't" (impoliteness continued,) "Parratt was looking at it, to decide if he'd go in and buy it to-morrow—it was only nine pounds, and a new one's fourteen, and Parratt thought he would, and he looked at it close, and he saw a rivet in the helmet, and he knew the rivet, because he put it there himself—Oh!" (very impolite remarks) "they've got him frog's-marched, and they're going to throw him— Don't hit me, I'll finish— And the corselet was the one they

I SAW THEM SWING THE YELLING GREEK OUT OVER THE WATER, AND LET HIM GO WITH A SPLASH.

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buried with Mo, the Papuan who got drowned the other day, and the beast had dug him up and cut him out of it, to make the price of what Mo owed him. So when all the divers heard that" (Will you let me go? they're taking him to the jetty!), "they came and made a row. Damn!"

He bit a new litany off at the commencement, as I released him, and made for the jetty at a run. I saw them swing the yelling Greek out over the water, and let him go with a splash. He could swim all right, and a ducking was likely to do him good, so I didn't trouble to interfere, especially as I saw that the men had about satiated their anger. I went back to the Marquis, who was staring blankly at the whole proceeding, and told him what I had heard.

"Admirable, excellent!" he said. "What we tried to do, and have not done, they are wrecking the shop of the Greek on account of. My friend, I see that you and I are certainly black-watches."

"No, Marky, no fear. We'll keep what we know about ourselves to ourselves, but there's not a man in the fleet would call you or me blackguard for what we've tried to do."

"And for why?"

"Because," I said, "this is a pearling fleet. And in a pearling fleet, you may do anything you like, sacrilege, robbery, piracy, or murder, for a pearl, if only it's big enough. No one would think any the less of you really, though they might have to pretend they did, if there were too many authorities about. As for a diamond like old Mo's—why, you might dig up the whole of the cemetery without upsetting any one's stomach or conscience. But divers don't like being hacked out of their dresses when they die in them, which they do pretty often, to gratify the meanness of a mean little cur like George. That's the case, Marky. Anyhow, you and I have no cause to quarrel with it, for it's shown us that we were on a wrong scent after all. If the Greek had found such a thing as a diamond under the corselet—and mind you, he made mincemeat of old Mo, getting him out of it—he'd never have taken the risk he did, in showing off the gear second-hand."

"Then," demanded the Marquis, "where is the diamond?"

"That's what we've got to find out yet," I said.

*The next story of the quest of "The Sorcerer's Stone" will appear in the November number.*

# PATCHWORK

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

AS OFT a little daughter's well-thumbed seam,
All frayed and soiled in vain,
As her laborious stitches—oft with tears—
Unsewed, and sewed again,

Seem dear and comely to the mother's eye,
More dear than all the fine
Unlabored needlework of elder hands—
So, I doubt not, do mine:

These clumsy patchwork efforts to be good,
This brusque and blundering love,
Perchance find favor when the Parent eye
Inspects them from above.

**On page 482 of this number Morris Hillquit and John Augustine Ryan, D. D., open a debate on Socialism—one of the most important series of articles ever published in any magazine.**

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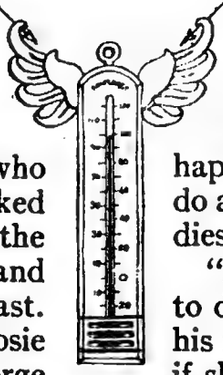
# Crazy with the Heat

By

Parker Fillmore

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAGINEL W. ENRIGHT



"OH, JARGE, ain't it just awful!" It was hot—frightfully hot; and even George Riley, who paid scant attention to weather, looked worn and pale. He was just in from the morning part of his split run, and Rosie was serving him his late breakfast.

"I don't mind about myself," Rosie went on. She sat down opposite George as he began eating and stared at him out of eyes that were very tired and very serious. "It's Geraldine, Jarge. I don't know what I'm going to do. The poor birdie was awake nearly all night. I hope you didn't hear us. I don't want to disturb you, too."

George shook his head. "Oh, I slept all right. I always do. But it was so blamed hot that when I got up I felt weak as a cat." He bolted a knifeful of fried potatoes, then asked: "What's ailing Geraldine? Ain't her food agreeing with her?"

Rosie sighed. It was the sigh of a little mother who had been asking herself that same question over and over. "It's partly that; but I think the food would be all right if only other things were all right. You're a man, Jarge, so you don't understand about babies. It's Geraldine's second summer and she's teething. Her poor little mouth's all swollen and feverish. It would be bad enough in cold weather, but in this heat she hardly gets a wink of sleep. . . . I tell you, Jarge, if we don't do something for her real quick, she's just going to die!" Rosie dropped her head on the table and wept.

"Aw, now, 'tain't that bad, is it, Rosie?"

"Yes." The answer came muffled in tears. "It's just awful, Jarge, the way they go down. They'll be perfectly well, and then before you know what's happening they just wilt, and you can't do anything for them. And if Geraldine dies, I—I want to die too!"

"Aw, Rosie, cheer up! She ain't going to die!" George's words were brave but his face was troubled. "I suppose, now, if she was only in the country, she'd be all right, wouldn't she?"

Rosie wiped her eyes and sighed. "Is it cool in the country, Jarge?"

"You bet it is—just as cool and nice! The grass is green and wind's always a-blowin' in the trees and you can hear the gurgle of the creek down at the bottom of the meadow. And at night you can sleep on the big up-stairs porch, if you want to, and you get every breath of air that stirs. And you needn't be afraid of mosquitoes and flies, either, 'cause Mother always has things screened in with black mosquito-netting. Oh, I tell you it's just fine in the country!"

George paused a moment, then laughed a little apologetically. "Leastways, Rosie, that's how I always think of the country now. Of course we do have sizzling weather out there just as much as we do here; but it's different, somehow. Out there you get a chance to cool off. They ain't them everlasting paved streets all around you, sending out heat like a furnace night and day just the same. . . . Do you know, I ain't felt like myself for three weeks! If I was back home now I tell you what I'd do: I'd go down to the creek and take a dip and then I'd come in and, by gosh, maybe I wouldn't sleep!"

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"IT'S PLAYED OUT I AM, ROSIE."

Rosie sighed again. "Well, no use talking about the country. It's the city for ours, even if Geraldine does die."

Tears again threatened and George hastened to give the comforting assurance: "Aw, now, Rosie, it ain't that bad, I know it ain't. Besides, this weather can't keep up forever. We'll be having a thunderstorm any time now, and that'll cool things off." Then, to change the subject: "What does your mother say about Geraldine?"

"Pooh!" Rosie tossed her head in fine scorn. "I'd like to know what Ma knows about babies!"

George protested. "She ought to know something. She's had a few herself."

"Jarge Riley, you listen to me." Rosie looked at him fixedly. "With some women, having babies doesn't mean one blessed thing! They just have 'em and have 'em and have 'em, and that's all they know about them. Take me, now, and I'm twelve, and take Ma, and I don't know how old she is, but she has had eight children, so you can judge for yourself, and right now she's so ignur'nt about the proper care and feeding of babies that I wouldn't trust Geraldine to her for twenty-four hours!"

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Rosie paused impressively, then concluded with the damning statement: "All the time she was taking care of that baby she never once boiled a nipple! Never once!"

George blinked his eyes in puzzled thought. "Do you got to boil 'em?"

For a moment Rosie glared unspeakable things. Then she answered with crushing emphasis: "You certainly do!"

George moved uneasily. "No hard feelings, Rosie. I was just askin'."

Rosie was magnanimous. "I'm not blaming you, Jarge. You're a man and not supposed to understand about sterilizing. But I do say it's disgraceful in a mother of eight. . . . Why, do you know what Ma was feeding Geraldine when I took hold of her? Nothing but that old-fashioned baby-food that nobody but ignur'nt people use now. It's the first thing they hand out to you at the drug-store, if you don't know the difference. It makes babies fat but it doesn't give them one bit of strength, and people like Ma suppose if a baby's fat, of course it's all right. Oh, such ignur-'nce!" Rosie cast long-suffering eyes to heaven.

Balancing a conciliatory knife on his finger, George appealed to her as man to man: "Now, Rosie, see here: I'm not saying that you don't know all about babies, 'cause I think you do. I know the way you been finding out things at the Little Mothers' class and I know the way you study that book. But facts is facts, Rosie, and after all, your ma has raised five kids out of eight, and that ain't so bad."

"Go on." Rosie looked at him challengingly.

George had no more to say.

Rosie had. "Jarge Riley, you know as much about babies as a rabbit! Don't you know that Geraldine is a bottle-baby?"

An expression of helpless wonderment spread over George's face. "Why, Rosie, ain't they all bottle-babies? Seems to me I always seen 'em give bottles to all of 'em."

"All of them bottle-babies! Jarge, you're

"I DON'T SEE WHY I ALWAYS GOT TO DO ALL THE DISAGREEABLE THINGS IN THIS HOUSE."

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more ignur'nt than I supposed. Why, every last baby my mother's had except Geraldine has been a breast-baby!"

The pink of an unexpected embarrassment mounted to George's shiny cheek-bones.

Rosie surveyed him critically. "I suppose, now that you come to think about it, it seems to you they must all be breast-babies, too. Doesn't it, now?"

"Search me if it don't!" George spoke in candid bewilderment.

"That just shows how much you know, and yet you're willing to sit there and argue with me. Now if you think it takes as much brains to raise a baby on the breast as on a bottle—"

"Rosie! Rosie!" The interruption was from the front of the house, and in Mrs. O'Brien's voice.

Rosie's face took on the expression of a listening mother. "Yes, Ma," she called.

"Geraldine's awake and crying for you."

Rosie paused to give George a parting look. "There's lots more I could tell you, Jarge, if I had time."

"Oh, don't mind me, Rosie. Just run along. I'm sure Geraldine needs you." George spoke with a certain relief. The weight of the new knowledge that Rosie had already imposed upon him seemed as much as he could bear for the present.

Rosie left him. She felt cheered and comforted, as talking out her troubles with George always cheered and comforted her. Dear old George! Rosie didn't know what she would do without him.

It was well that she had the consciousness of his friendly interest to support her, for the day was to prove a trying one. Not a breath of air stirred, and Geraldine, languid and feverish, tossed and fretted unceasingly. Ordinarily Rosie could have given her whole attention to the ailing baby, but to-day she had to take her mother's place as cook for dinner, since a large family washing required all of Mrs. O'Brien's time and strength. If Geraldine would only have fallen off to sleep, Rosie could have managed simply enough; but the poor child could not sleep. So Rosie spent a frantic morning running back and forth between kitchen and front room.

"Why, Rosie, what ails you? You're not eating a bite," her father remarked during dinner.

"It's too hot to eat," Rosie murmured.

"Give me your meat!" her small brother Jack cried out. "Please, Rosie!"

Without a word, Rosie passed him her plate.

In mid-afternoon, when it was time for Rosie to go about her business of delivering papers, she entrusted the care of Geraldine to Janet McFadden. For several days now she had been employing Janet for this duty. Out of her own earnings she was paying Janet two cents a day, and she did not grudge the money. Janet was the one person to whom she was willing to entrust Geraldine at this critical time. Janet knew as much about babies as Rosie herself, for she had gone to the Little Mother classes with Rosie and had faithfully studied the book. So Rosie started out with the feeling that she need not hurry back.

She loitered along slowly; after the rush of home it was good to loiter. Even the blazing sun was restful compared with home and its unending demands. Rosie covered the ground at snail's pace, resting at the least provocation of shade, and stopping to look at the least hint of anything happening or likely to happen.

It was five o'clock when she reached home again, and time to give Geraldine her afternoon bath. Mrs. O'Brien was still at the ironing-board and Rosie had to shift clothes-horses to find a place on the floor for the big basin.

"Ah, now, and ain't Rosie the kind sister to be giving Geraldine a nice bath!" Mrs. O'Brien began in her usual tone and manner. "Your poor ma wishes there was some one to give her a nice bath!" She rambled on while Rosie splashed Geraldine and then began wrapping her in a towel.

"I wouldn't moind it so much if only it cooled off of nights." Mrs. O'Brien wiped her moist face with her apron, and sighed. "It's played out I am, Rosie. I can't stand another minute." She took a long, uncertain breath and dropped heavily into a chair.

Rosie, with Geraldine in her arms, paused in the doorway. She, too, wanted to escape from the hot kitchen, but something in her mother's tone held her.

Mrs. O'Brien swayed listlessly in her chair. "It's sick at me stomach I'm feelin'. The smell o' the kitchen goes agin' me. . . . Rosie dear—" Mrs. O'Brien broke off to look at Rosie a moment in silent appeal. "Rosie dear, do ye think

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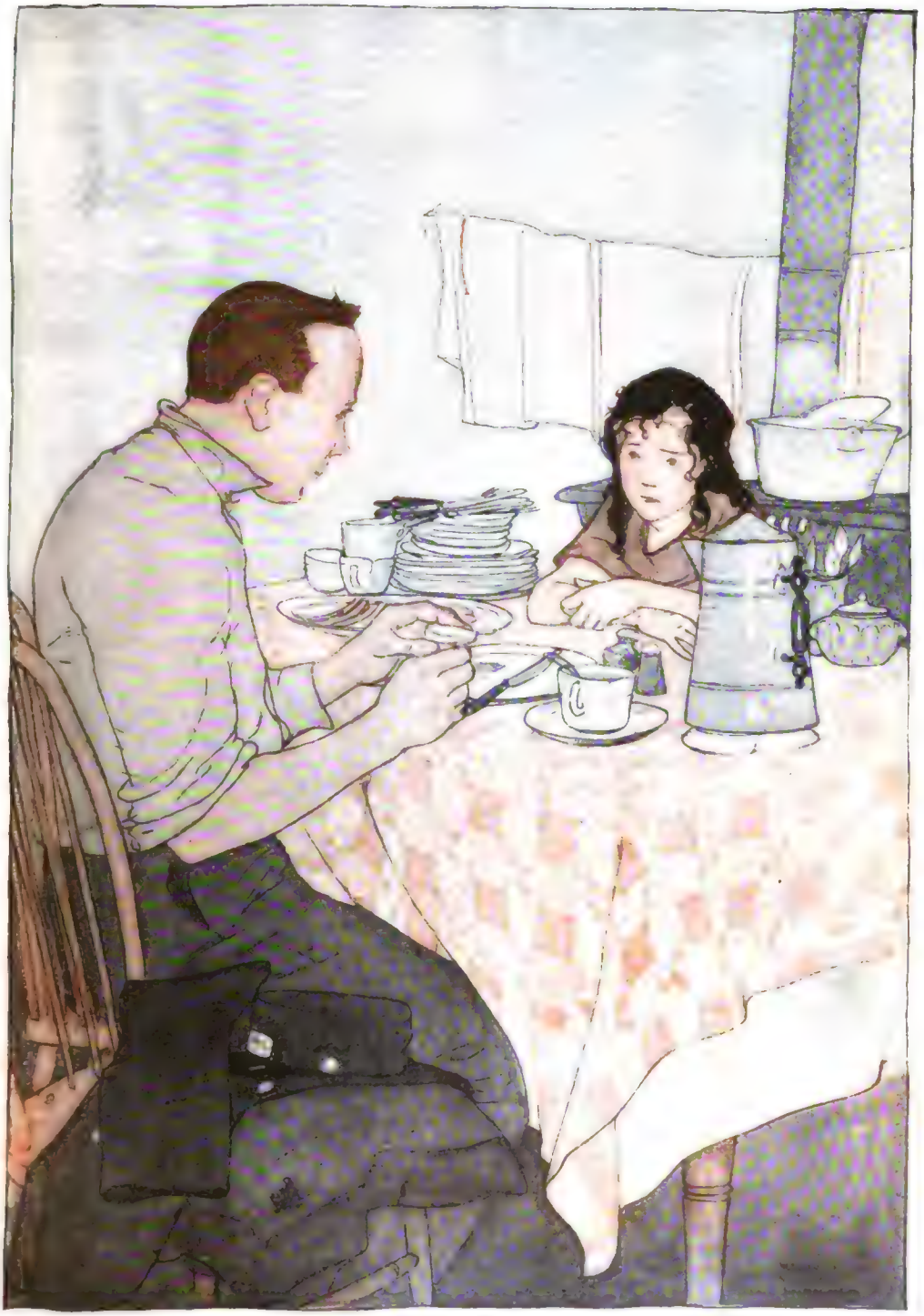

"I TELL YOU, JARGE, IF WE DON'T DO SOMETHING FOR HER RIGHT QUICK, SHE'S JUST GOING TO DIE!"

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just for to-night ye could cook the supper for me? I hate to ask you—I do that, for ye've had a hard day of it with poor wee Geraldine fretting her life away. And I'm not forgetting that ye helped me this noon. I wouldn't be asking another thing of you to-day if I could help it, but I'm clean tuckered out ironin' them last shirt-waists for Ellen, and I tell ye, Rosie, I feel like I'd faint if I thried to stand up in front of that stove."

Tears of self-pity came to Rosie's eyes and she wanted to cry out: "And what about me? Don't you suppose I'm tired, too?" But the sight of her mother's face going suddenly pale and of her hands beginning to shake, checked her, and she said, quietly enough: "All right, Ma, I will. You take Geraldine and go out in front. Maybe it's a little cooler there."

Mrs. O'Brien started off, murmuring gratefully: "Ah, Rosie, dear, ye're a darlint and I don't know what I'd do without you!"

Rosie, left to herself, instead of taking comfort at thought of her own nobility of conduct, leaned miserably against the kitchen door and burst into tears. . . . "I don't see why I always got to do all the disagreeable things in this house, and I always do got to, too! I—I—I'm tired, I am!"

She sobbed on awhile brokenly, then slowly dried her eyes, for it was half-past five and time to set to work for supper.

## II

Rosie was spoken of in the family as a good cook, but this afternoon there was so little of any housewifely pride left in her that she fried the potatoes as carelessly as her older sister Ellen would have fried them; and she scorched the ham. She set the table after some fashion, and then, when all was ready, went through the house calling, "Supper's ready! Supper's ready!"

As the family straggled in, Rosie went on to her next duty of putting George Riley's supper into a tin pail.

"Better hurry," her brother Terrence warned her. "You'll be missing Jarge's car."

"I can't hurry any faster," Rosie murmured; but she did, nevertheless, snatch up the pail and start off.

It seemed to her the street was even hotter and more breathless than the smoky kitchen. The late afternoon sun was still beating down on pavements and houses and people, fiercely, unceasingly, as it had been beating since early morning, and all things alike looked worn and dusty and utterly fatigued. Little shop-girls were trailing listlessly home, their hats crooked, their black waists limp with perspiration, their hair hanging about their pale faces in shiny, damp strings. Yet, tired as they were, they were still attempting forlorn, giggly little jokes and friendly greetings.

One girl called out in passing: "Gee, Rosie, ain't this the limit?" Another asked facetiously: "Well, kid, how does this weather suit you?" And a third stopped her to exclaim breathlessly: "Say, Rosie, ain't you just crazy with the heat!"

Rosie reached the corner in good time for George's car. There was a slight congestion in traffic and George had a moment or two before dashing back to his place on the rear platform. He looked dirty and hot. His collar was in a soft welt, his face streaked with dust and perspiration. His expression, usually good-natured, was gloomy and irritable.

"What you got to-night?" he asked, lifting the lid of the pail. "What! Ham again? Hell! What do you think I am? It's ham, ham, ham, every night of the week till I'm sick and tired of it! Here! Take it back—I don't want it! I'll buy me something decent to eat!"

"Why, Jarge!" Rosie had never heard him talk that way before. She hadn't supposed he could talk that way to her. The unexpectedness of it was like a blow. For the first time in their acquaintance she shrank from him. Her face quivered, her eyes filled with tears. "Why, Jarge!" she stammered again.

The motorman of George's car sounded his gong in warning and George, without another word, dropped the pail at Rosie's feet and jumped aboard.

Rosie, dazed and crushed, slowly reached for the pail and turned homeward. At first she was too hurt to cry out; too surprised by the suddenness of the attack to formulate her protest in words. One thing only was clear, namely, that George Riley had failed her. She could never again believe in him blindly, implicitly, as heretofore. There she had been supposing him so much better than any one else, and he

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"SAY, ROSIE, AIN'T YOU JUST CRAZY WITH THE HEAT?"

wasn't at all. Probably he wasn't as good! . . . One little corner of her heart pled for him, whispering that poor George must have forgotten himself for the moment because, like the rest of the world, he was crazy with the heat. But Rosie silenced the whisper by exclaiming passionately: "Even if he was, I don't see why he had to go and take it out on me! I'm sure I'm not to blame!"

After a pause her heart again sought weakly to excuse him by suggesting that perhaps Mrs. O'Brien did serve fried ham with a certain monotonous regularity. Rosie was not to be taken in by that. "Well," she demanded grimly, "what does he expect on a five-dollar-a-week board, with meat the price it is! Lamb chops and porterhouse steak?" After that her heart said nothing more, realizing, apparently, that so long as Rosie cared to nurse her grievance, she could find reasons in plenty. And Rosie did care to nurse it, and by the act of nursing soon changed it from a feeling of bewildered woe to one of mounting indignation. . . . If George Riley wanted to act that way, very well, let him do so. But he better not think that she, Rosie O'Brien, would stand for any such treatment, for she just wouldn't!

At home she was able to explain quietly enough that George hadn't wanted any supper. Jack at once called out: "Give me his ham! Aw, please, now, Rosie, give it to me! Give it to me!"

"No, Jackie, you're too little to have meat at supper," Rosie explained. "This is for Terry. Here, Terry."

Terrence accepted the windfall with a gallant, "Thanks, Rosie." Then he added: "But don't you want a piece of it yourself?"

"No, Terry, I'm not hungry. Besides, Ma has saved me a little piece."

"And here it is, ye poor lamb." Mrs. O'Brien touched her affectionately on the cheek. "Sit right down and eat it before Geraldine wakes. Ye've hardly had a bite all day."

Rosie took her place at the table and tried to eat. It was no use; and suddenly, as much to her own surprise as to the others', she burst out crying.

"Mercy on us!" Mrs. O'Brien threw up astonished hands. "What's happened now?"

"N-nothing," Rosie quavered, pushing her plate away and dropping her head upon the table.

"What's ailin' you, Rosie?" her father asked gently.

"E-E-Ellen's got to do the dishes tonight. I-I-I'm too tired."

"I'm awful sorry," Ellen began, "but tonight, Rosie, I got to go out early. I got

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to go over to Hattie Graydon's for a note-book."

"Note-book nuthin'!" Terrence glared at Ellen angrily. "That's the way you get out of everything, with your note-books and your Hattie Graydons and your old business college! Listen here, Ellen O'Brien; you'll do those dishes to-night or I'll know why!"

"Huh!" snorted Ellen. "From the way you talk, a person would suppose you were my father."

"Wish I was your father for ten minutes—long enough to give you a good beatin'! . . . Who do you think you are, anyway? A real live lady? Everybody else in the family's got to work, but not you!"

"Ah now, Terry," Mrs. O'Brien expostulated, "you mustn't be talkin' that way to your poor sister Ellen. She's got her own work to do at school and I'm sure it's hard work, isn't it, Ellen dear?"

"Say, Ma, you fade away!" Terrence waved his hand suggestively. "What you don't know about Ellen's a plenty! Just look at her, the big lazy lump! There she's been sitting in a comfortable cool room all day long with a fan in one hand and a pencil in the other and her mouth full of chewing-gum, pretending to study, and you and Rosie have been up here in this hot little hole working like niggers. Aw, why do you let her fool you? Why don't you make her do something?"

Ellen, her head tossed high, appealed to her mother. "Ma, will you please explain to Mr. Terrence O'Brien that I'd be perfectly willing to wash and wipe the dishes every night of my life if it wasn't for my hands. If ever I'm to be a stenog., I've got to take care of my hands."

"What about Rosie's hands?" Reaching over, Terrence drew one out from beneath Rosie's face and held it up. At that moment it was a pathetic little hand, shaking with her sobs and wet with tears, but its roughened skin and short, stubby nails were evidence enough of the work that it did.

"Well, what about them?" Ellen, at least, was unmoved by the pitiful exhibit. "Rosie's not going to be a stenog., is she?"

Terrence almost choked in fury, but before he could find an answer sufficiently crushing, his father spoke.

"See here, Ellen, we've had talk enough. You'll be doing the dishes to-night before you go after the note-book. That ends it."

"Very well!" Ellen flounced out of the room, then flounced back. "But if I don't get my certificate next month, you'll know whose fault it is!"

"Ain't she the limit?" Terry addressed his inquiry to the gas-jet, and small Jack, taking up the word, called after her: "Ellen, you're the limit! You're the limit!"

"Fie on you, Jackie!" Mrs. O'Brien said, reprovingly. "You mustn't be talkin' that way to your sister."

But Jack, hopping about the kitchen like mad, kept shouting, "You're the limit! You're the limit!" until there was a sudden wail from the front of the house.

"Now see what ye've done, ye naughty b'y! Ye've waked up Geraldine!"

Jack subsided abruptly and Rosie, with a sigh, stood up.

Her mother looked at her compassionately. "Sit where you are, Rosie dear, and rest, and I'll take care of Geraldine."

"No, I'll go."

Rosie carried the child outside to the little front porch, where she rocked and crooned in the gathering darkness until Geraldine grew quiet. When the time came she gave her a last bottle and then put her to bed. After that Rosie's day was about done.

To be near Geraldine, Rosie was sleeping down-stairs for the present, on the floor of the front room. Just as George Riley got home she was ready to retire.

"Good night, everybody," she said.

George, looking a little sheepish, called after her: "Aren't you going to kiss me good night, Rosie?"

Without turning back, Rosie made answer: "It's too hot to kiss." Then she told herself grimly: "There, now! I guess that'll jar him! If he thinks he can treat me like a nigger and then kiss me good night, he's mightily mistaken." She closed the door of the room with a determined click and stood for a moment with her head high. Then she sank to the floor, a very miserable little heap of a girl who sobbed to herself: "But I wish he wasn't so mean to me!"

## III

It was a sultry, oppressive night, hard enough for adults to endure and fearfully weakening to teething babies. The next day the heat continued and Geraldine

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fretted and drooped until Rosie was frantic with anxiety. The strain began to show upon her.

"Rosie dear, you're all pale and thin," her mother remarked, and Janet McFadden, looking at her affectionately, said: "Now, Rosie, why don't you let me deliver your papers for a couple of days? You're fagged out."

"No," Rosie said. "If you'll keep on coming over in the afternoon while I'm away, that's help enough."

"But, Rosie, I could do your papers easy enough. I know all your customers."

"'Tain't that, Janet. Of course, you know them. And I thank you for offering, for it sure is the hottest time of the day. But it's my only chance to get away from home for a little while and I think I'd just die if I didn't go."

So she went, as usual, though her feet dragged heavily and her eyes throbbed with a dull headache.

On the better streets the houses were tight shut to keep out the heat; but the doors and windows of the tenements were open, and Rosie could see the inside of untidy rooms where lackadaisical women lounged about and dirty, whiny children played and wrangled. Hitherto Rosie's thrifty little soul had sat in hard judgment on the inefficient tenement-dwellers, but to-day she looked at them with a sudden tenderness.

SHE ROCKED AND CROONED UNTIL GERALDINE GREW QUIET.

Poor souls, perhaps if all were known they would not be altogether to blame. Perhaps they, too, had once longed to give their babies the chance of life that all babies should have. Perhaps it was their failure in this, through poverty and ignorance, that was the real cause of their apathy and indifference. Rosie felt that she was almost going that way herself. Then, too, the husbands of many of these women were selfish and brutal; and surely it was enough to break a woman's spirit to have the man she had loved and trusted turn on her like a fiend. Rosie knew!

Not that she herself was angry any longer at George Riley. Goodness, no! It wasn't a question of anger. She simply had no feeling for him one way or another. How could she, when it was as if the part of her heart he had once occupied had been cut out of her with a big, bloody knife! She merely regarded him now as she would any stranger. She would be polite to him—she tried always to be polite to every one—polite, yes; but nothing more. So when she handed him his supper-pail that evening at the corner, she said, "Good evening." Common politeness required that much, but she did not feel that it required her to hear or to understand his plaintive, "Aw, now, Rosie!" as she turned from him.

No! Without doubt all that would ever again pass between them was, "Good morning" or "Good evening." And it was all right that it should be so. Rosie was not in the least angry or bitter. She told herself this as she walked home, repeating it so often that she quite persuaded herself of its truth. Yet, when Terry happened upon her unexpectedly a few moments later, he looked at her in surprise.

"What's the matter, Rosie? What you cryin' about?"

"N-nuthin'," Rosie quavered. "I—I guess I'm worried about Geraldine."

"Aw, don't you worry about Geraldine," Terry advised kindly. "This weather's got to break soon and then Geraldine 'll be all right. You've fussed over her so much you're all tired out yourself—that's what the matter with you."

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IV

Terry was right. The change came the very next afternoon. Rosie had finished her papers and was on her way home when suddenly the wind rose and great masses of black storm-clouds came driving across the sky. Thunder rumbled, lightning crackled, and in a few minutes rain came swishing down in great long, splashy drops.

Instead of running for shelter, Rosie obeyed the impulse of the moment and stood where she was. She clutched a lamp-post to keep from being blown away, and then, turning her face to the sky, let the sweet, comforting rain wash down upon her and soak her through and through.

It was like a great, cool, refreshing shower-bath: it washed the dusty earth clean once again; it brought back a crispness to the air; it loosened the nervous tension under which all living things had been straining for days.

The clouds broke as suddenly, almost, as they had gathered. Watching them, Rosie sighed and shivered. "Oh, but that was nice!" Her hair was plastered over her head in loose, wet little ringlets, and her clothes clung tightly about her body. When she walked, her old shoes oozed and gurgled with water. She hurried home; yes, actually hurried, for it was cool enough to hurry; and besides, her wet clothes were beginning to chill her.

Janet McFadden met her with shining eyes. "Oh, Rosie, what do you think? She's asleep! And she's just took her bottle, too—all of it, without waking up! Oh, Rosie, I'm so happy!"

Rosie looked at Janet affectionately. "You've been awful good, Janet, helping me this way."

"Good—nuthin'!" Janet scoffed. "Aren't you paying me good money? . . . But, Rosie, listen here about Geraldine: I wouldn't be a bit surprised if things'd be all right now. Those old teeth are certainly through. I let her bite my finger on both sides, just to see."

Perhaps Janet was right. Perhaps things were arranging themselves. Rosie's heart sang a tremulous little song of happiness as she rubbed herself dry and put on fresh clothes. The world wasn't such a bad place after all, and the people in it weren't so bad, either. There was Janet—good, kind Janet—and Terry, and nice old George Riley—Rosie stopped short to scowl at herself in amazement. Then she repeated, defiantly, *nice old George Riley*. For he *was* nice! And he always had been nice, too! What if he had forgotten himself once? Hadn't other people as well? Hadn't everybody, Rosie herself included, been crazy with the heat?

As Rosie looked at things now her only surprise was that George hadn't forgotten himself oftener! Come to think of it, he had kept his temper better than any one else in the family. . . . Dear old George! Rosie wanted to put her arms about his neck that instant and tell him how much she loved him.

Her first way of doing this was by saying to him as she handed him his supper-pail at six o'clock: "Oh, Jarge, what do you think? Geraldine's been asleep all afternoon!" This was a greeting very different from a cold, "Good evening, Jarge," and George would understand the difference.

He did. His face beamed with understanding. "I'm awful glad, Rosie; honest I am!" Then as he ran back to his car he called out: "Rosie, wait up for me tonight. I've got something to tell you—something fine!"

"All right, Jarge, I will!" Rosie spoke with all her old-time enthusiasm, and waved him a frantic farewell.

V

After finishing her household duties and settling Geraldine for the night, Rosie had nothing more to do but to enjoy the cool of the evening with the rest of the family. They were seated on the little front porch, Mrs. O'Brien and Jamie on chairs and Terence on the porch steps. Rosie took her place opposite Terrence to await the arrival of George Riley.

In good time he came, bursting with his bit of news. "Hello, Rosie! Hello, everybody!" he called out before he was inside the gate. He had a letter in his hand which he waved excitedly in Rosie's face.

"See this, Rosie? It's from Mother; and what do you think? You and Geraldine are to go out to the country for two weeks and maybe three! What do you say to that?"

For a moment Rosie had nothing to say. Then she gasped: "Why, Jarge, what do you mean?"

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"And you're to start to-morrow, Rosie, on the eleven o'clock train, and Dad 'll be at the station to meet you. You'll know him 'cause he looks just like the farmers in the Sunday papers, with a big straw hat and thin whiskers. And he drives an old white horse—Billy's his name."

"Mercy on us, Jarge Riley, how you talk!" Mrs. O'Brien leaned forward in excitement. "What's this ye're sayin'?"

George laughed and started over again. "You see, Mis' O'Brien, Rosie and me was talking the other day about babies and the country, and then Geraldine began crying and I thought to myself, 'Well, I'll just write to Mother and see.' I wrote that morning, and here's the answer. The postman gave it to me as I was starting out this afternoon."

"That's it, is it?" Mrs. O'Brien seemed to understand perfectly. Rosie, however, was still in the dark.

"Jarge, do you mean your mother has invited Geraldine and me out to the country for a couple o' weeks?"

"Sure, that's what I mean. And you're to start to-morrow——"

"Oh, Jarge, and can Geraldine sleep on the up-stairs porch where the breeze always blows and they's no mosquitoes or flies?"

"O' course she can, and you can, too!"

Rosie was laughing and crying together. "Do you hear that, Ma? She's going to have a chance to sleep and get back her strength and then she'll be able to pull over this horrible teething time and then she won't—she won't have to die!"

Rosie put her arms about George's neck and covered his cheek with tears and kisses. Then suddenly she paused.

"But, Jarge, I don't know whether I can go! What about my papers?"

George laughed. "Aw, let the papers go blow! Anyway, can't Janet McFadden take them?"

Rosie appealed to Terry. "Can she, Terry?"

Terry nodded. "Sure she can. Don't you worry about those papers. Me and Janet 'll get on all right. You take Geraldine and skip off and stay away as long as Mis' Riley wants you."

George spread out his hands. "So you see, Rosie, everything's arranged. You're to start to-morrow on the eleven——"

"But, Jarge, wait a minute! We can't start to-morrow 'cause our things aren't ready. A whole lot of Geraldine's clothes and mine, too, got to be washed."

"Can't you take 'em with you and wash 'em in the country?"

"Oh, Jarge!" The suggestion was evidently a horrible one, for Mrs. O'Brien and Rosie spoke together.

George looked troubled. "But, Rosie, you got to start to-morrow. Didn't I tell you that Dad and Billy are going to drive down to meet you?"

Mrs. O'Brien stood up. "Make your mind easy, Jarge. Rosie 'll be ready on time. I'll go in this minute and do that washin' now, and the things 'll all be dry and ready for ironin' by early mornin'."

Rosie gasped. "Why, Ma, it's going on ten o'clock!"

"Rosie dear, I don't care what o'clock it's going on. If it's the last mortal thing I ever do for you, I'm going to do that washin' to-night, for, if I do say it, ye're the best child that ever trod shoe-leather."

Jamie O'Brien's tilted chair came down on the porch floor with a thud, while Jamie remarked solemnly: "You're right, Maggie; she is!"

Mrs. O'Brien moved toward the door. "Come on, Rosie dear, and help me gather the things."

Rosie started up, then paused to glance from one to another of them. In the soft glow of the summer night she could see that they were all looking at her with the same expression of love and tenderness. Rosie choked. "I don't see why—everybody's—so kind—to me!"

She turned back to George. "And I've been just horrible to you, Jarge! You'll forgive me, won't you? I guess it was the weather."

"Aw, go on!" George spoke with a gruffness that deceived nobody. "I guess it's been the weather with all of us!"

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# SOCIALISM: PROMISE or MENACE?

*A Debate between*

MORRIS HILLQUIT

*and*

JOHN AUGUSTINE RYAN, D.D.

## EDITOR'S NOTE

HERE begins one of the most distinguished series of articles ever published in this—or any other—magazine: A joint debate upon the right or wrong of Socialism.

The opposition to this world-wide movement comes not only from those who have qualified themselves to speak, but also from many who are ill-equipped with information to justify their attacks. Moreover, such criticisms are usually addressed to audiences already in sympathy with them.

Socialism, too, has its half-equipped apostles. And Socialist arguments are offered, for the most part, to people already attached to the cause.

The importance of this series is twofold: For the first time, the opposing arguments are to be presented with the highest competence, *and side by side*, in a form available for the immediate comparison of arguments.

Our readers will be interested in the personnel of the authors and the circumstances that have brought them into debate.

The comment that "the Catholic Church is the chief bulwark against Socialism" is familiar to many, in and outside the Church. For a long time this Church has warred against Socialism; but during the past few years its campaign has become more general and systematic, and is now the most highly organized attack on Socialist doctrines.

Yet it was a long step to that point where, at the request of EVERYBODY'S, men distinguished in the Church councils finally assented to an open discussion of the subject in the pages of a secular magazine. Naturally, it would be out of the question to ask of the Church or of the Socialists that they should formally choose an *authoritative* representative. This would be staking the cause on one spokesman, who would inevitably fail of perfection.

The unique thing is that there could have been even an approach to authority in the guidance which EVERYBODY'S has received in the choice of opponents. Men eminent in both these world-wide groups have lent their good-will, shared in the selection,

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and welcomed the conflict as one certain to be of the utmost value.

Now as to the authors themselves. The attack on Socialism will be made by John Augustine Ryan, D.D., for the past twelve years Professor of Moral Theology and Economics at St. Paul Seminary, St. Paul, Minnesota. Dr. Ryan was born in Minnesota, received his early education there, studied theology in St. Paul, and continued post-graduate studies at the University of Washington, D. C. He was ordained a priest in 1898, and eight years later was made a Doctor of Divinity. He is the author of "A Living Wage," one of the standard works in its own department of economics, and his writings and lectures have given him national position as a leader of progressive thought in industrial, economic, and social fields.

Socialism will be defended by Morris Hillquit, a distinguished practising lawyer of New York City. Mr. Hillquit was born in Riga, Russia, and after his early education there came to this country in 1886, and studied law in New York. He is the author of "History of Socialism in the United States" and "Socialism in Theory and Practice." He has been a delegate to the national conventions of the Socialist party since 1899, and to the international congresses and conferences at Amsterdam, Stuttgart, Copenhagen, and Brussels.

*The subject is not a discussion as to whether the Church or Socialism is right. It is a discussion of Socialism*, attacked by a Churchman and defended by a Socialist.

Unquestionably, arguments based on the teachings of revealed religion will be a factor in Dr. Ryan's discussion, but he will not rely for weapons and armor on inspiration or authority.

Neither is the attack narrowed to the expression of the ecclesiastical attitude of the Catholic Church. Not speaking with authority from his own Church, he is certainly not the chosen champion of other denominations. Yet it is true that he is, inevitably, contending for the position of all Christian Churches in so far as they oppose Socialism on the basis of religious argument.

The mechanics of the debate were somewhat difficult to arrange. In the outcome it was decided that the authors should exchange manuscripts and re-exchange, each with the right to introduce revisions in the light of what the other had written, until each should be content. A pair of articles, containing the rejoinders to each other, will, therefore, appear in each number of the magazine until the series is ended.

## MR. HILLQUIT EXPLAINS "AUTHORITIES" AND DEFINES SOCIALISM

THE joint discussion on Socialism which opens in this number of EVERYBODY'S, and which is to be conducted between Dr. John A. Ryan and myself through several successive issues of the magazine, is the first public debate on the subject conducted on such a comprehensive scale and before such a large audience. The object of the discussion is to present to the reading public both sides of a much-mooted social problem and to draw their attention to the promise or menace of a political movement which is yearly growing in influence and extension.

The form of presentation chosen for that purpose is best calculated to secure that object. A partisan statement of the Socialist creed and movement by an adherent or opponent must necessarily suffer from one-sidedness, and all attempts at an "unbiased" presentation of both sides by one person are bound to fail, because in the nature of things there can be no true impartiality on any controversial subject of vital and direct social import. In a joint debate between an avowed Socialist and a determined and consistent opponent of the movement each debater may be expected to present his side in the strongest light, marshaling all available facts and arguments in favor of his contention, and thus enable the reader to exercise his own judgment on the merits of the controversy.

Especially is that the case when a debate is carried on from the deliberative seclusion of the study with ample intervals for dispassionate analysis and careful formulation of statements, rather than in the contentious atmosphere of an extemporaneous polemic from the platform.

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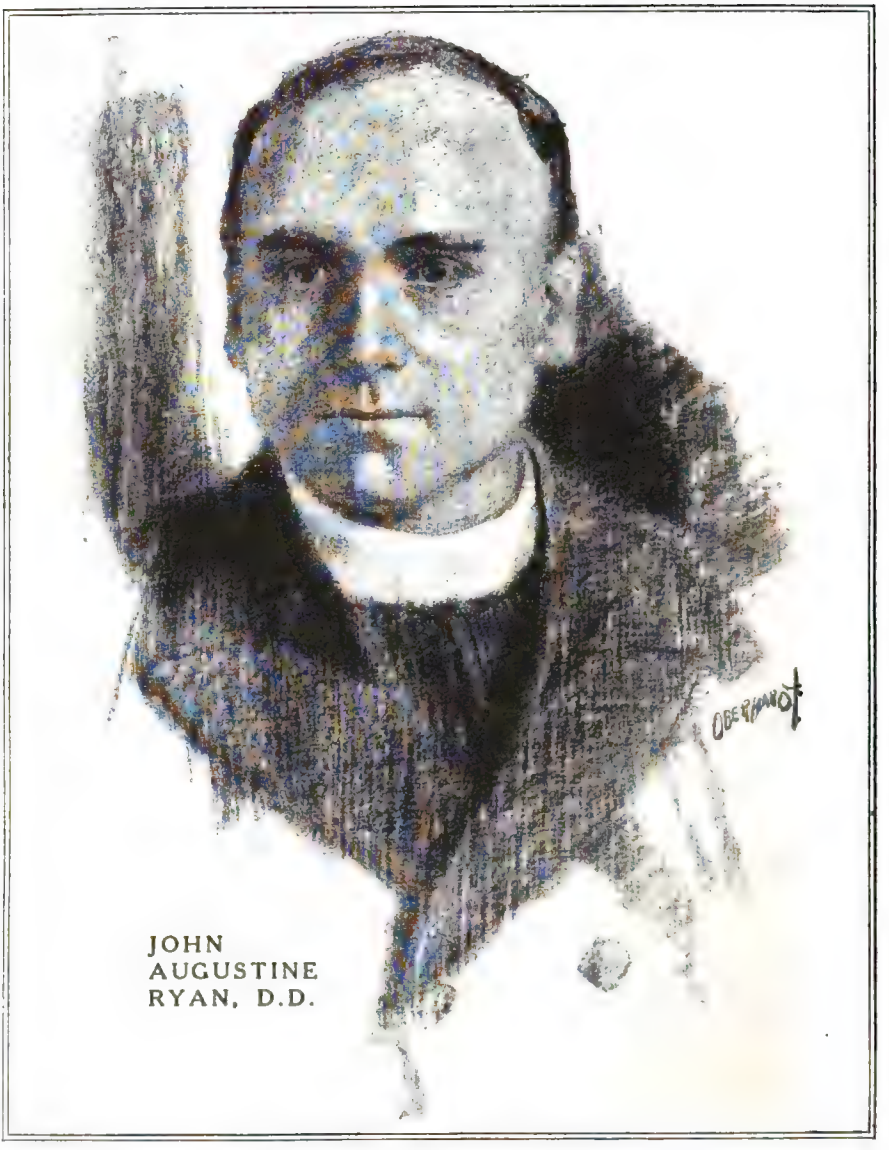

JOHN
AUGUSTINE
RYAN, D.D.

As an "orthodox" Socialist, who has spent the better part of his life in active service of the organized Socialist movement, I may without immodesty undertake to present the accepted Socialist position, and to speak for the Socialist movement with some degree of authority. On the other hand, my distinguished adversary, Dr. John A. Ryan, is one of the few opponents of Socialism in this country who are thoroughly familiar with the Socialist philosophy and movement, and whose opposition to both is based not on mere prejudice, but on a fair and serious criticism of the Socialist teachings and practises from their point of view. It may therefore be hoped that the debate will at all times preserve the character of an instructive discussion of pertinent issues.

Dr. Ryan, besides being an authority as a student and teacher of social and economic science, is an eminent Catholic divine, and I assume that he will approach the subject largely from the point of view of the Catholic Church, all the more that the latter has recently inaugurated an

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MORRIS
HILLQUIT

active campaign against Socialism. Dr. Ryan will, of course, be at liberty to assail the Socialist doctrines and methods with any weapons he may choose. He may base his opposition on the arguments of papal encyclicals just as well as on those of the conservative economists, and in either case I shall have to meet him on his own ground. But in no event will this debate develop into a discussion of the comparative merits or demerits of the Catholic Church and the Socialist movement. The Catholic Church is not at issue in this debate; the issue is and will always remain—Socialism. The Socialists are as little concerned with the Catholic Church as with any other organized expression of religious belief—they do not fight the Catholic Church unless forced to do so in self-defense.

I propose to defend the Socialist claims on their own merits. I shall attempt to prove that the Socialist philosophy is sound, that the Socialist ideal is just and equitable, that the Socialist ethics are pure, and that the Socialist methods are legitimate and efficient. If these claims should prove un-

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tenable, the Socialist contention fails of its own weakness; and if, on the contrary, Socialism should be proved to be rational and righteous, the opposition of the Catholic Church will not make it less so.

Like all other social theories and practical mass movements, Socialism produces certain divergent schools, bastard offshoots clustering around the main trunk of the tree, large in number and variety, but insignificant in size and strength. Thus we hear of State Socialism, Socialism of the Chair, Christian Socialism, and even Catholic Socialism. With these heterogeneous and heterodox varieties I am not concerned —their chief function is to confuse the minds of the unwary critics of Socialism; but they have no part in the real life and development of the active Socialist movement.

### INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM

The Socialism that counts and the one that is to be discussed here is that represented by the politically organized movement. This numbers its adherents by tens of millions, while the followers of all its secondary forms and variations in all countries are probably well within the hundred-thousand mark.

The modern political movement of Socialism is world-wide in scope and is absolutely definite and uniform in conception and methods. The international Socialist movement consists of a chain of organizations or parties, rarely more than one in each country. These parties meet at regular intervals in convention to discuss principles, tactics. and policies. The platforms, resolutions, and constitutions adopted at such conventions are the supreme expression of the organized movement. Barring variations in phraseology and allowing for differences of conditions and issues confronting the movement at different times and places, the declarations are practically identical in all cases. The dominant Socialist organizations of all countries are organically allied with one another. By means of an International Socialist Bureau supported at joint expense, the Socialist parties of the world maintain uninterrupted relations with one another, and every three years they meet in international conventions, whose conclusions are accepted by all constituent national organizations.

It is principally the doctrines and policies formulated by such official national and international Socialist conventions that I propose to defend and that I expect my opponent to assail in this debate.

Principally, but not exclusively.

For while the official statements and declarations of the organized Socialist parties, national and international, constitute the most indisputable authority on the questions with which they deal, there are certain other sources which can not properly be left out of account in a comprehensive and intelligent discussion on Socialism.

The practical Socialist movement is supported by a social philosophy which was formulated by the "theoreticians" of the movement, and was and still is constantly elaborated by its students and writers. In its every-day work and struggles the Socialist movement acts and speaks through its recognized representatives on the public platform, in legislative bodies or administrative offices. The utterances and acts of such writers and representatives, unless formally repudiated by their party, must be considered as legitimate expressions and manifestations of the Socialist movement, and its defenders and opponents alike may properly refer to them in support of their contentions. The same rule applies to the editorial attitude of the official publications of the Socialist parties.

### NO CENSORSHIP FOR "AUTHORITIES"

But in fairness to both sides of the debate and to the reading public, certain limitations and exceptions must be noted here. The literature on Socialism—and I refer to the pro-Socialist side only—consists of many hundreds of volumes written in all modern languages, and there is no censorship and no *index expurgatorius* in the Socialist movement. The Socialist author writes on his own responsibility. If his work meets with the approval of the movement it is tacitly adopted as one of the instruments of the Socialist propaganda, otherwise it is rejected or ignored. To the uninformed this designation of "authorities" may seem exceedingly vague, but to persons familiar with the Socialist movement, its history and literature, it will convey a tolerably definite test.

Thus Karl Marx, Frederick Engels, and

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Ferdinand Lassalle are unquestionably the theoretical founders of the modern Socialist movement, and their economic and political doctrines are substantially the basis of the philosophy of International Socialism. Similarly almost every strong national movement has produced a group of thinkers, writers, or "leaders," whose utterances are generally accepted as authoritative expressions of the Socialist position.

As such we may mention the Germans August Bebel, Wilhelm Liebknecht, and Karl Kautsky; the Frenchmen Jules Guesde, Paul Lafargue, and Jean Jaurés; the Austrian Victor Adler; the Belgian Émile Vandervelde; the Russian Georges Plekhanoff, and the Englishmen H. M. Hyndman and J. Keir Hardie.

American Socialism has likewise advanced a number of representative spokesmen, whose names will readily suggest themselves to all persons familiar with the movement. The authors named do not by any means exhaust the list of Socialist "authorities"—they are only mentioned to substantiate the claim that there is a large circle of generally recognized exponents of the Socialist creed, whose expressed views may be invoked in a discussion of the subject, and that Socialism can not be charged with the utterances of unknown or irresponsible writers.

The expression "Socialist authorities" must furthermore be taken in a very restricted sense. Socialists are no respecters of "authorities." They do not accept the conclusions of their writers on faith. The leaders of Socialist thought are those who have been able to state their social and economic theories with the greatest degree of convincingness, and the ability to substantiate their views with facts and arguments always remains the test of their authoritativeness.

### A CHANGING PROGRAM

There is nothing sacred in the writings even of the founders of the modern Socialist philosophy. Some of the economic doctrines of Ferdinand Lassalle and many cardinal planks of his practical program have been unable to withstand the test of experience and criticism, and have been discarded by the Socialist movement. Some of the expressed views of Marx and Engels have been modified by their Socialist followers, and generally the Socialist movement is constantly engaged in revising its creed as well as its tactics. Socialism is a modern, progressive movement engaged in practical, every-day struggles, and it can not escape the influence of changing social conditions or growing economic knowledge. The international Socialist movement is still Marxian, because the fundamental social and economic doctrines of Karl Marx, his collaborators and disciples, still hold good in the eyes of the vast majority of Socialists; but in the details of its methods and mode of action the Socialist movement to-day is quite different from what it was in the days of Marx.

### SHAW THE DRAMATIST VS. SHAW THE SOCIALIST

And finally, another point must be borne in mind in any fair discussion on Socialism. The Socialist "authorities" are such only within the scope of their competency, *i.e.*, on the subject of Socialist economics and politics. Their opinions on all other topics must neither be credited nor charged to the Socialist movement.

For instance, G. Bernard Shaw is a well-known Socialist, and has written several tracts on economics which fairly express the recognized Socialist position. Mr. Shaw also happens to be a playwright and a dramatic critic. It would obviously be preposterous to claim that Shaw's volumes of dramatic criticism represent the Socialist view on the drama, and, perhaps in a minor degree, it is similarly unwarranted to claim that Engel's religious beliefs or Bebel's views on the institution of the family represent the Socialist conceptions on these subjects. Like the opinion of a judge on a subject not directly involved in the matter submitted to his decision, such extraneous views are *obiter dicta*, and not binding on anybody but the author.

With this statement of my opinion on the object of the present discussion and the methods to be employed in connection with it, I shall now endeavor to outline a concise statement of the aspect of Socialism which is to form the main subject of the debate.

The term *Socialism* is used indiscriminately to designate a certain social philosophy, a scheme of social organization, and an active political movement. As a philosophic system Socialism is concerned with

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the laws and course of social evolution in general and those of contemporaneous society in particular. It proceeds from a critical analysis of the prevailing order, seeks to discover its substance and mainsprings, to ascertain the causes of its shortcomings, and to determine the trend of its development.

### WHAT SOCIALISM REALLY MEANS

As a practical movement Socialism stands primarily for industrial readjustment. It seeks to secure greater planfulness in the production of wealth and greater equity in its distribution.

Concretely stated, the Socialist program advocates a reorganization of the existing industrial system on the basis of collective or national ownership of the social tools. It demands that the control of the machinery of wealth-creation be taken from the individual capitalist and placed in the hands of the nation, to be organized and operated for the benefit of the whole people. The program implies radical changes in the existing industrial machinery, political structure, and social relations. The form of society which would result from such changes is usually designated in the literature on the subject as the *Socialist State* or the *Socialist Ideal.*

Thus the dominant factors in the Socialist thought, movement, and ideal may be said to be of a politico-economic nature. But Socialism is not devoid of ethical and spiritual implications. The Socialist philosophy involves certain definite views of right and wrong in the individual and social conduct of men, which are sometimes at variance with accepted standards; and the Socialist ideal is predicated on a change in the reciprocal relations of man and society which are bound to affect our conceptions of individual and social duty. The moral conceptions thus implied in the Socialist program constitute the code of Socialist ethics.

An adequate treatment of the subject will thus require a discussion of the Socialist criticism and program and the Socialist ideal and philosophy, as well as the bearings of Socialism on morals and religion. I propose to present the Socialist claims under these various heads in the succeeding issues of this magazine, and I trust to the tender mercies of my opponent to give adequate expression to the other side.

## DR. RYAN REJECTS SOCIALISM AND OFFERS AN ALTERNATIVE

MY opponent's general statement of the methods that we have agreed to follow in the discussion now beginning leaves nothing under that head for me to add, subtract, or otherwise modify. He is to defend Socialism in the ways that seem best to him, and I am to oppose it with whatever weapons I choose. His generous personal references to me are naturally gratifying, even though strict candor would compel me to admit that they are not entirely deserved. In the spirit as well as the matter of his first article he sets a standard of courteous, dispassionate writing which I will at all times emulate. The debate will be one of issues, not of personalities.

Mr. Hillquit's delimitation of the subject-matter and his conception of the sources and standards for argumentation are on the whole the same as mine. Not any of the minor schools and varieties, but International Socialism is the thing that we are to debate. The doctrines and policies of this system as set forth in national and international conventions, "constitute the most indisputable authority on the subjects with which they deal." Nevertheless, "there are certain other sources which can not properly be left out of account." For the living thing called Socialism is underlaid and permeated by a fairly definite social philosophy, and "is not devoid of ethical and spiritual implications."

These elements are to be found in the pronouncements, whether by voice on the platform or by pen in books and journals, of the recognized authorities and representatives of the Socialist movement. What they say and do must be taken as the legitimate expression of the movement until it is formally repudiated. Some of the most important of these authoritative persons are

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named and others are alluded to in Mr. Hillquit's article. They would be accepted as adequately representative Socialists by any intelligent student of Socialism. His conception of the limited sense in which they are recognized as authorities by their fellow Socialists is likewise unexceptionable.

There is, however, one statement made by my opponent concerning the competency of these authorities which is not entirely adequate. They are, he tells us, authorities only "on the subject of Socialist economics and politics. Their opinions on all other topics must neither be credited nor charged to the Socialist movement." For example, the views of Bernard Shaw concerning the drama do not necessarily reflect the Socialist thought on that topic.

I admit the correctness of this contention, and for three good reasons: first, Mr. Shaw's notions on this subject are apparently peculiar to himself; second, they do not appear in those of his writings which deal specifically with Socialism; and, third, they are not placed by him in any definite relation to Socialism or Socialist philosophy.

When, however, Mr. Hillquit thus continues: "and, perhaps in a minor degree, it is similarly unwarranted to claim that Engel's religious beliefs or Bebel's views on the institution of the family represent the Socialist conceptions on these subjects," he understates the importance and relevance of these particular utterances. As I shall try to show at length in the proper place, such non-economic opinions as these have a direct and significant bearing on Socialist philosophy and the Socialist movement.

### SOCIALISM—A THREEFOLD THEME

We are, as Mr. Hillquit states in his closing paragraphs, to discuss Socialism under a threefold aspect. We shall consider it not merely as an economic and political system, but also as a social philosophy and a living social movement. Were we to do less than this, our treatment of the subject would be partial, misleading, and inadequate. Every social ideal pursued by a social group involves a movement and a philosophy. If there be exceptions to this rule they do not include in their number the subject of this debate. Adequately considered, then, Socialism is an end, a means, and a set of fundamental principles. The end is the Socialist State, or Socialist reorganization of society; the means is the concrete Socialist movement with its organized political party, its literature, and its general propaganda; while the principles or philosophy consist mainly of an interpretation of history, and a theory of social forces and social evolution.

Although the Socialist State might conceivably be cherished and striven for by a different kind of movement from that known as International Socialism, and might start from and be motived by a different social philosophy, the fact is that the movement and the philosophy with which we have to deal are those which Mr. Hillquit has outlined. It is this living reality and not some imaginary or artificial Socialism that we are to discuss.

### A THREEFOLD REJECTION

Thus far we are in agreement. Thus far, and no farther. For I reject and oppose Socialism in all three aspects. As a social philosophy, it reaches some glimmerings of truth, but is in the main false. As a living movement, it involves and disseminates so many and such baneful errors, social, religious, and ethical, that it is a constant menace to right principles and a right order of society. As a contemplated economico-political scheme, it would bring in more and greater evils than it would abolish.

While holding these rather decided views regarding Socialism, I would have the reader understand that I am not an undiscriminating apologist of the present industrial system. In many of its elements it is far, very far, from satisfactory or tolerable. On the other hand, it is not bankrupt. It has in it the possibilities of immense improvement. Hence we are not compelled to continue it as it now is or to fly to Socialism. There is a third alternative, namely, the existing system greatly, even radically, amended.

And this I believe to be the only reasonable choice, and the only enduring outcome.

*The debate between Dr. Ryan and Mr. Hillquit—**Socialism: Promise or Menace?**—will be continued in the November number.*

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# Georgeanna Banana

by
Charles Truitt

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
LAURA E. FOSTER

"ALAS FOR THE HONOR OF OLD FRANCE! ALAS! ALAS!"

"Georgeanna banana, to the lanna go fanna;
*Tee*-leggèd, TIE-leggèd, BOW-leggèd Georgeanna!"

MISS CASEY, aged twelve, halted her mincing steps and turned to face her giggling tormentors.

"Gee! youse kids is common!" she said. She slowly adjusted the stringy white feather boa about her neck, looked with hauteur upon her followers, and added witheringly:

"Canals!"

She raised her pink parasol with exaggerated elegance and resumed her walk. Not a word came from the perplexed young ladies behind her.

"I guess that'll hold them wimmen for a while," she said to herself.

*The Marquise looked with scorn upon*
*the taunting mob of sans culottes.*
*"Canaille! I fear ye not!" said she.*

Georgeanna crossed Sixth Avenue at Carmine Street, and strolled toward Washington Square. She seated herself stiffly upon a bench near the Arch, and lowered her parasol.

*Every morning the lovely young Marquise sat for an hour in the Gardens of the Luxembourg.*

"How beautiful this morning are the fragrant gardens!" murmured Miss Casey, addressing the Arch. She looked carefully to right and to left, thrust her hand quickly into her right stocking just above the shoelace that served as a garter, and drew forth a knotted handkerchief.

"Five, ten, fifty—ninety-two cents," she counted. "I will hail a fakir!"

The fat policeman in the middle of the street grinned at the funny little girl who stood on the curb, and with mock gallantry bowed and offered his arm.

"Permit me, madam," said he, "to guide you through this maze of traffic!"

Georgeanna gravely laid finger-tips on his sleeve, and, the other hand tightly clutching the parasol and holding her skirt raised from an imaginary contact with the street, she permitted herself to be led to the Fifth Avenue corner.

"*Merci, merci, messeer,*" she thanked him with dignity.

"Whatever *that* is!" smiled the policeman. "*Looks* Irish," he added to himself, "but I guess she must be a Ginney!

"Don't take any bad money, sis!" he called to her from his post in the street, but she answered him not.

She waved the pink parasol at the chauffeur of the 'bus, and declined the assisting hand of the conductor.

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"To the Loove—I mean the Museum," she said, as she gave him a dime.

*The Marquise hailed a fiacre, and, settling herself luxuriously among the cushions, commanded the cocher to drive her to the Louvre.*

Sundry ladies of fashion driving down Fifth Avenue that morning in June wondered who could have been the little girl with the big blue eyes who smiled and bowed to them so ceremoniously from the top of a motor 'bus; and a portly old gentleman told with glee at his club how a queer kid with a string of scarecrow feathers around her neck had waved a pink parasol at him and called out something which sounded like "*Bonjour*, Prince!" as he was walking down the Avenue.

Miss Casey surrendered her parasol with great reluctance at the door of the Metropolitan Museum, and with critical air advanced upon the Rodin collection. The first thing that she saw was the statue of Adam, heroic in size, and nude. Her acquaintance with sculpture had been confined to the ecclesiastical variety. She lowered her eyes and blushed. "*Excuse* me, sir," she said, and ran back to collect her parasol.

"Me mother'd beat the life out of me!" gasped the Marquise—pardon, Miss Casey—as she hurriedly left the Museum.

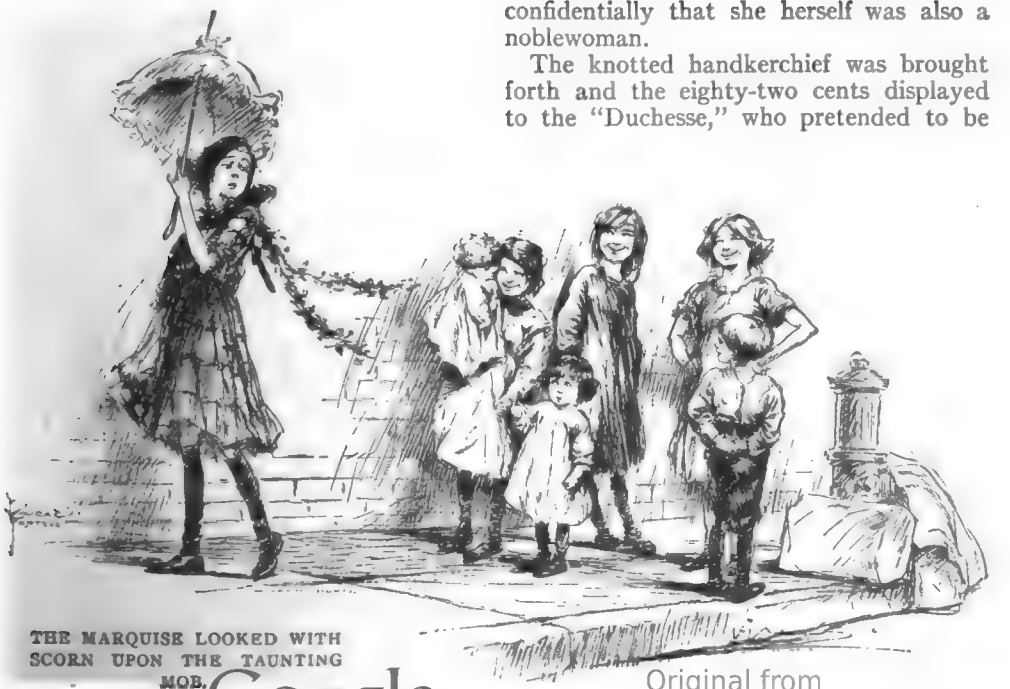
For a moment or so she fell out of her play, and was but a little Irish girl, miles away from the tenement in Greenwich Village; frightened, bewildered, and hungry.

Mrs. Drayton Trask, coming down the steps of her house to enter her car, saw the odd figure standing on the sidewalk, and noted the air of uncertainty. "A lost child—and far out of her way, I should say," was her comment.

Georgeanna surrendered to the kindly questioning, told who she was and how she had come alone from Carmine Street, and added that she was very hungry. Mrs. Trask, amused and interested, suggested that she had better conclude the day by being driven home in a motor-car.

From the first her guest began to pay in entertainment for the hospitality. She sank back into the cushions of the car quite languidly, and Mrs. Trask noted that every gesture of her own was followed by a similar one on Georgeanna's part, and that even the tones of her voice were reproduced in startling fashion. Georgeanna's extreme gentility increased with the progress of the car down the Avenue, and by the time they reached Fifty-ninth Street she was addressing her hostess as the "Duchesse," stating confidentially that she herself was also a noblewoman.

The knotted handkerchief was brought forth and the eighty-two cents displayed to the "Duchesse," who pretended to be



THE MARQUISE LOOKED WITH SCORN UPON THE TAUNTING MOB.

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SEVERAL OF MRS. TRASK'S FRIENDS STOPPED TO GREET HER, AND WERE CEREMONIOUSLY PRESENTED.

overcome by the sight of so much wealth. Georgeanna announced her intention of stopping the car at the first "delicatessen" they saw, but Mrs. Trask insisted that hers must be the privilege, and that Mr. Sherry's delicatessen was *just* the place.

Georgeanna insisted upon raising her pink parasol for the short walk from the car to the doorway, and it required tactful persuasion to prevent her from carrying it over her head as they passed into the restaurant. To her mind the occasion seemed to call for some sort of triumphal entry, and had she had her heart's desire they no doubt would have been preceded by at least a drum-major, if not by an entire brass band. However, the deferential bow of the head-waiter as he came toward them must have appeased her somewhat, for she smiled, and slipped her little hand quite unexpectedly into his, much to his discomfiture.

But he became nearly human by the time he had pulled out a chair for her and beckoned a waiter to the table.

"What will you have to eat, my dear?" asked Mrs. Trask.

Georgeanna looked up at the waiter, whose head was inclined in respectful attention.

"Jackass, you may bring me some pig's knuckles with a soupspoon of salt."

*"Madame la marquise, dinner is served."*

*"To-night I am weary," she said. "Jacques, you may bring me only some bouillon, with a soupçon of salt."*

The waiter looked helplessly at Mrs. Trask. That lady laughed frankly.

"Pig's knuckles, my dear," she said, "are not very well served at this particular hotel. Permit me to suggest some cold chicken, and a *lot* of cake and hot chocolate."

"Very well, Grand Damn—as you desire," assented Georgeanna.

*The Marquise felt that the Duchesse de Rambouillet was indeed a grande dame.*

Several of Mrs. Trask's friends stopped to greet her, and were ceremoniously presented to Georgeanna, who permitted herself to be kissed quite like an ordinary little person. She giggled joyously over her cake and chocolate, but when they left the restaurant the spectacle of the limousine with its attendant footman and chauffeur recalled her swiftly to a sense of her rank and obligations, and

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during the drive to Carmine Street she was once more the young woman of title.

Mrs. Casey was washing the supper dishes when her errant child opened the door and stalked in. The first thing the mother saw was the boa of white feathers filched from a pillow and strung together. "Phwat the divil!" she exclaimed. "Georgeanna Teresa Casey, yer father's gone to the station-house to sind out an alarum for yeh. Where've yeh been?"

Georgeanna, still in her glory, looked at her mother calmly. "Madam, do not forget that you are a Grand Damn!" she said.

"And it's *swear* at me yeh will, is it?" retorted the startled Madame Casey. "Into yer room till yer father gets back!"

She pushed the girl into the next room and locked the door.

Georgeanna held her hands extended toward the ceiling and cried aloud: "Alas for the honor of Old France! Alas! Alas!"

She folded her feather boa and put it away carefully in a drawer, from the back of which she took a tattered paper-covered book. She sat on the edge of the bed and tried to read, but the day's joys and sorrows were beginning to tell, and soon her head dropped to the pillow, the book fell to the floor, and she was asleep.

The Marquise Casey had scarcely entered the house when a wild-eyed man came hurriedly down the street. A resemblance prompted Mrs. Trask to ask if he was the father of a little girl whom she had just brought home in her car. She told the circumstances briefly, laughed with him over the liveliness of his daughter's imagination, and begged that he be indulgent.

Mrs. Casey listened with incredulous air to the news her husband brought, and they both concluded that if their child was not on the verge of serious illness, she was crazy, and that the sooner they found out which it was, the better it would be for the Casey family. Accordingly they entered the next room; but when they saw the happy, reminiscent smile on the lips of Georgeanna, they had not the heart to waken her. Mrs. Casey spied the book upon the floor. She picked it up, read the title, and without a word held it out to her husband.

"THE MARQUISE DE CROISSAC; OR, THE BRIDE OF THE GUILLOTINE."

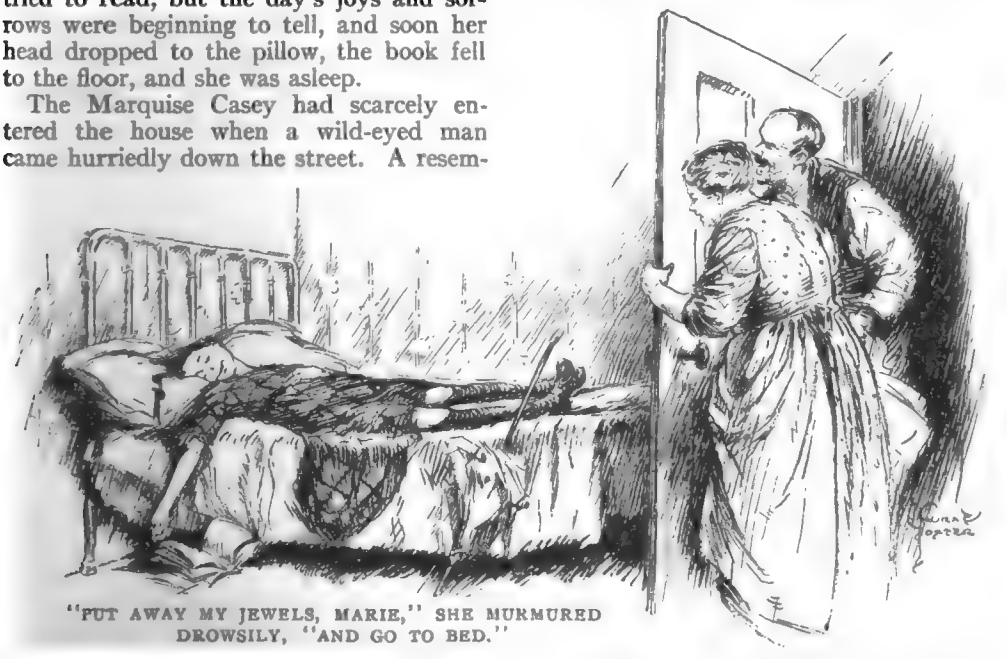
"For the love of Mike!" said Casey.

Mrs. Casey glanced through the book, showed a paragraph to her husband, and they both chuckled softly.

Georgeanna dreamed that she was in her hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain. She turned restlessly, and through half-opened eyes saw a figure by her bedside.

"Put away my jewels, Marie," she murmured drowsily, "and go to bed; I shall not need you longer to-night, my good girl."

Casey grinned at his wife. "The *domned* little monkey of an aristocrat!" he said fondly.



"PUT AWAY MY JEWELS, MARIE," SHE MURMURED DROWSILY, "AND GO TO BED."

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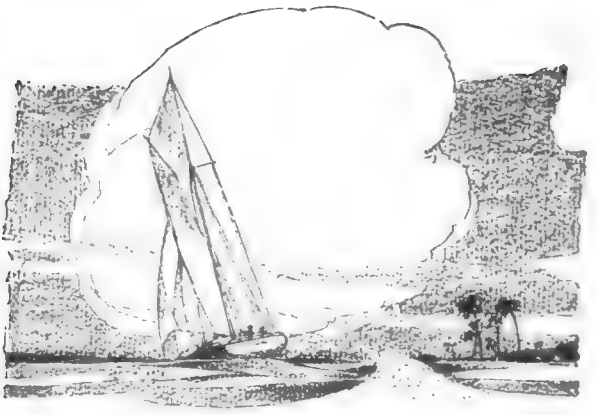

# KIDNAPPING COLINE

by

## HENRY C. ROWLAND

AUTHOR OF "BACK-FIRE," "THE PILOT-FISH," ETC.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE FIRST CHAPTERS:

Jack Hamilton, a wealthy young American, has just returned to San Francisco on his schooner-yacht after five years in Europe. He has promptly fallen in love with Coline Satterlie, a childhood playmate, who, however, has recently promised to marry Konrad Von Reibnitz, a German count of attractive manners but most unsavory reputation. Her father, determined to prevent the marriage at any cost, explains to Jack a scheme he has worked out for breaking off her infatuation: he wants to send her away on a six months' cruise in the South Seas, with no companions save Jack and the captain and mate. Jack makes objections, but at last reluctantly consents, on the chance of saving Coline from a lifetime of unhappiness. When he meets Captain Saltonstall and the mate, Whistler, he finds them also deeply distressed over the kidnapping project. Coline herself, who supposes the voyage is merely to Australia, is amused by her father's plan, which she declares principally a device for making her fall in love with Jack. She fully intends to return by the first steamer and marry Von Reibnitz at once. Finally, after Mr. Satterlie has gone east on business, Jack and Saltonstall rebel, and both tell Coline of Satterlie's orders to keep her at sea for six months or longer. Whereupon Coline astounds them by announcing that she will go anyhow.

The same afternoon Jack meets the mate coming from the office of a lawyer notorious for crooked practises and, his suspicions aroused, he asks Whistler pointblank what he was doing in such a place.

### CHAPTER VI—CONTINUED

"IF YOU have any legal business to transact," said I, "just step across the hall and talk to my solicitors. It will cost you less and you can feel that you are in honest hands."

"I wouldna' go so far as to say that yon auld corby craw hasna' a deal to learn of his profession," Whistler answered, "but for a' that 'tis a canny auld body and I have heard him highly ree-commended. Besides, he didna' charge me a cent for the consultation."

"Then you can bet your whiskers he banks on getting it out of somebody else," I answered, as we were going down the

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stairs together. On the street, a sudden idea striking me, I said:—"I hope to heaven, Mr. Whistler, that you have not been consulting him in regard to this voyage of ours."

His shamefaced expression told me at once that I had hit the nail on the head. Much disturbed, I drew him into a café, where at a quiet table over a glass of Scotch ale I managed to extract his confession.

"Aweel, sir-r," said Whistler, "ye must knaw that I'm by way of bein' a mon o' str-rong preenciples. A thing now might be morally right but legally wr-rong, and I am no the mon to fly in the face o' the law. . ."

"But, confound it all!" I cried, angry enough to have brought my stone mug down on the top of his scrubby, sandy head, "why couldn't you have told the captain or myself what you were up to, before putting us all at the mercy of that old shark? Not that we are, though, in any case. Why, damn it, man!" I dropped my voice and brought my face closer to his—"I have told Miss Satterlie everything!"

Whistler's small, deep-set eyes glimmered at me in a manner which suggested some troglodyte looking out of his cave.

"What's that y' are sayin'?" he asked. "Ye have told her?"

"Yes," I answered, impatiently. "The skipper practically told her, too. You needn't think that you are the only one who has been bothered about the right of the thing."

Whistler gripped the arms of his chair and leaned forward. "And she is willin' to go, a' the same?" he asked, disbelievingly.

"Yes. She told her father that she would go and she is going. Miss Satterlie is coming aboard to-morrow night."

"And ye told the young lady about the island?"

"What island? I told her that we might wander all over the shop for the next six months."

He leaned back in his chair and his little eyes twinkled at me brighter than ever. "She canna' knaw what is in store for her," he muttered, as if to himself.

"Look here," I interrupted, "how much did you tell that old cormorant, anyhow?"

"Nae mair than was needfu'," he answered, evasively. "It was for the protection of us all, d'ye see?" He shook his bushy head like an old owl, which bird of overrated intelligence he strongly resembled in many ways. "I wouldna' go so far as to say that the skipper himself might not be creeminally responsible, but that is his own lookout. As mate and merely obeyin' or-rders I am no' supposed to have any hand in the business, offeecially."

I was silent for a few moments, trying to get the upper hand of my anger before continuing the conversation. In this I succeeded sufficiently to be able to question him in calmer tones as to how much he had told the "shyster." But it was like trying to question a hedgehog. Whistler curled up tighter and tighter with each verbal prod, while his sandy whiskers bristled out at me like a defense. So far as I was able to gather, he had merely presented the proposition as an abstract point of law about which he had engaged in argument with a friend and on the decision of which he had risked a small bet. He told me that old Craven had laughed at the whole thing, offered a cigar, and refused to accept any fee in compensation for his time.

In the end old Craven had dismissed Whistler with a cordial shake of the hand and a hint that in the case of any subsequent maritime difficulty he was to remember that he had always a friend ashore on whom he might rely—"a sheet anchor," as he beautifully expressed it; and for the life of me, after listening to Whistler's story, I could not actually determine whether the old barnacle had really learned anything which he thought that he might use to his future advantage or was merely inserting an advertisement in the maritime world.

Whistler himself was canny enough, but he must at some time have had some unfortunate forensic experience, for the law was his bogey; the only thing, perhaps, of which he was really afraid. He would cross the street to avoid passing a policeman, and I really believe that a strong factor in leading him to prefer his mate's billet to that of master was the legal responsibility incumbent on the latter.

I could get nothing really definite out of him, so far as his interview with the "shyster" was concerned. In fact, I did not try as hard as I might have done, feeling that he would not be candid with me.

"Of course you did not mention any names," I observed, finally.

"I am no such a zany," answered Whistler, in a surly voice. As he saw my anger

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subsiding he began to get a bit huffy himself. "I would have ye to knaw, sir, that I am not in the habit o' law-breakin' and do not care to reesk bein' haled to court like a felon."

"You didn't have to," I retorted. "You were under no compulsion to go on the voyage. Mr. Satterlie would have given you a billet on one of his other vessels. But since you decided to stick on, you might at least have kept quiet about it. Mind you, it's not the legal complications that I'm thinking of, but Miss Satterlie's reputation."

This hit him as entirely a new idea and he crumpled up again. I noticed as I spoke that a smug-faced youth who had come into the place directly behind us and taken his seat at a neighboring table appeared to be reaching for us with his ear, so I said to Whistler:

"Well, let's drink up and get down to the yard; that is, if you are not going anywhere else."

He said that he was not, so we finished our ale and went out. On the way down Whistler requested me, with some embarrassment, not to say anything to the captain about his interview with the lawyer.

"But I think that he ought to know," I objected.

"I wouldna' mind his knawin'," said Whistler, "only that it would hurt his feelin's to think that I should have been doubtin' the correctness of his behavior to the extent o' seekin' legal advice. He is a proud mon, the skipper, and I value his good opeenion."

"All right," I answered. "Now that the mischief's done there's no use in talking about it, I suppose." And so the incident was dropped so far as any further discussion of it was concerned. But I must say that I was not altogether quiet in my mind.

## CHAPTER VII

### ABOARD THE LOTUS SHIP

Everything on board the schooner was ready, so the following night I took Coline aboard. The household, even to her elderly aunt, had been given to understand that she had suddenly decided to go east to join her father and might remain indefinitely to visit with friends. I was supposed to be going to escort her, an arrangement permissible enough with a boyhood friend of the family. We sailed the next morning at daylight, dropping down with the tide and a fresh, reaching breeze, the weather being good enough, though rather overcast and gloomy. But aboard the *Sabbath Day* we were all cheerful, though Saltonstall's gaiety impressed me as a little forced.

One good effect of Whistler's legal consultation, however, was that it had appeared to sweep away the funereal dejection which had pervaded his manner for a number of days. He was really a kindly man at heart and underneath his crabbed and often critical attitude toward Saltonstall he was devoted as a faithful dog to the genial, expansive skipper. They were complementary parts and each seemed to find in the other those qualities in which his own nature was deficient. Saltonstall, big-souled, impulsive, debonair, and extravagant, really needed a Whistler, who was cautious, crabbed, and economical; and Whistler needed him.

We slipped into the fine weather like a girl strolling into a garden, and for day after day glided over soft summer seas which the sun smeared with gold each morning, tormented a little at high noon, and caressed with rosy kisses before the last good-night. Coline loved it all. She conducted herself like a child whom three doting guardians are doing their best to spoil. She had grown very quiet, for some reason, but happily quiet, and I never would have believed that a girl could sleep so much. Perhaps she was feeling the reaction from a somewhat hectic life ashore. We rigged her a hammock on deck, and there she would lie and swing gently with the sway of the rhythmic swell, and read a little and doze a little; and Lalla Rookh—my Persian cat—would drift about the deck, caress herself, with arched back and tail erect, against a halliard, finally to fetch up under the gently swaying hammock, into which she would undulate from the deck so lightly as not to disturb Coline's siesta.

These were mystic, happy days. Up forward the Kanakas sang soft little *hulas* as they moved about their simple tasks. Nobody really worked. As Satterlie said, it was wicked to work on the *Sabbath Day*. Often at sunset the vessel reminded me of one of Turner's masterpieces depicting a dream vessel slipping of its own volition into a golden realm of dreams. I tried to study

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and could not, and tried to write and could not, and tried to think of the future, only to cast that futile effort aside.

About the only material thing we managed was to eat, and that we did rather to excess, I fear, for the Chinese cook was a distinguished artist. We were all getting fat but Saltonstall, who as the days slipped past seemed to be growing thinner, like a man with some secret sorrow. I remarked this fact without giving it much thought, as that "sweet do-nothing" atmosphere had saturated me to such a degree that the most vigorous effort of which I seemed capable was sitting at the side of Coline's hammock and reading aloud selections of poetry—to which she may have listened, when awake. Whistler, also, had grown rather silent during the last few days, but I had not particularly observed it.

"IF YOU HAVE ANY LEGAL BUSINESS TO TRANSACT," SAID I, "JUST STEP ACROSS THE HALL AND TALK TO MY SOLICITORS."

Then, one day, Saltonstall walked up to where I was standing by the rail and observed, jerkily: "Water's getting low, Jack, my dear boy. We've got to dip in somewhere and fill our tanks. Can't deprive Miss Satterlie of her fresh shower. Besides, a little run along the beach might do us all good."

There was a peculiar mock heartiness in his tone which struck oddly on my ear. But I was surprised to learn that we were near any land, for, although I had long since lost interest in our position, I was under the impression that we were in a lonely part of the Pacific, far from any archipelago.

"Where do you propose to dip in?" I asked.

"Did you ever hear of 'Secret Island?' "

"No."

"It's on the recent charts. A little clump of jungle-covered volcanic rocks 'way off the track of everything. I went in there once when in the Revenue service. We


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were looking up all of the uninhabited, out-of-the-way places on the chance of picking up castaways. Nasty place to enter, owing to outlying reefs, and I was detailed to plot out some charts. I remember the place well—and once inside there's a snug lagoon. No danger in this fine weather."

"Is there water?" I asked.

"Most excellent. Seeps down from a small lake in the old crater. We found also a number of turtles. They might prove an agreeable change from our rather monotonous diet."

Again I was struck by the odd quality in his tone and manner of speaking. Glancing at his face I saw that it was drawn, almost haggard, and there was a peculiar hectic flush on his lean cheeks.

"You're not looking yourself, Captain," said I.

The flush deepened and his luminous eyes had a tormented look. He waved his hand with a deprecating gesture.

"A slight indisposition, my dear fellow. I am sometimes addicted to insomnia. Lack of exercise, I presume. . ." And he turned on his heel and strode away forward as if anxious to escape.

Coline roused herself and clapped her hands when I told her that we were going to visit an almost unknown island to take water and hunt for turtles.

"What fun!" said she. "Maybe that will wake us up. I feel as if I'd slept for ages. And we're all getting disgustingly fat. We'll take our lunch and spend the day ashore and pretend that we're marooned. To tell the truth, Jack, I'm beginning to get a little fed up on this *Sabbath Day* repose."

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE SECRET OF SECRET ISLAND

It was early the next morning that we sighted the island—a thin, blue, broken line against a white horizon. The sea was like a lake, with a gentle little breeze and a ground-swell so long as to be imperceptible, the low undulations a mile or so apart. But as we drew closer we could see long streaks of snowy white which extended as far as the eye could reach and appeared to encircle the little isle, which did not look to be more than two or three miles in length.

Saltonstall approached cautiously, and soon there appeared a wide channel between two rows of reef, the outer one of which overlapped the inner. Climbing to the crosstrees, however, I could see that there was a wide entrance of smooth, green water, and with my glass was able to locate the entrance to the lagoon. It was a fantastic little isle with rocks jutting up in odd, grotesque shapes and pitted, as it looked, with caves and grottoes. The jungle was dense and green and there was a wide sweep of snowy beach.

Under shortened canvas we drifted gently in, closehauled, but without the necessity of tacking, for which maneuver there would indeed scarcely have been room. The lead was going constantly, and from no bottom the water shoaled abruptly to seven fathoms, then as quickly deepened again until we came to the mouth of the lagoon, where within a cable's length it shoaled to six, then five, then four. Saltonstall let go his anchor and we lay in still, sheltered water so clear that one could see every tiny shell on the sandy floor and strange fishes drifting back and forth.

"What a darling place!" said Coline, as we leaned on the rail and studied the curious formations. "It looks as if it hadn't the faintest idea in the world how lonely it is. When can we go ashore? I'm dying to explore."

"If you care to do so, Miss Satterlie," said Saltonstall's hollow bass at our shoulders, "you might stroll along the beach to the other side of the island, where there are some very curious and beautiful grottoes. Why not take your luncheon and spend the day?"

"That's just what I suggested," answered Coline. "Come on, Jack. Tell Charlie to put us up something. We'll go for a turtle hunt."

Half an hour later found us walking slowly along the edge of the beach toward a little promontory which presently hid the schooner from our view. The air was soft, and from the jungle came delicious odors of ferns and flowers and other growing things. Coline had only her sunshade, while I carried a canvas bag which contained our luncheon, and also a rifle with an ammunition-belt, on the off chance of getting a shot at a goat; for the British Admiralty had at one time stocked many desert islands in the Pacific with these animals as a source of food-supply for possible castaways.

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"The captain does not look well," Coline presently observed. "Haven't you noticed it, Jack? He seems terribly nervous and acts as if he were worried about something."

"Whistler acts oddly, too," I answered. "The chances are that neither of them likes this job, Coline. They are both honest, self-respecting sailormen, and I think that they feel the work they're now engaged on rather beneath their dignity."

"It's beneath the dignity of us all," she answered. "I haven't minded it so much up to now, but I must say I shouldn't care to have it continue for another four or five months. So far I've enjoyed the rest and change, but I think that we've all had about enough of it."

"Good heavens," I answered, "don't talk like that, Coline! It's only just begun."

She looked up at me and laughed. "It may have only just begun," she answered, "but you'll find that it will only just stop whenever I get enough of it . . . and I'm beginning to think that I've had enough of it, now."

"No doubt that's what's bothering the skipper," I answered. "He's torn between chivalry and a sense of duty to his employer. He knows that you will soon be wanting to put an end to the silly business and he's wondering what he's going to do about it. What would you do if he were gently and firmly to refuse to set you ashore?"

"I'd refuse to eat and begin to fade gently away. Every few hours I might have a violent attack of hysterics."

"Good Lord," said I, "don't suggest anything so awful!"

"How long do you think that poor old Anthony could hold out under that?" Coline asked, throwing me a sidelong look from under the rim of her parasol."

"About an hour," I answered. "You'd probably come on deck and find us both hanging by our necks from the main-boom and Whistler hopping about on top of the deck-house gibbering at the crew."

"I don't think that it will become necessary for me to perform," she observed. "A few tears ought to do the work, if I am any judge of human nature. However, we shall see. Look, Jack; what is that gray thing on the beach?"

"A turtle," I answered, and ran forward to secure the amphibian, Coline close at my heels. We overtook the unfortunate creature before it reached the water's edge, and I made it a prisoner by the simple expedient of grabbing a hind flipper and heaving it on to its back. Following up the trail, we had no difficulty in finding where it had just deposited its eggs.

"There's some nice fresh food," I remarked, as we resumed our way. Before we had gone far we came on another in the act of scraping a nest in the hot sand, and presently others. The beach appeared to be a favorite hatchery, as presently we came on quite a colony. Judging five to be quite sufficient for our needs, we did not molest them, nor did our presence appear to cause them the slightest alarm. I collected a few eggs with the idea of building a fire and baking them for our picnic lunch, for there are many worse things to eat than freshly laid turtles' eggs.

The island was larger than I had thought, but appeared to be merely a volcanic heap with a fringe of vegetation and wide outlying reefs, the most distant stretching five or six miles off shore. There were also a few small scattered islets, some an acre or two in area but rocky and barren and swarming with sea fowl. As for the general shape of the main island itself, I can think of no more apt simile than that of a smashed-in straw hat with a ragged brim and a green puggaree twisted about the demolished crown.

Coline, however, seemed to find it beautiful. She skipped along the water's edge and gathered lovely opalescent shells with which she filled my pockets; and then, getting her shoes and stockings full of wet sand, she took them off and festooned the lunch-bag with them, pinning up her short skirt and romping in the ripples like a plump child.

"I'd like to go in bathing," said she.

"All right," I answered, "you may do so—as soon as we come to some bath-houses."

"But I want to go in now," she answered. "I'm so hot. Can't you walk on down the beach for a mile or two while I take a little dip? You may do the same, if you like."

"Very well," I answered, seriously, "only be careful not to get more than knee-deep. These Pacific waters are always full of megalo-ornithorhynchidæ."

"Of what?"

"It's a variety of duck-billed shark," I answered. "Something like a flounder in shape, with a flat head and saw-edged teeth.

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They lie just under the loose sand that comes back from the wash of the waves, and they are not dangerous unless you happen to step directly on their heads. In that case they are apt to tear out the calf of one's leg. And watch out for sea-urchins, too."

"What are they?"

"Marine chestnut-burrs. There's really no danger in bathing if you only take the proper precautions."

"You're kidding me, Jack!"

"I'm not kidding you at all," I answered. "I'm merely advising you. Go in and have your dip, if you like, and I will wait for you down there by those All-Hallow E'en melted-lead-looking rocks. Only be careful where you step and don't go in too deep."

"Jack," said Coline, entreatingly, "you're trying to make a fool of me."

"You are talking nonsense," I answered. "Nobody can make a fool of a woman but herself. Sometimes, of course, she calls in outside aid when she feels that she may not be doing the job properly. But that's her own lookout."

"I think you are horrid," said Coline.

"So do I," I answered. "It's very necessary."

"Why?"

"To keep from going to the other extreme."

Coline gave me a malicious smile. "You may go a little way in that direction, if you like," said she.

"Well then, I adore you, Coline."

"Do you call that a little way?"

"Yes . . . comparatively speaking."

"Then perhaps you'd better stop there and rest."

"I shall stop there, if you wish," I answered, "but I can't promise to rest."

Coline laughed. "I am really awfully fond of you, Jack," said she, sweetly. "I can't think of any other person with whom I could stand being boxed up as we have been."

"What's that?" I cried, stopping short in my tracks and looking at her eagerly.

Coline's clear eyes rested on me steadily and she shook her head with a little half smile. It seemed to me that I had never seen her more lovely than as she stood there on the water's edge with the brine swirling around her bare little feet and ankles, and her charming, supple figure silhouetted against the topaz sea. An amber light came through the parasol to give her face the soft transparency of a seashell, and the fresh breeze draped the light muslin which she wore about her graceful limbs.

But it was something in the thoughtful, serious expression of her face which caught and held my attention and which, coupled with her last words, set my heart to pounding like the surf. Still, I was scarcely prepared for what followed.

"I have not been sleeping *all* of the time on this voyage, Jack," said she. "I've been doing a lot of thinking, too. The result of it all is that I have decided not to marry Von Reibnitz."

"Coline!" I cried, and sprang forward, instinctively. But she retreated a few steps and stood smiling at me with the clear water eddying half-way to her knees.

"Don't get excited, Jack. I say that I have decided not to marry Von Reibnitz . . . but I did not say that I thought of marrying . . . anybody else."

"Never mind," I cried, joyfully. "Oh, my dear, I could howl with delight!" My voice choked a little and I turned away, ashamed of the sudden moisture in my eyes.

"When did you come to this decision?" I asked, as soon as I felt that I could control my voice.

"I don't know, precisely; it came gradually, as my nerves began to get rested and relaxed. I realized little by little that my feeling for Konrad was a feverish sort of fascination, partly curiosity and partly something else, I don't just know what. But lying in my hammock on the schooner, resting and thinking and talking quietly to you three dear men, it began to die out, like a fire. It dwindled away until only white ashes were left, and I looked at them with a sort of wonder that such gray, fragile things could ever have held any heat. Then I began to think with a kind of horror of what might have happened and to contrast his fierce, domineering nature with the sweetness and gentleness of such men as Dad and Saltonstall and your dear old self. Now it's all over, Jack, and I am heart-free again—although I do not think that he ever really had my heart."

For several moments I could not speak. I wanted to laugh, to shout, to cry, to rush around in small circles like a joyful pup. Coline watched me with a tender little smile on her red, parted lips. I splashed out into the water and seized her wrist.

"Let's run back and tell the captain," I

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"LOOK," SAID I DISGUSTEDLY TO COLINE. "HERE I'VE BEEN THINKING THAT WE WERE IN A WORLD ABSOLUTELY OUR OWN—AND THERE'S A SAIL."

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cried. "Come, Coline—we really shouldn't keep him another minute in suspense. Then we'll go aboard and slam all her rags on the old schooner and tear out for the nearest port where we can send a cable to your father. Oh, my dear—my darling—" and I fell to kissing her round, bare forearm.

But Coline, smiling and dimpling and a little pale, drew it away.

"There's no such desperate hurry, Jack. To tell the truth, I did not mean to say anything about it until I had tried to see if I could not persuade you all to set me ashore. After all, one can't expect to kidnap a girl without being made to pay for it. But when I saw poor old Anthony's face as he watched us getting into the boat to come ashore my heart went back on me. I'll tell him this afternoon when we go aboard again. Let's have our picnic, now, and visit the grottoes that he spoke about. They must be on ahead there where the rocks come tumbling out to cut off the beach."

I was selfish enough to agree. To tell the truth, my happiness was so great that I did not wish to share it with any one immediately. So we pushed on through the golden sunshine which flowed about Coline like melted amber, with the far distant diapason of the surf in our ears and the fragrant trade-wind in our faces, presently to arrive at the grottoes. These were wonderfully beautiful: deep, translucent pools where the light struck up from beneath through tinted water clearer than air, in which hung marvelous fish of opalescent hues, poised like jewels in a matrix of ether. Into some of these pools the sea sobbed like a child crying itself to sleep, and set the algæ undulating in graceful, sweeping curves. while the fishes balanced back and forth and wove weird geometric figures.

Coline bathed in one of these limpid basins while I went over to the shadow of the cliffs beyond and made a small fire of aromatic sticks and proceeded to cook the turtles' eggs in the Polynesian way, burying them in the damp sand underneath the fire. Then I went to another grotto for a plunge myself, and when I returned, refreshed and hungry, there was Coline with her sunny hair scattered over her shoulders, laying out the luncheon on a flat rock in the shadow of an overhanging cliff.

Yes, very unconventional, if you like; but neither improper nor indiscreet. These qualities are non-existent when the soul is clean—and there is nobody to criticize.

We ate like young wild-fowl, then stretched out on the soft, cool sand and dozed a little, for the unaccustomed exercise of our three-mile walk and our bath and our delicious luncheon acted as a soporific, especially as we had the sleeping habit. Later we explored some more grottoes and practised for a while with the .32 caliber rifle which I had brought, shooting at a small point of rock which jutted from the water at a distance of two or three hundred yards. The shadows were beginning to lengthen when we started back, and the whole long stretch of beach resembled the inside of a pearl-oyster shell, for the tide was low and the late sun-rays, striking it aslant, broke into their elementary rainbow colors, glistening up in bands of delicately merging tones.

The breezes had dropped light, drawn away from the island in lazy pursuit of the sun, and as we reached the promontory I looked out toward the indigo horizon. Something caught my eye.

"Look," said I disgustedly to Coline. "Here I've been thinking that we were in a world absolutely our own—and there's a sail."

Just over the brim of the sea a snowy speck jutted up to mar the perfect line. Coline's bright eyes picked it up and she looked at me with a smile.

"There is no such thing as privacy in this day and age, Jack," said she. "Dear old Anthony told me only this morning that no vessel passed within sight of this island once in twelve months. And there's one, already."

I stared for a moment at the snowy speck, and a vague disquiet came over me. It was an odd, disagreeable sensation impossible to describe: a subtle sense of some impending ill; something wrong—out of its place; a distinct jar to the peaceful harmony on all sides. Coline felt it, too, and we hurried on without speaking until we had rounded the rocky little promontory which jutted out from the lagoon.

Here we both stopped as if suddenly entangled in a quicksand. I stared—rubbed my eyes—then stared again. There was no sign of the schooner; no sign of anything which denoted human life except a curious litter of objects high on the beach, which for the instant I scarcely noticed.

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And yet from where we stood we were able to examine with our eyes the whole of the little lagoon.

"But . . . good Lord . . . where the deuce is the schooner?" . . . I stammered.

Coline's small hand fell on my wrist and gripped it like a manacle.

"There . . ." said she, and pointed at the blue horizon.

## CHAPTER IX

### CRUSOE WITH MODERN IMPROVEMENTS

There come times, I suppose, in the lives of most men and women when in a moment all faith in their fellow humans and the honesty of life in general is swept away, to leave them torn between disgust and desire for revenge.

As I stood there and stared, first at the vacant lagoon, then at the pinkish snow-speck dropping over the horizon, and last of all at the disorderly array of huge packing-cases which strewed the edge of the jungle, it seemed to me that the scales had fallen from my eyes, and that I beheld human nature in all its shocking falsity. Coline and I had been tricked, betrayed, duped; marooned on a desolate heap of rock and jungle in the loneliest part of the Pacific that those who knew it best could fix upon as a safe prison.

And yet it was an incomprehensible thing. Knowing Satterlie's tender love for his only child, and old Saltonstall's high chivalry and sweet, kindly nature, and Whistler's rugged honesty and strong innate sense of fair dealing, I could not believe that these three men would deliberately maroon a mere child like Coline on a desolate island with a single companion—a sole protector to stand between herself and utter solitude. What if she were to become ill, or some accident were to happen to me, or the island were to be visited by some savage crew, whether white or native, as all islands sometimes are? True, it was far removed from any track ever taken by vessels, and the natives of the nearest archipelagoes were friendly, but what of that? The other considerations were enough, and the thing which had happened dazed and stupefied, less from its calamity than because it was so far outside of all human reckoning.

I looked dumbly at Coline and she looked back at me with wide, frightened eyes, colorless face, and trembling lips. The knees of both of us grew weak and we sank down on the sand, in silence, and stared out at the dwindling speck on the far horizon.

Then a sudden rage got hold of me and I sprang to my feet and, shaking my fist at the dissolving atom, began to speak. Just what I may have said I can not remember, but it must have been lurid, for suddenly I found Coline at my shoulder with her trembling hand against my lips and her loose hair blowing in my face.

"Don't, Jack . . . don't . . ." she whispered, tremulously. "It's bad enough as it is—and worst of all, it was so unnecessary." She gave a short laugh which strangled in her throat. "Dad usually has an ace or two up his sleeve, but I hadn't looked for a royal straight flush." And her laugh broke out again, hysterically.

"Coline," I cried, in despair, "tell me one thing, and say it quickly. You don't think that I had any part in this damned, cold-blooded villainy?"

"Of course I don't. Be quiet, Jack. We mustn't lose our heads . . ."

This sobered me. I certainly was in a fair way of losing mine, but as I glanced at Coline I saw that she had already got herself in hand and, though pale and with a hard, set look about her resolute little chin, was as steady as a veteran under fire. I felt suddenly ashamed.

"Of course," I muttered, "it's all on your account, Coline, that I let go as I did. I could cheerfully kill those three men—your father and all."

"They are stupid," she answered, "but I suppose they acted according to their lights. I begin now to understand a lot of things which puzzled me, Jack. It was a pretty awful thing to do—but Dad never goes at any job half-heartedly. No wonder poor old Anthony looked so ill. I'll bet that he is feeling worse at this moment than we are, Jack."

"I hope so," I muttered.

Both of us were silent for several moments; then, realizing what a strain the girl must be under, I made a struggle to get at least the appearance of cheerful resignation.

"At the most," I said, "they can't mean to leave us here for more than a month or so. The skipper wouldn't do it, orders or no orders. Let's go see what they've left us." And I nodded toward the array of

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packing-cases on the edge of the bush.

We hurried down the beach and proceeded to take stock of our supplies. Certainly, two maroons were never better provided for. The tops of the crates had been wrenched off, and the first things which I flung out were two large tents with all of their accompanying gear. There were cooking utensils and a stove, pipe and all, and a chest of tools, and clothing and bedding, and a couple of camp cots, arms, ammunition, fishing-tackle, medicine-chest, books, and provisions of every sort, including four barrels of potatoes. There were even a couple of dozen live fowls, and a great roll of wire netting for the construction of a poultry-yard!

As I surveyed the enormous quantity of stuff my heart sank, for its volume seemed to indicate the prospect of a long imprisonment. I was busily rummaging through all this duffle when I was startled by a plaintive wail on the other side of a big box which actually contained a little piano.

"What's that?" I cried.

But Coline was ahead of me and, half laughing, half crying, she wrenched off some slats tacked to the top of a small box, when out leaped Lalla Rookh, who arched her fluffy back and began to purr against the girl's knee.

Here indeed was the final coup! I had already flung out in a sort of frenzy Coline's banjo and my mandolin and a gramaphone, and a big tin box of Coline's favorite bonbons, and a camera with all the necessary paraphernalia for the daylight development and printing of photographs; but the delicate attention of leaving me my cat was so absurd that it eased the tension and we both began to laugh. At the same time we discovered that there was a note tied to Lalla Rookh's little red-morocco collar. It proved to be from Saltonstall, and read as follows:

MY TWO DEAR FRIENDS (if indeed I am still entitled to address you as such):

In acting as I have, believe me there have been but two motives. The first is the conviction in my mind that such a step might prevent a sweet and gracious lady from ruining her life's happiness. The second is my duty to my friend and employer, Mr. Satterlie.

It would take too long for me to try to express my wretchedness at the thought of the position which I must even at this moment occupy in the hearts and minds of two people for whom I possess such a great affection and esteem. I can only hope and pray that time may justify my act, and that the sweetness of your two natures may incline you both not to think too harshly of me.

As to your present condition, you will find, I trust, all of your necessities provided for. There is a never-failing spring (for when I first visited this island it was at the end of the dry season and the basin was overflowing with sweet water) about one hundred yards below the spot where we have left your supplies. I would advise that you spread out the potatoes on the floor of a small cave which you will find beside the spring. It might also be well to clear a little ground and plant a few of them. They should grow well in this soil, which is rich in nitrates. You will find shovels, axes, brush-hooks, etc., in the crate containing the tools.

And now, dear friends, as the time presses I must wish you farewell and consign you to the care of God, to Whom I shall pray daily for your care and protection. ANTHONY SALTONSTALL.

"Poor old Anthony," murmured Coline, "it must nearly have killed him."

"I wish it had—before he got away," I growled.

"No, you don't, Jack. It wasn't his fault." She looked at me thoughtfully. "You are the one it's really hardest on, Jack."

"I? Good Lord, Coline, you don't think for an instant that it's myself I'm so cut up about! I'd gladly live here with you for the rest of my life if I thought that you were not unhappy."

Coline stared at me fixedly for an instant; then her eyes filled with tears. "Is that the truth, Jack?"

"As true as that I'm standing here," I answered emphatically.

"And—you'd be willing to give up the world—"

"You are all my world, Coline."

She choked back a sob, then moved closer to me. Her body swayed as she stood, and I put my arm about her shoulders and drew her close to me. She understood, I think, the impulse which led me to do this and knew that it was purely protective. Her hands clasped my shoulders with the grip of a terrified child and for a moment she clung so, sobbing silently, while I soothed and comforted her as best I might, telling her that after all it was not so bad—that there was nothing which could possibly harm her, and comparing our position to that of castaways with neither food nor shelter, nor any hope of rescue. Also, I urged the anxiety of her father to know how she fared. It would not be many weeks, I insisted, before the return of the schooner and, besides, there was always the chance of rescue by some stray vessel . . .

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ONE MIGHT HAVE THOUGHT THAT WE WERE A PAIR OF HAPPY CAMPERS ENJOYING A HARD-EARNED VACATION RATHER THAN TWO FORLORN MAROONS.

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and a great deal more of the sort. She quieted as I talked on, and presently, releasing herself, looked up smiling through her tears.

"Thank you, Jack. I'm all right now. See, it's getting late and we must hurry if we want to make our camp before dark. Kiss me, Jack. . ."

For the first time in my life I kissed her. It was not a lover-like kiss, but rather that of a brother, or father, perhaps. Then we turned to the scattered impedimenta, for the sun was not far above the horizon and long, purple shadows were stealing across the opalescent beach.

As there was no time to do more before the darkness came we merely pitched the two tents where we were and prepared our sleeping accommodations, then set up the little cook-stove and started a fire. It looked odd standing there in the sand with the section of pipe sticking straight up into the air. But the occupation went far to cheer us, and by the time that Coline had set the table (an actual camp-table with folding legs) and the evening air became permeated with the odor of frying bacon and potatoes, one might have thought that we were a pair of happy campers enjoying a hard-earned vacation, rather than two forlorn maroons.

Our supper finished, we sat under the shelter of the tent and listened to the tide as it came whispering back across the glistening sands and talked of the many things which we should have to do on the following day. Then, before long, Coline's bright head began to nod, so I sent her to bed and Lalla Rookh escorted her, curling up at her feet as she had been wont to do in the hammock aboard the *Sabbath Day*.

Left alone, I sat and smoked for a while and pondered on many things. In our present situation I found the explanation of numerous incidents which had puzzled me and of which, I believe, I have already made mention. Among them were Whistler's motive in consulting old Craven; what I had taken to be Saltonstall's little private-trading enterprise and his embarrassment when I had questioned him about the crates and boxes which were being loaded aboard the schooner; his erratic behavior as we drew near the island, and Whistler's crabbed aloofness.

But that which forced itself upon my retrospect with the greatest insistence—and I recalled how at the time when the words were spoken I had been surprised and rather inclined to resent the intensity of his tone, deeming it quite unnecessary—was the day when Satterlie had said: ". . . You are the only man living to whom I would entrust my little girl, and I would trust her with you anywhere and under any circumstances . . . just remember that always, whatever happens, Jack, my boy. . . ."

"Well," said I to myself, as I sat on the edge of my cot and pulled off my shoes, "I'll have something to say to him when we next meet. And if he doesn't happen to like it. . ."

It is unnecessary to repeat what I proposed to tell him that he was at liberty to do if he didn't happen to like it.

## CHAPTER X

### THE FADING WORLD

When I awoke I could see, through the open flaps of my tent—it was a big tent and set up in a way which suggested the breast of a much emaciated fowl—the sun flashing on the smooth surface of the lagoon. Also I saw Lalla Rookh hunting shrimps in the wet sand. Apparently the Oriental instincts of this sagacious feline had warned her that the hour of repose was over and that the sun had risen on an epoch of activity.

I hopped up and went out into the delicious air. No sound came from Coline's tent, which was pitched as close to mine as it was possible to drive the pegs; wherefore, judging that she must be still asleep, I skipped out across the beach and flopped into the delicious water in my pajamas. I was lying on my back in the shallows, letting the ripple massage me, when I heard a burst of laughter and squirmed around to see Coline, in a towel peignoir and with her bright hair shimmering in the sun, watching me in much apparent amusement.

"Hello," I called, "have a good sleep?"

"Delicious. I've just been for a bath in the spring. Go down there, Jack, and wash off the sticky salt water. It's a wonderful place. There's a basin almost deep enough to swim in, and the water bubbles up from the bottom in little toy volcanoes of white sand. I rather like this island. Do go down there and take a dip in that spring, Jack. It's great."

"Just now I'd rather eat," I answered.

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"Run up to the house and get dressed, and I'll start breakfast. We've got an awful lot of work to do."

"I know it. Moving is always such a nuisance . . ." And Coline scampered off up the beach, followed by Lalla Rookh, though rather sluggishly as the result of a surfeit of shrimps.

With that day began a life of such activity as gave us scant leisure in which to repine, even had we been of the repining sort, which we certainly were not. I cleared a space in the bush and there repitched our tents, for greater security in the event of a gale and because the trees were high enough to offer protection against the heat of the midday sun. The ground was firm and dry, and I floored the tents with planks from the packing-cases.

Then, with sundry tarpaulins which Saltonstall had left us, we constructed a sort of kitchen and store-house, only to discover after its completion that one of the boxes contained a third tent, smaller than the other two and no doubt kindly provided for this particular need. However, it came in handily enough—we pitched it at a little distance and installed therein the diminutive piano and our library of books, and it was known thenceforth as "the music-room." It took some engineering to get the piano properly set up, but we managed it by rigging a sledge of boughs and warping it to its place with purchases rigged from the trees—and had fun doing it.

Naturally, all of this took a lot of time, and a week had passed before we were ready, as Coline said, to invite our friends to a "house-warming." If we had been dormant on the *Sabbath Day*, we were certainly making up for it now, and I am bound to admit that we thrived on it.

Chopping and hewing away, with the sweat of easy living pouring off me in streams, I sometimes wondered if perhaps Satterlie might not have had some deeper motive than that of keeping his dearly loved daughter from marrying a titled reprobate. Possibly he wished to show us both some truths which he had learned and which we might never otherwise have discovered. The greatest of these was (as I found out when my hands began to blister and Coline bathed and bandaged them) that a man must always work for a woman—but the woman must help.

Coline surely helped. Fancy if you can a girl brought up to every luxury adapting herself in about two hours' time to life on a desert island! No woman can ever help a man more than by encouraging his faith in himself. And that was what Coline did for me, aside from all personal efforts. She dissolved from me my fierce resentment against her father, and she made me think more kindly of Saltonstall and Whistler—and helped me carry water from the spring.

She made the feminine touches about our camp which gave it a homelike air, planting nasturtiums and pansies and sweet-peas and other seeds which sprang up quickly in the rich, damp mold, blooming with tropical luxuriance and lending greatly to our cheer, as there were no flowers on the island. It was beyond the flight of land birds from any other place, and the sea fowl would not carry seeds. They had carried spawn, however, some time in the past to the little lake in the old crater, which we discovered to be teeming with several varieties of excellent fish.

For the first fortnight we scarcely left the camp, there were so many things to do. The hardest task of all was that of making a garden. Fearing that our potatoes might rot or sprout, and our onions as well, I acted on Saltonstall's advice, clearing a small space of even ground and freeing it as best I could of roots.

The great quantity of our supplies, and particularly the garden seeds furnished us, led me to believe that we might be in for an exile of some duration. Satterlie had told Saltonstall that he would rather see his daughter dead than married to Von Reibnitz, and therefore he might be quite capable of confining her for an indefinite period on a healthful tropical island in the care of a man who was devoted to her and in whom he had implicit confidence, both as to personal honor and ability to meet the requirements of the position . . . for I had spent much of my life in various shooting and exploring expeditions. Consequently, we went ahead with our home-making precisely as if we had been squatters in some remote wilderness where we purposed to remain for the rest of our lives.

The ordinary routine of housekeeping occupied a great deal of our time. I had built a run for our chickens with the rolls of wire netting which had been provided for the purpose. Then, finding no evidence of reptiles or rodents on the island, we

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turned them at liberty, and they appeared to thrive on the shrimps and small shell-fish along the beach, returning to their coop to roost and pick up the scant grain which we scattered there. We planted our garden, weeding and watering it as required, and I even dug up the slope of a bare knoll and sowed some wheat and corn.

And thus a month passed, then six weeks, and up to this time we had not made the slightest attempt to explore the island beyond going two or three times to the little lake in the crater to fish. Indeed, there was not much incentive to climb over the jagged lava rocks of which the "interior" was principally composed. Aside from the sea-fowl there did not appear to be a living creature on the island but ourselves. Our routine was to rise at dawn, bathe, get breakfast, and work until it began to grow hot, then keep under shelter and lunch and rest and read until the heat of the day had passed before resuming our necessary tasks.

These six weeks had wrought wonderful changes in us. Coline's slenderly rounded figure began to broaden and take on new lines of graceful strength and vigor, and she no longer grew fatigued after an hour or so of physical work. It was a wonderful and a beautiful thing to see the tender girlhood ripening into the mature force of such a woman as might have posed for an allegoric frieze to depict the feminine ideal in its fuller, richer sense—the strong but tender helpmate of the male.

As for myself, the sleekness of easy living was sweated off in the first fortnight, and I found myself becoming thewed and sinewed like a gladiator. It was a pleasure to feel the hardening muscles bulge and contract, to take with no conscious effort a strain which a month before would have left me panting and breathless, with trembling limbs and body bathed in perspiration. My hands were hard as those of a smith, and there was no more of that drowsy lethargy which comes of a system surfeited with waste products.

But that which was best of all, and sometimes set me to vibrating with shudders of pure ecstasy, was the consciousness that Coline and I were drawing steadily together. It was a subtle, thrilling process and one of which neither of us would have dared to speak, though both appreciated it. If our hands touched in the performance of some simple task I could feel the vital elixir set my nerves a-tingle like a draft of pure oxygen, while Coline would turn as rosy pink as a tropic sunrise. At such moments we scarcely dared to look at each other . . . or, at least, I dared not look at Coline. Sometimes she would grab up Lalla Rookh and crush that fluffy feline in her round, bare arms until there would be a protesting half-smothered yowl and possibly the scratch of a frantic claw across the satiny skin.

But such occasions were rare, and for the most part our attitudes were such as they had always been, of frank and friendly comradeship quite free from all self-consciousness.

Yet both knew, I think, that some new element was growing quietly, like a vine which binds together its two supports. It was getting more and more difficult for me to have her long out of my sight; and this feeling she must have reciprocated, for when her own tasks were finished she would often come to our garden patch and, sitting in the shade of a bush, watch me silently as I dug and weeded and watered.

One might think, perhaps, that a man and a woman boxed up together as we were would have come to loathe the sight of each other, if only from the monotony of seeing no other human face. No doubt in many cases such would have been the result. But there had always been strong ties of friendship and sympathy between Coline and me, which even her infatuation for Reibnitz had been unable to sever. Our natures were both rather primitive, and we were both young and vital and full of the wine of life. Somewhere, far beyond the high horizon, rocked a giddy, panting world; but as the days passed it grew vague and indistinct in our dual consciousness . . . and we looked longer and longer at each other.

## CHAPTER XI

### TWO'S COMPANY

One day I made a startling discovery, though I said nothing about it to Coline.

While she was taking her early afternoon siesta I decided to go to the other side of the island in search of turtles' eggs. Our hens had been laying generously, but as three of them had shown maternal instincts we had denied ourselves with such good results that already a brood of downy chicks

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was peeping about the camp. Lalla Rookh, after a first effort to molest them, received a warning from the mother and thereafter left them to live their innocent young lives in peace.

Turtles' eggs are strong food, but we were strong young people, so, desiring a change from pork and bacon and fish and turtle-meat, I scribbled a note to Coline, took a sack, and sallied forth. The turtles must have been moulting, or something of the sort, for I got as far as the grottoes without falling upon any "sign." Thinking that perhaps our occasional inroads on the hatcheries might have led the amphibians to change their diggings, I kept on along the beach for some distance beyond. The tide was nearly at the last of the ebb, and as I strode along the water's edge I came suddenly on some very peculiar depressions in the wet sand.

They were almost washed out, but the traces were still distinct enough to show me that some large biped had recently passed that way. But the puzzling question was, what sort of biped? Every six or seven feet, as it seemed, came a distinct impression. Straight down the beach the traces went, for the distance of perhaps half a mile, where they were lost at the side of a little rocky promontory which jutted out across the beach.

I sat down and scratched my head. It seemed out of the question that the tracks could be of human agency; first because Coline and I were the only human beings on the island, and second because the tracks were too widely spaced. Stretching my legs to their utmost, I could not have kept in those depressions. And yet some two-legged creature had made them, and made them very recently.

The more I puzzled over this enigma, the more bewildered I became. I went back and re-examined the tracks, by this time mere washed-out concavities in the fine, wet sand. I found that by running I could leap into each for perhaps a dozen paces, but only as the result of an extreme effort which winded me before I had gone fifty yards. My height is a little under six feet and my legs try to make up in muscle what they lack in length, but even allowing for a good springiness of thigh it seemed to me impossible that any man could have left such widely distanced tracks.

Then what the deuce, I asked myself, *could* have left them?

This problem proving too much for me, I sat down in the sand to think. The more I thought the more perplexed I became. Then I began to hunger for a smoke, which might or might not have stimulated my mental faculties; probably not. I had nothing to smoke, for with all of his extreme thoughtfulness in supplying our possible needs Mr. Satterlie had entirely overlooked alcoholics and tobacco. Or, perhaps he had not overlooked them, but merely looked them over and eliminated them as undesirable concomitants—which even their devotees are bound to admit as a great truth. He had one day remarked that I smoked too much, and when I had replied that I knew it but that I was unable to break myself of the vicious habit he had replied, rather drily: "You will, one of these days."

Having no tobacco to help me, I was naturally forced to turn my faculties toward helping themselves. They responded rather sluggishly. I stared at the sea, then at the beach, then at a certain irregular plateau of volcanic rock which reared itself back of the fringe of jungle. And then I got another object for consideration.

From the rim of this plateau there came as I stared such a bright, sparkling flash as might have been sent out from the mirror of a heliograph. Now, as I was entirely motionless when this flash appeared, it seemed reasonable to suppose that whatever caused it must have been in motion. Had it not been for this consideration I should not have given it a thought, taking it merely for the result of the sun's shining on a piece of quartz or mica or something of the sort. But had that been the cause the gleam would have been constant, since I was quite motionless. I determined to investigate.

Before I had moved, however, the flash was repeated. It gave me an eerie feeling, as I stood there, to reflect that up on that plateau was some sort of creature capable of emitting flashes and leaving tracks in the sand spaced beyond the limits of the stride of the ordinary man.

Whatever it was, I determined to stalk it.

*The next instalment of "**Kidnapping Coline**" will appear in the November number.*

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# The FIGHT against LEAD POISONING

*Six Months' Progress*

*by*

GORDON THAYER

SHALL lead-poisoning continue in American industries?

This was the question raised in "The Lead Menace," in the March issue of EVERYBODY'S.

In over fourscore of our trades—readers of that article will recall—hundreds of workers are suffering from preventable lead-poisoning. The United States is the only great manufacturing country which still permits the wholesale exposure of its laborers to this hideous danger. Other nations—having discovered that cleanliness of factory and person is an antidote for "plumbism," or "leading"—have enacted sanitary laws which effectively protect the health of their lead employees.

Yet the "wops" whom we throw by the thousand into our smelters, white and red lead plants, oilcloth and linoleum works, rubber factories, dry-color and paint houses or storage-battery works; the skilled house-painters who swell our hospital records; the bath-tub and wash-stand or sign enamelers; the pottery and tile employees, and the printers and color-mixers of America, are as susceptible to injury from lead fumes and dust as were their brothers abroad. Like them in the past, they now suffer from agonizing attacks of lead-colic, which leave them broken in body; from lead-palsy, "wrist-drop," paralysis, pernicious anemia, premature old age, rheumatism, kidney disease, and lead insanity.

During the past six months there have been encouraging answers to EVERYBODY'S' query. State after state has been awakened to its responsibility for terrible and needless suffering. The first steps have been taken along the road of legislative prevention of occupational disease; and a wave of public sentiment has started, which will eventually place our dangerous industries under the same humane regulations as those in force in Great Britain, France, and Germany.

While Illinois is the pioneer in this movement, California, Connecticut, Maryland, Michigan, New Jersey, New York, and Wisconsin have fallen into line, with laws requiring the reporting of cases of lead—and several other—industrial poisonings to their State Boards of Health or Labor. During the recent session of their legislatures Maine, Minnesota, Ohio, Massachusetts, Missouri, New Hampshire, and Pennsylvania have enacted similar measures.

But important as are these standard Occupational Disease Reporting Bills, they are overshadowed by specific lead legislation in several of our largest manufacturing states. To those who were "in the fight," even the bare chronicle of such victories as those in Ohio and Pennsylvania becomes stirring reading.

There is the memory of state-wide press-campaigns; of legislative hearings; of hurried journeys from capitol to capitol; of the cooperation of Federations of Labor; of civic societies and clubs; and also of the bitter hostility of certain allied industries; of the active lobbying of their representatives; and of the ultimate swinging of issues of life and death upon the frail pivot of personality.

Something of tragedy lies behind the final exclusion of bath-tub enamelers and pottery and tile workers from the humane provisions of Ohio's and Pennsylvania's White and Red Lead Bill.

This standard measure, commonly known as the "Cleanliness Bill," which was drafted by the American Association for Labor Legislation, and recommended for support in "The Lead Menace"—has not only become law in Ohio, but that state is prepared to make an investigation of the lead risks in her industries a special feature of



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her Occupational Disease Survey during the coming months.

The fight has been won, too, in Missouri; she has passed a comprehensive bill—modeled on that now operative in Illinois—which will not only protect her white and red lead workers, but also those in her metal industries, who are exposed to the evils of poisoning by injurious lead-fumes.

At the request of the New York State Factory Investigating Commission, the standard White and Red Lead Bill, which was introduced into both branches of the Legislature, was reserved to be issued in the form of special orders. The creation of the new State Industrial Board—authorized to send out its own orders for sanitary regulations—made its passage unnecessary; and the Board is now considering the bill's provisions, with a view to issuing them as specific requirements.

It is expected that the introduction of the Lead Bill in Massachuetts will eventually lead to the same action by the State Industrial Board. And the Wisconsin Commission is not only possessed of a similar power for reform, but, in addition, the Legislature of 1913 granted an appropriation of ten thousand dollars for a special investigation of lead and other trade poisonings; and it is confidently expected that the "Cleanliness Bill" will become law.

### HOPE AHEAD FOR NEW JERSEY

As no state possesses more varied lead interests than New Jersey, the fate of its bill, endorsed by the Department of Labor, was watched with keen interest by its advocates. Here, as elsewhere, the opponents of the measure were not the manufacturers of white and red lead, and litharge, but rather those who use these products in other industries. Indeed, it would be hard to find a greater contrast than exists—with one exception—between the humane and public-spirited attitude of our white and red lead employers, and those who, in the pottery and sanitary-ware industries, oppose legislative reforms for the protection of their workers.

The deadlock between the Assembly and Senate, and their early adjournment, prevented final action by the Senate upon the Lead Bill. But the Commissioner of Labor, Colonel Lewis T. Bryant, has taken up its provisions as a special feature of his policy. A state law for the control of dangerous dusts and fumes has recently been enacted; under this, with the assistance of one of his Majesty's English factory inspectors, and also that of an expert metallurgist and the writer, the Commissioner is investigating the potteries and direct lead trades, including the smelters; and also beginning reforms throughout the rubber, oilcloth, and linoleum works, storage-battery plants, dry-color houses, and other users of harmful lead products.

### WE'RE STILL *YEARS* BEHIND

The result, therefore, of the 1912-13 campaign against the Lead Menace is distinctly encouraging to those who are fighting for the conservation of our national vitality. The first steps have been taken; but we have still a long road to travel before we achieve the goal of occupational safety set for us by more humane nations. At best, reforms tend to move slowly. And in this case there must be the education of a public practically ignorant of the industrial murders it condones; of manufacturers uninstructed in, and frequently indifferent to, the necessity for scientific cleanliness in handling dangerous trade-poisons; and lastly, the combating of habits of personal uncleanliness on the part of a generally illiterate and shifting class of foreign workers.

"You talk of years," said a linoleum worker, who was so thickly powdered with red lead and cork-dust as to be scarcely recognizable. "I tell you it's hours that count with us here. If anything can be done to help us, do it; but for God's sake, *do it quick!*"

When the state legislatures again convene, the readers of EVERYBODY'S will have further opportunity for cooperating in a systematic effort to abolish the Lead Menace in American industries. Remember that *thousands* of lead-workers are counting their risks by the hour and minute. Remember, too, that it is public opinion—shaped by voice and pen—which ultimately influences legislation; so that upon us, who are no longer ignorant, will rest a heavy responsibility, if this tardy humanitarian movement fails to achieve its hoped-for reforms, and to "do it quick."

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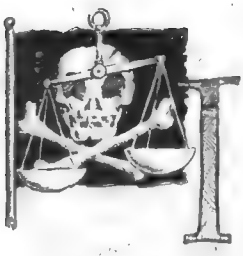
# Eight Bad Men and True

by

RALPH BERGENGREN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN SLOAN



IN A LOW groggery, where the eagle above the bar looked as if it had died of delirium tremens and been stuffed for fun by an intoxicated taxidermist, eight fashionably dressed men smoked, drank, and fidgeted in a stew of impatience around a rum-stained table. It was a tough place; there was nothing tougher in the 1820's along the New York water-front; and to any acute observer these fretful men were the toughest things in it. It is enough to say that all the regular frequenters eyed them admiringly and kept at a safe distance.

They were, in fact, pirates; and their curly brimmed beavers, their excellently tailored but somewhat ill-fitting swallow-tail coats, their satin neckwear, and their gold-headed canes testified (oh, horror!) to the exquisite taste of gentlemen passengers robbed and murdered at sea on their way from London. Whatever else they might seem, no ordinary policeman would have guessed the briny nature of their lawless occupation; but the awed whisper of it had gone round the Stuck Pig Oyster Palace. Even there, at that period, it was a rare treat to see eight real pirates together.

"Th' way I looks at it, messmates," one of this brutal but interesting group was saying, "be as we've waited day arter day fer Billy Slant-Eye till it ain't much use to wear out shoe-leather a-lookin' or pants a-sittin'." He was a burly creature whose tanned nose jutted from between his fine red whiskers like a gnarled log just going over the brink of a raging waterfall. "As th' pooty motter says it—'Together we stands up an' sep'rate we falls over.' Ef Slant-Eye had 'a' listened to me instid o' histin' his anchor an' settin' sail up-town all by hisself, we'd all be aboard th' *Polly* this minit an' mebbe a-chasin' of a cute leetle packet."

Smoke filtered moodily through his whiskers; and beside him a lank, sunburnt, devil-may-care companion in a dove-colored swallow-tail nervously rapped his front teeth with the rim of his large brass nose-ring.

"For my part, gentlemen all," he remarked between rappings, "I'm gettin' sick an' tired o' waitin' an' watchin'. Wot I wants now be to put to sea an' rest my feet an' eyes, shivver 'em!"

"If ye axes *me*, Whisker," drawled a tall, graceful miscreant (graceful in a snake-like way), absently drawing a neat, wet, geometrical design on the table with the end of his long, handsome yellow mustaches, dipped for the purpose in his rum-and-water, "I'd say as a week ashore be th' best we can do for him. Lost he be, pore feller!—an' nothin' left for us but to pipe a leetle chanty an' all hands aboardship."

It was a sensible suggestion; ungrateful as pirates usually were, every cruel eye looked him a "Thank ye!" and every heartless head nodded approval. Salt water, deep under keel; the untamable wind; the flying quarry; the blood-dabbled deck; and the indescribable pleasure of dividing other people's personal property—these were their natural element. As for the Stuck Pig Oyster Palace, it was all right in its way, but one tough place is very much like another. When you've seen one, you've seen all of 'em! A week was enough of it.

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But they knew also that every sodden eye in the Pig was looking at them, and that pirates were expected to burst at intervals into wild and roaring ditties. The snake-like beauty dried his mustaches carefully on a delicate lace handkerchief with somebody else's initials; and they all cleared their throats with gurgling swallows of rum-and-water, and began to roar good-naturedly:

"Let th' good ship roll,
Like a tortured soul
On th' devil's fryin'-pan!
As we drag on deck
By th' scruff of his neck
Th' timid gentleman!
As we hauls by th' heels
A dame as squeals,
'Oh! Oh! *Please* let me go!'
'We will,' we remarks,
'*To feed th' sharks*
In th' tossin' deep below!'
Oh-h-h! you bet a dollar
Th' more they holler,
Th' more they kick an' fuss
As, pair by pair,
They walks on air—
Th' more of a lark for us!"

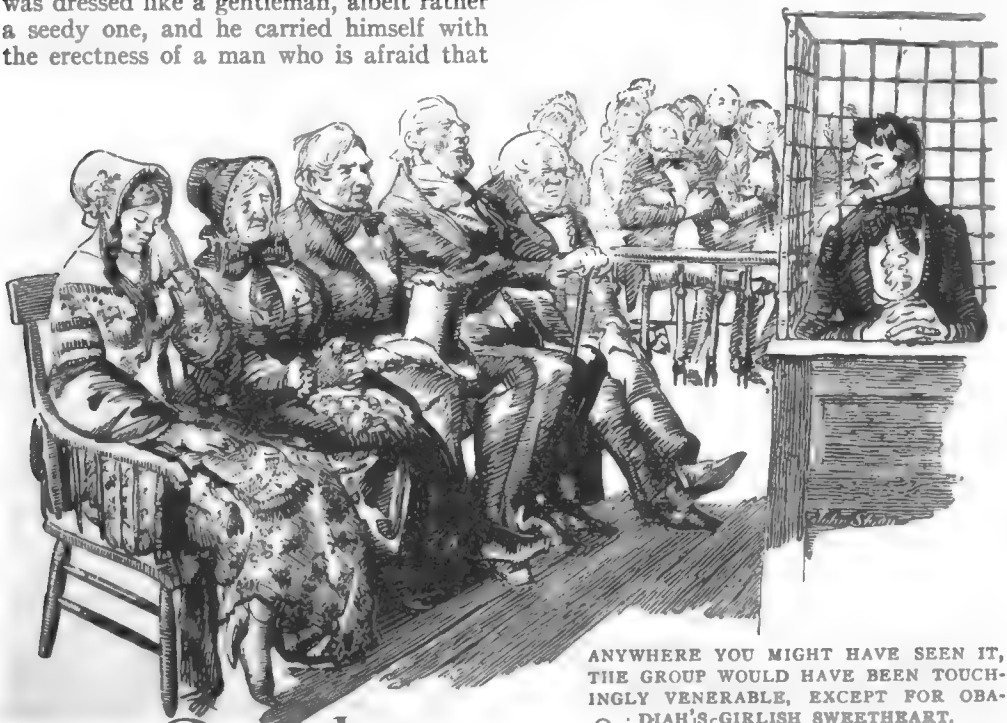
It was a fine, satisfying, saltish ditty. A stranger who had just entered waited politely until they had finished and then crossed the sanded floor of the palace. He, also, was dressed like a gentleman, albeit rather a seedy one, and he carried himself with the erectness of a man who is afraid that sooner or later the weight of his stomach will tip him over.

"Red Whisker?" said the stranger politely. "Yellow Mustaches? Nose Ring? I *think* I am not mistaken."

He felt in his pocket. Instantly eight pirates were on their feet and eight hands had vanished simultaneously under as many coat-tails; had the fellow produced anything less innocent than a card-case he would have been shot before he knew it, in eight different places. He hummed "Yankee Doodle"—so might Daniel have hummed a popular Babylonian tune in the Den of Lions—as he extracted a card and laid it on the driest spot of the table. One after another the pirates studied it. Any schoolboy could have made a bluff at reading:

HUBERT IRVINGTON HUBERTSON
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
INNOCENCE PROTECTED AT REASONABLE RATES

But these were no schoolboys. None of them knew from what peaceful, cultivated



ANYWHERE YOU MIGHT HAVE SEEN IT, THE GROUP WOULD HAVE BEEN TOUCHINGLY VENERABLE, EXCEPT FOR OBADIAH'S GIRLISH SWEETHEART.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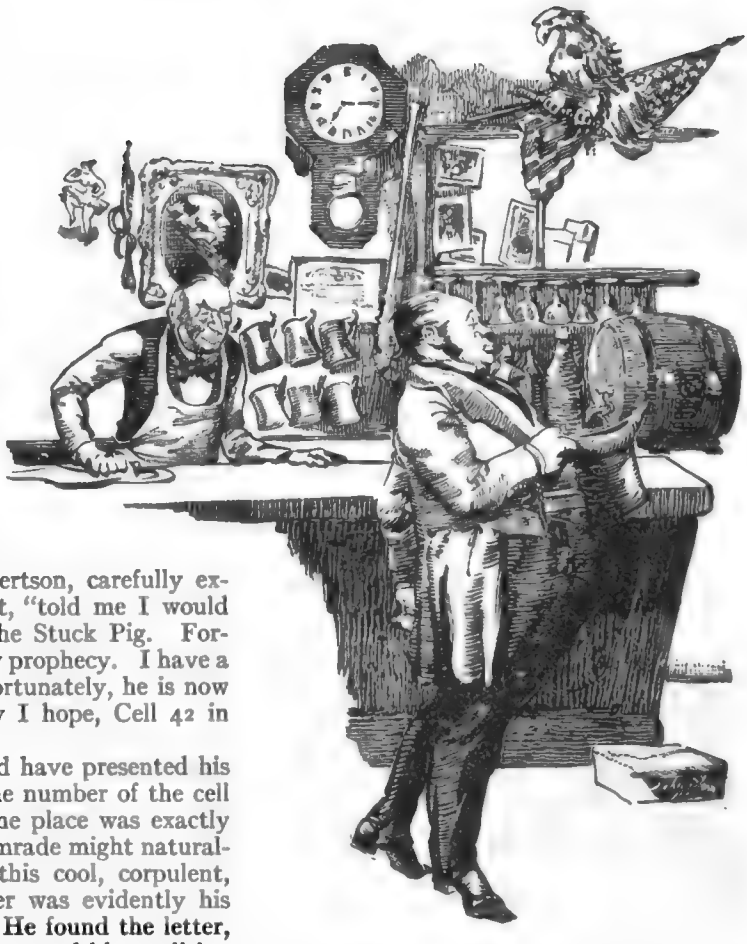
homes the remote, insistent call of the sea might have lured the others; but they had all heard and answered too early to enjoy the enforced advantages of a public-school education. Most of us fortunately are compelled to go to school, but these men had escaped it. Words of one syllable were their limit; and perhaps Mr. Hubertson knew it, for he smiled understandingly.

"My friend *and* client, Billy Slant-Eye," continued Hubertson, carefully exploring another pocket, "told me I would probably find you at the Stuck Pig. Fortunately, events justify prophecy. I have a letter from him. *Un*fortunately, he is now occupying, temporarily I hope, Cell 42 in the City Prison."

No diplomatist could have presented his credentials better. The number of the cell was immaterial, but the place was exactly where their missing comrade might naturally have landed; and this cool, corpulent, helpful-looking stranger was evidently his friend and confidant. He found the letter, drew up a chair, and resumed his rendition of "Yankee Doodle" as Red Whisker slowly deciphered their mate's message:



DEAR FRIENDS AND GOOD MESS MATES ALL,

I take my pen in hand to tell you that this fine fat fell Oh! is my at or knee. That means he is an x spurt at the law, but do not fear him for that. He is the kind of x spurt who knows how to d feet the law and that is what we need now.

Yes, my dear friends, I am in a sell. My door is bard. I broke my one chair, and so I must sit all day on my tie knee bed, my head in my hands, and my eyes on my feet. Now and then a tear will trick l down in my mouth and make me think of when I was free and swum with you all in the great salt sea. I think the sea is like a big tear shed by all the poor men who weep in jails.

This is how I got in jail. I was in a crowd b four a wind Oh! when a thief near me stole the watch and chain from an old man. The old man all most caught the thief. Then to my great sir prize the thief gave me the watch and chain quick and ran out of the crowd. But I kept my head. I put the watch and chain down my neck and ran two. But, a lass! the pole ease caught me b four I could get to the Stuck Pig and they took me to jail.

My friends, I was like a wild bore with rage. The first thing I did was to take my chair in hand and wait for the turn key when he came to give me food. When he came I world my chair round my head and got him good and hard just where your back bone stops at your neck. That is the place to hit a man with a chair. He fell with a short sick sob. His neck was broke n. So was my chair. If I had thought of that I would have hit him with my lit l wash stand. You need a chair so much more than you do a wash stand.

My at or knee heard of the watch and chain and came to help me out. When he heard of the turn key he said "Oh! Dear. Oh! Dear. This is worse and worse." Then he thought long and said "Was you a loan when you did this crime?" I said "Yes. A loan with the turn key." Then he said "In that case I might get you off with my x spurt skill, but I fear it would cost more than you could pay to save your neck this time." Then I told him the kind of men we are and how all we need to do for cash is to dig some up.

So here he is and that is how it is with me. I will die game if I must but you are just as dead if you die game as if you break down and kick and sob and tear your hair. He says he can get me off with your help. So trust him and do as he says and all

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may yet be well with your sad but hope full friend
BILL SLANT-EYE.

P. S. I am two brave to fear, but Oh! I hate to be hung. I am two young. I am two young.
B. S. E.

Any way they looked at it, it was a pitiful letter, exuding something of the cold, damp atmosphere in which it was written. They almost saw him sitting on his tiny bed and composing it painfully on his little wash-stand.

HAD THE FELLOW PRODUCED ANYTHING LESS INNOCENT THAN A CARD-CASE HE WOULD HAVE BEEN SHOT BEFORE HE KNEW IT, IN EIGHT DIFFERENT PLACES.

"Stealin' of a watch an' killin' of a turnkey!" said Red Whisker thoughtfully. "An' ye think, Mister, as ye're smart enough to git him off'n it?"

Mr. Hubertson tried unsuccessfully to cross one leg over the other. "I don't boast, gentlemen," he replied with a simplicity that inspired confidence, "but it was the misfortune of Cain that he couldn't have *me* for his attorney."

## II

In the court, tense with the accumulated suspense of a capital trial, Lawyer Hubertson was nearing the eloquent end of his address to an intelligent jury of four incorruptible citizens and eight pirates. Spectators, packed like human sardines in the oil of morbid curiosity, held their breath as they listened. The quill pens of the press scratched in chorus; and the eight pirates, fresh from deep water and unused to jury duty, scuffed their feet nervously. Juries in those days were rather carelessly chosen. Of the thirty-six citizens who had been summoned for this trial, eight had changed hats, coats, and identities with as many total strangers outside the court-house—pirate gold and the x spurt skill of Mr. Hubertson did it—and twenty-four had agreed to sit silent during the empaneling of the jury until these total strangers, answering for the first eight of them, had filed to the jury-box. It was bull luck for the Prosecution that the remaining four places went to the four citizens whom Mr. Hubertson had found absolutely incorruptible.

Among the witnesses, the old gentleman whose watch had been stolen mopped his face with a silk bandanna and shook his head weakly like a victim of senile dementia; but few spectators pitied him. Their sympathy was for the poor man in the dock. As Mr. Hubertson had well said, a

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saint who looks like a criminal is far more to be pitied than a criminal who happens to look like a saint.

"The Defense," Mr. Hubertson was saying, "does not deny that this old man, at some period of his useless life, may have owned a watch. You have heard him testify that his father gave him one. *I* believe it. His father is dead. One must believe something. You have heard him confess, with a reluctance that has not been without its significance, that he lost that watch. And you have followed my conscientious efforts to elicit from him, beyond a reasonable doubt, when, how, and where he obtained another. He 'has forgotten;' he 'does not know;' he 'does not remember;' he 'is by no means certain;' he 'refuses to answer.' Driven at last into a corner, he snarls that he 'still believes' the watch in this case to be his personal property. Why, gentlemen! he does not even know the number—11497—a child would remember it—of the timepiece he has the unblushing effrontery to come here and testify was stolen from him by this defendant!"

Mr. Hubertson paused, took a drink of water, and let the significant fact sink slowly into his hearers.

Even without pirates on the jury it would have been a remarkable trial, for the energy, imagination, and acumen of Mr. Hubertson had exploded bomb after bomb in the camp of a district-attorney who had made the natural mistake of not taking the case with sufficient seriousness. The facts were too obvious. The prisoner had no witnesses. He had been caught with the watch. Nobody else could have killed the turnkey. Press and Public were indifferent to him. The first day of the trial had been almost without spectators. Mr. Hubertson would delay justice, lose his case, and pocket a fee for doing so. The court knew him as a petty criminal lawyer of rather flamboyant imagination; what it did not suspect was that, for the first time in his career, Mr. Hubertson was properly financed.

The legal record, familiar to students of law as "9 Puff (N. Y.) 1345: People vs. Toadhunter," believes to this day that Slant-Eye's real name was Obadiah Toadhunter; that he had come to New York from Violetdale, New Hampshire; that he enjoyed chewing a straw; and that the rusty, camphor-smelling black coat and high, uncomfortable collar in which his attorney presented him to the jury were the "best clothes" (and this in itself was pathetic) worn hitherto only at weddings, funerals, corn-huskings, and other innocent village dissipations.

There was then no telegraph from New York to prove that there was no Violetdale in New Hampshire, nor any system of police communication by which a startled district-attorney could quickly locate the real township from which Mr. Hubertson had produced the quaint old countryfolk who now sat timidly together on the yellow settee reserved for witnesses.

No witnesses for the prisoner? *These were his witnesses.* And they were real country people: there shone the genius of Hubert Hubertson! Anywhere you might have seen it, the group would have been touchingly venerable, except for Obadiah's girlish sweetheart, Priscilla Eaton: and Miss Eaton would have made any man who was a man feel like taking her in his arms and comforting her. The very presence of these old folks from home had jumped the case into the public eye and heart, and crowded the court on the second morning.

As the *Evening Gazette* had said in an editorial:

"Justice must be blind. The innocent must suffer with the guilty. Yet we should esteem ourself less than human if we did not hope that the tender instinct of these fine old Violetdalians will be justified; and that evidence may yet be forthcoming to refute testimony that is, so far, largely circumstantial."

No case, in short, could have been going better for the Defense, and nothing clouded the satisfaction of Mr. Hubertson except the behavior of his eight pirates. Like all born orators, Mr. Hubertson was keenly sensitive to the mood of his audience; he liked to feel his hearers following his thought like sunflowers following the sun; and nothing is more distressing to such a mind than an audience that scowls, whispers, and scuffs with its feet. Of course they knew he was lying—but that should have made them all the more appreciative of the grand style in which he was doing it.

"And now, gentlemen," went on Mr. Hubertson, "who, I ask you, *does* remember the number of this watch? The defendant's white-haired father, who gave it to him on his twenty-first birthday! His gentle, aged mother, who helped pick it out! The ven-

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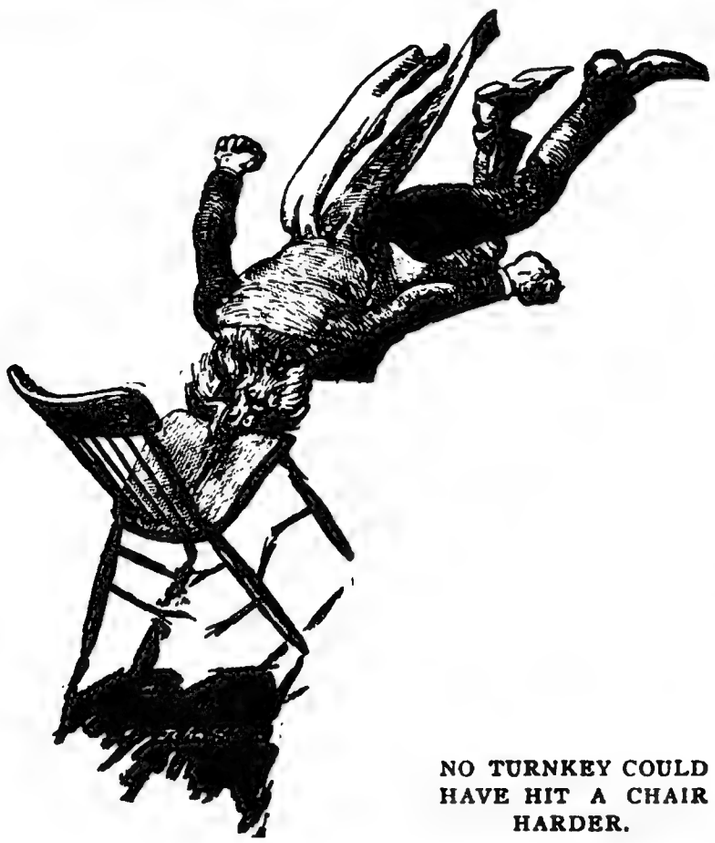
erable men to whom he showed it, *pointing to the number with that natural pride that we all feel in our first watch!* And to whom did this good young man show it? To no tavern companions, but to the fine old clergyman who had baptized him Obadiah in the Second Baptist Church of Violetdale; and to the stern, gentle, time-worn doctor who had saved him from measles and whooping-cough—childish distempers from which we have all suffered. You will say," he added with a contemptuous glance at the district-attorney, "that Miss Eaton did not remember it. I grant you that. Yes, I grant you that. *I* make no charges. I only state, without hesitation, as these gentlemen will state in the sacred seclusion of their incorruptible jury, that I, or you, Mr. District-Attorney, or any one of us, being a stranger in New York and feeling alien fingers, *old* or young, tugging at his watch-chain, *would drop his watch down his neck and hurry from such a dangerous neighborhood!*"



NO TURNKEY COULD HAVE HIT A CHAIR HARDER.

"Which don't hide from *me*," whispered Juryman Red Whisker to Juryman Yellow Mustaches, "as it were th' ole feller's watch to start with."

"And now, gentlemen," resumed Mr. Hubertson, "I might make a joke and say that I turn from watch to turn-key ["An' a cussed pore spec'men now ye've got it out!" muttered Juryman Yellow Mustaches]. But this is no time for humor. ["It's time fer a drink!" whispered Juryman Nose Ring to his next neighbor. "An' a long time over!"] You will no doubt argue that any one of us, thrown into a gloomy cell on the absurd charge of stealing his own watch, would lose his temper and assault the turnkey, fatally if possible. But you will decide also whether such an assault was actually committed. There was no witness. I can not summon the turnkey before you. I am not Gabriel. ["An' a pooty one ye'd make, cuss ye!" muttered Juryman Yellow Mustaches.] If I *were* Gabriel, I would blow my trump, call that unfortunate official to the witness-stand, and ask him one question: *'Did you*, or *did you not*, on entering this defendant's cell, TRIP, FALL, and STRIKE YOUR HEAD FATALLY against a CHAIR?' "

It was a pertinent, surprising question; and the way he put it made most of his hearers see him—a fat, side-whiskered Gabriel, white-robed and blowing. In the jury-box, Tarbosh, Sullivan, Doodleberg, and Weeks, the four incorruptible citizens, sat rigid with conscientious attention; but it jarred Mr. Hubertson to see that the rest of the jury fidgeted even in the presence of Gabriel. Glad as he was to have them there, he again wished heartily that they were either not so nervous or would be polite enough to conceal it. Nothing had completely held their attention but the testimony of the old folks from home; and especially Miss Eaton's prettily bashful relation of her engagement to Obadiah. Probably, thought Mr. Hubertson, they had no taste for oratory (as some men have no real feeling for the cornet), but the least they could do was to look a little more as if they believed what he was saying.

The important thing, however, was that Tarbosh, Sullivan, Doodleberg, and Weeks hung on his words with a flattering attention.

"My learned brother," he resumed with an indignant glance at the pirates that at least stopped their whispering, "smiles to think that this conclusive evidence is im-

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possible. Let him not be too certain! You, gentlemen, can summon that witness, not by the discredited arts of the magician, but by SHEER INTELLECT! You, gentlemen, can evoke that scene as it *must* have happened with a Toadhunter—not as it might have happened had I, for example, been the prisoner. You know, for you have heard this wise old physician testify, that Obadiah Toadhunter could not bear the sight of blood. He fainted if he cut his finger. And you have heard this aged father testify that he could not beat—I repeat his own words, spoken with what sincerity of remorseful tears we have all witnessed!—he could not beat, thrash, pommel, or otherwise persuade his tender-hearted son into killing a potato-bug. Obadiah Toadhunter *could not* kill potato-bugs. Does it need a miracle, gentlemen, to convince you, beyond reasonable doubt, that he could not kill turnkeys? Or do you *need* the turnkey to tell you how, on that fatal evening, in the half light of that gloomy cell, he tripped and fell, breaking the chair, breaking his neck, and, except for *you*, breaking the life of this fine young husbandman, his aged father and mother, his oldest friends, and, last but not least, this sweet girl graduate of the Violetdale High School who I see has again swooned from the excess of her natural emotions?"

He sat down, visibly overcome by his own emotion; and Judge Bean, rising behind his desk, cleared his throat preparatory to charging the jury.

## III

In the smoky jury-room twelve stern men—sternness was about the only quality they had in common—agreed to consider the turnkey first and the watch afterward. On this count, Judge Bean had charged them with his usual dry, judicial common-sense. The Prosecution, he said, claimed that Toadhunter had waited, chair in hand, for his victim: if they believed the Prosecution they would find Toadhunter guilty. The Defense, he added, *said* the turnkey had tripped, fallen, and broken his own neck: if they believed *that* they would find Toadhunter innocent. And now the jury had been out five hours. Nineteen ballots, each obstinately repeating:

Guilty .....8
Not Guilty .....4

had already been taken. There they stuck—four incorruptible citizens on one side and eight pirates on the other. As Yellow Mustaches characteristically put it, what in —— ——— !!!! ———— !! ————!! —— ———!!!!!!!———— were they going to do next?

"I'll sit here an' die o' thirst," said Juryman Red Whisker doggedly, "afore I'll toddle back in that court-room an' be made a laffin'-stock. Any fool can see as Slant-Eye Toadhunter killed th' turnkey. An' as for his silly fam'ly, wot ye seems to think so much on, Mr. Tabbosh—you take it from me as they'll be better off without him."

"*They* don't think so," said Mr. Tarbosh, an honest man with a thin beard and an indomitable obstinacy. "But the important fact to me is that Toadhunter's father couldn't make him kill the potato-bugs. You can't get round it. As the twig is bent, gentlemen, so is the tree inclined. Nothing will ever convince me that that man could commit murder."

"You take it from *me*, Tabbosh," said Juryman Nose Ring keenly, "if th' cuss wouldn't kill potato-bugs, it weren't becos his heart stopped him. It were his stommick. Mebbe it made him feel sick, like, to see th' leetle fellers go squash." And he blew six triumphant puffs of smoke straight through his pendant nose ornament.

Truly it was a scene and situation quite unlike what Mr. Hubertson had anticipated; and yet he was directly responsible. Skilfully as he might forecast the effect of Violetdale and oratory on incorruptible citizens, yet men with hearts in their bosoms, Mr. Hubertson had never before addressed a jury of pirates, men without hearts in their bosoms, proud of it, and likely, if anything, to be repelled and disgusted by any obvious appeal to that flabby center of feminizing emotion. From his point of view, eight jurors were safely accounted for; at the worst, disagreement was certain; and he had, so to speak, spit on the palms of eloquence and gone hot-foot after Tarbosh, Sullivan, Doodleberg, and Weeks to make sure of acquittal.

He had convinced Tarbosh, Sullivan, Doodleberg, and Weeks—but he had also, up to a certain point, convinced Red Whisker, Yellow Mustaches, and their evil associates. If you have no heart, there are your eyes, ears, and keen native intelligence. He had convinced them, almost from the beginning, that they were a remarkably brainy

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and patriotic jury. He had convinced them that Slant-Eye's real name was Obadiah Toadhunter. They had known nothing of Slant-Eye's youth or antecedents; his name might easily enough have been Toadhunter; and they had been uninformed of Mr. Hubertson's intentions.

Almost before they knew it they had swallowed the old folks from Violetdale; swallowed Miss Eaton; swallowed the potato-bugs. And, in proportion as they digested these morsels, they had lost Slant-Eye, whom they had known and loved for his blood-thirsty and unsentimental character, in a Toadhunter who, frankly, made them extremely tired. The one thing they had not swallowed was that Obadiah Toadhunter had not killed the turnkey. There they knew better!

And every mushy effort of Mr. Hubertson to make them believe the contrary—for they forgot completely that he was not really addressing them—had insulted their newborn self-respect as jurymen and increased their hostility to his straw-chewing client.

"So here we sits, twelve oncommonly brainy men," snarled a short, stout pirate whose irregular, brown face and small, knobby nose gave him an almost comic resemblance to the chosen prey of the insect under discussion, "an' wot I axes is: Be we a-tryin' of this cussed assassin fer killin' a potato-bug? Or be we a-tryin' of him fer killin' a turnkey?"

"We are not trying *of* him at all," said Mr. Tarbosh with coldly sarcastic emphasis. "We are examining evidence. And when his own father testifies that he couldn't——"

It was a hopeless discussion. It went round and round, like a happy child on the flying horses, and came back each time just where it started. It accomplished nothing but to make a man thirsty. Red Whisker, Yellow Mustaches, Nose Ring, and the wretch whose appearance suggested a cruel but intelligent potato, looked again at their watches, muttered between their teeth, and glanced with savage despair at the door and windows. The four other pirates had sensibly gone to sleep, sarcastically leaving instructions to call them in time for the next ballot.

A locked door! Barred windows! Although they had Tarbosh, Sullivan, Doodleberg, and Weeks right there in the room with them, they knew better, face to face as they had just been with the grim and awful majesty of a judge sitting on a bench, than to yield to natural impulse, spring upon their fellow jurymen, and tear their incorruptible limbs from their incorruptible bodies. No way out of it but to make them see by peaceful persuasion that Toadhunter deserved hanging. After that they might get a chance at Hubertson, who had said nothing whatever about this absurd practise of locking men up to talk things over.

And with nothing to drink but water!!!!!

"When I was with Jackson at New Orleans," said Mr. Sullivan suddenly, perhaps remembering that it was at least twenty minutes since he had modestly mentioned his war record, "one of our men fell out of a window and broke his neck. I put the fact forward for what it is worth."

Mr. Weeks drummed on the table to attract attention. He leaned forward. He had something so important to say that, command himself as he might, he could hardly say it.

"It strikes me as worth a good deal," he exclaimed forcibly. "Follow me now, closely. Putting together what this gentleman has suggested about squashing potato-bugs and what this gentleman tells us of his personal observation of a man breaking his neck from a fall, I don't see, really, how we can escape two conclusions. First: the prisoner might have killed the turnkey. Second: the turnkey might have killed himself. Gentlemen, I think we are getting nearer a solution."

Red Whisker spat out a bitter and complicated oath—perhaps the most shocking that has ever, before or since, been heard in a jury-room. His quick, resourceful mind saw clearly that they were not getting nearer a solution; were, if anything, farther away than ever. He grasped his passions in one strong hand and rubbed his head violently with the other. Tarbosh! Sullivan! Doodleberg! Weeks! He studied them savagely through half-closed eyelids: nothing, evidently, would convince the numbskulls but some tangible proof, the inevitable conviction of an eye-witness.

Well, they should have it!

He laid his pipe carefully on the table; pushed back his chair with a hideous squeak that awoke his sleeping companions; dragged his chair across the room, and stood it up forcibly in the corner. Then, grinding his teeth steadily behind his quivering

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whiskers, he paced six paces from the chair and marked the place with a "guilty" ballot.

Then he stopped grinding his teeth long enough to articulate.

"There's th' chair," he said briskly, "an' there's th' door o' th' cell where they locked th' cuss up. If any gentleman in this room can fall over that ballot an' manage to break his neck a-hittin' that chair, I'll vote Not Guilty. An' wot's more," he added, as no one rose eagerly to try the experiment, "I'll show ye m'self as it ain't possible!"

At that tense moment, as often happens when twelve intelligent men strive to penetrate through a fog of conflicting evidence to the lighthouse of truth, not one of them thought of Obadiah Toadhunter. He had become a Case. He had no aged parents, no girlish sweetheart; he had never been baptized by one venerable man and saved from measles and whooping-cough by another. The whole grave problem, discussed, as it were, in the very shadow of the gallows, simmered down to one practical question: would, or would not, this forceful juryman break his neck?

The seven pirates looked worried—but well they knew that no human power could stop their comrade as he backed slowly to the far end of the jury-room. The conscientious faces of Tarbosh, Sullivan, Doodleberg, and Weeks beamed already with the ineffable expression of men who told you so.

"Here I goes, gentlemen!" cried Red Whisker warningly; and added, with fine sarcasm: "If I breaks my neck I app'ints Mr. Tabbosh to throw my leetle vote at th' next election." Without another word he hurled himself chairward. Truly had Mr. Hubertson said that by SHEER INTELLECT they would be able to summon the turnkey into their jury-room. . . . He reached the

"I HAD HARDLY COMMANDED HIM A DOZEN TIMES TO 'GO BACK' WHEN HE ROSE LIKE A SKY-ROCKET."

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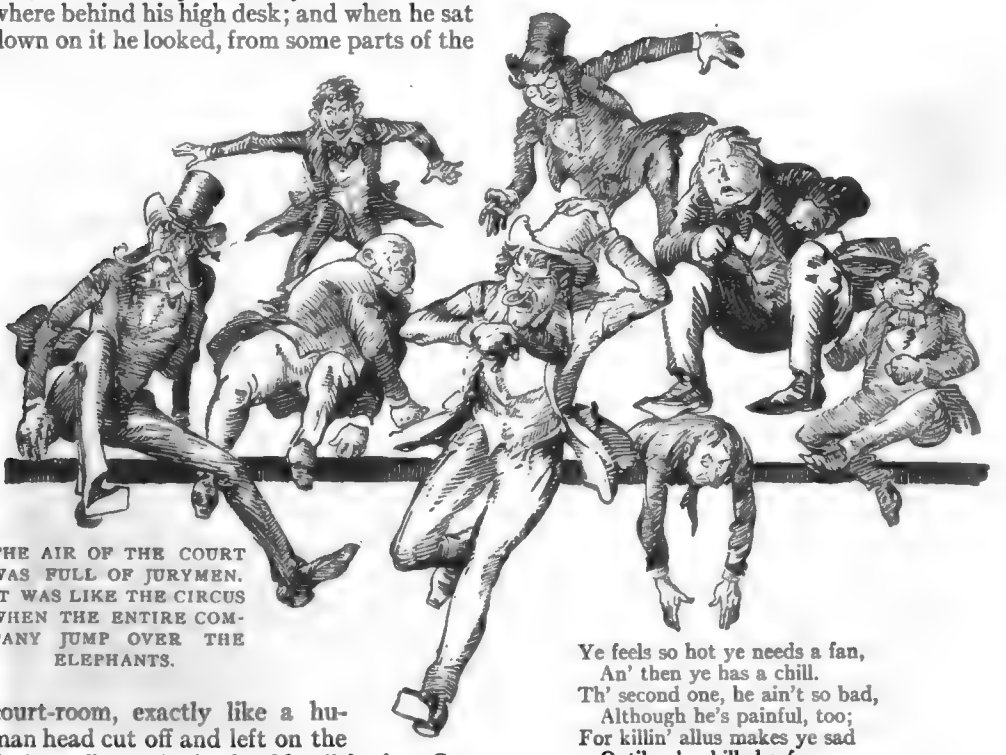
ballot; he left the floor; for what seemed a long time they saw the twin soles of his shoes, supported (like a modern aeroplane) only by the speed of his indomitable propeller. And then, at last, the shocking thud of a falling body and the crash of splintered furniture!

Even Mr. Tarbosh had to admit, beyond a reasonable doubt, that no turnkey could have hit a chair harder.

## IV

Everybody in the court stood up, like one man and woman. Twilight was falling; here and there a lamp had been lighted; and Judge Bean was again taking his place on the bench. He was a small, dignified justice, his bench presumably hidden somewhere behind his high desk; and when he sat down on it he looked, from some parts of the court-room, exactly like a human head cut off and left on the desk until somebody should call for it. Opposite this legal head and beyond the legal furniture where the clerk of the court shuffled his papers and the district-attorney consulted with his assistants, Mr. Hubertson chatted with his client, doubtless consoling him for the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Toadhunter, Miss Eaton, the Rev. Mr. Hopkins, and good old Dr. Hooper.



THE AIR OF THE COURT WAS FULL OF JURYMEN. IT WAS LIKE THE CIRCUS WHEN THE ENTIRE COMPANY JUMP OVER THE ELEPHANTS.

Spectators whispered to each other that no wonder the old folks from home were unable to bear the strain of hearing the verdict—poor dears! they had been through enough already! Yet it was rather a pity they were not present. Without them something would be lacking of the supreme emotion that the pale, expectant audience had been waiting all day to experience. Little they guessed that Mr. Hubertson was humming "Yankee Doodle" under his breath, perfectly certain that the return of the jury at this hour could mean nothing short of acquittal.

Nor did they imagine—how could they?—the mental ditty to which Obadiah Toadhunter was complacently chewing his straw:

Th' fust time as ye kills a man
It makes ye kinder ill.

Ye feels so hot ye needs a fan,
An' then ye has a chill.
Th' second one, he ain't so bad,
Although he's painful, too;
For killin' allus makes ye sad
Ontil ye've killed a few.

But when ye've killed a score o' men
Ye're gittin' used to it.
Th' twenty-fust ye slaughters then
Don't bother ye a bit.
An' arter that it's pooty tame,
Ye hardly stops to think.
For killin' men is just th' same
As takin' of a drink.

"The unconcern of the man Toadhunter," writes Judge Bean in his interesting chapter,

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"My Experience with the Criminal Toadhunter: an Explanation" [see "Memories of Bench and Bar": J. Q. Bean], "interested me greatly. He was genuinely cheerful. He seemed actually to regard the forthcoming verdict as something amusing. As I have said already, in a long experience with depraved and criminal types, Toadhunter was the most evil-looking man (with the possible exception of seven or eight of the jury) that I had ever seen in the dock. I disliked him immensely. He was a murderer if ever I saw one, wide-jawed, frowsy-headed, and with a Mongolian cast of countenance strongly emphasized by the oblique position of the cruelest eyes I have ever looked into. When those eyes were on me, I confess to feeling like a mouse under the surveillance of a cat; or, to be more exact, as such a mouse might feel if endowed with my own keen, critical intelligence. During the trial he eyed me with increasing malice. As was proved afterward, that the ignorant fellow held me personally responsible for his unpleasant predicament."

A door at the right opened; the jury filed to their places. Anybody could see that the conscientious men had been having a hard time of it. Four were pallid with their awful responsibility; seven as pallid as their tan permitted; the twelfth, his complexion hidden by his magnificent red whiskers, showed a black-and-blue lump, about the size of a small egg, on his forehead, which he fingered delicately to find out whether it was still swelling. It had been a hard bump, but it had done the business; convinced Tarbosh, Sullivan, Doodleberg, and Weeks; upset the nice-laid plans of Mr. Hubertson—and was about to hang Obadiah Toadhunter.

All together the eight pirates glanced with grim satisfaction at their former comrade.

And from the dock Slant-Eye smiled back at them—a confident, joyous, happy, contented, come-and-let-us-murder-and-rob-together-again smile that brushed away every Hubertsonian cobweb, and revealed him to them, the same old Slant-Eye, a worse man, if possible, and a better pirate than when he had been arrested. One after another, so rapidly that the result was instantaneous, their wicked minds reverted to the time before the trial: and horror, consternation, and despair spread like warm butter over every sin-toasted countenance. What, after all, did his parents matter? They saw him, in swift imagination, hanging like so much bacon—and nothing under him but hundreds of smiling, upturned, interested faces.

And it was they who had done it with their little ballots!

The clerk of the court was speaking, putting the formal question: Was Obadiah Toadhunter guilty, or was he not? Somewhere somebody dropped a pin and everybody else heard it.

"Guilty!" said Foreman Doodleberg. The word issued reluctantly from his pale, firm lips, rose to the ceiling, circled the courtroom, fluttered into the very corners—a black word, followed by a profound and seemingly eternal silence.

"And so say you all, gentlemen of the jury?" asked the clerk solemnly.

To an amazement from which he never fully recovered, eight of them answered at the same moment.

"*Him* guilty!" sneered Yellow Mustaches contemptuously.

"You bet we don't, ole feller!" shouted Nose Ring defiantly.

"No such cussed fools as that!" howled the human potato.

"Duddlebug's a liar!" bellowed the juryman with the bump.

"Wot we agreed were as he's as innercent as a nussin' lamb, pore feller!" And with his bump still throbbing, he caught foreman Doodleberg by his conscientious neck and began shaking him with all the fury of his accumulated desire for rum-and-water.

Rarely, if ever, in a court of justice has a jury experienced a change of heart so soon after bringing in a verdict; and still more rarely has two-thirds of the jury started in to pommel and shake the remaining jurymen. They had long wanted to get their strong, anxious hands on Tarbosh, Sullivan, Doodleberg, and Weeks: now they would satisfy that lust, whatever happened; and they did it so thoroughly that no one else, for the moment, dared get within reach of them.

The scene focused attention on the jury-box. On the crowded benches a lady spectator hysterically giggled herself off into a dead faint, and sat, senseless and, what was worse, unseeing, between two others so interested in the jury that they didn't even know she had fainted. Lawyers, court officers, policemen hovered around the jury-box. The space between judge and prisoner was completely emptied. On three sides of

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the prisoner the cage rose higher than his head, but it was only waist high on the side nearest the bench. And at the moment when he fully grasped Mr. Doodleberg's verdict, Obadiah Toadhunter, unnoticed in the succeeding excitement, had begun climbing over this insufficient barrier.

"I had been watching the prisoner closely," writes Judge Bean, "at the moment when the jury returned its verdict. His jocose expression instantly vanished. He paid no attention whatever to the surprising riot that ensued among the jurors. *His eyes were on me and he instantly threw one leg menacingly over the rail in front of him.* Although I promptly called attention to what he was doing, the court officers, busy with the disgraceful scene now going forward in the jury-box, paid no attention. It was evident that I must deal with Toadhunter myself.

"I spoke to him quietly, but with authority. 'Go back into the dock, Toadhunter,' I said firmly. 'Go back! Go back! Back! Back! Back! Back!' This command I emphasized by looking at him steadily. 'Back!' I repeated. 'Back! Back! Back!' I could see that my bearing affected him, for I have considerable will-power. Nevertheless he continued to advance steadily.

"I say steadily. The reader must remember that these events took place faster than the calm pen of retrospection can now chronicle their indelible impression. Quick as a wink (as the saying is), Toadhunter was out of his cage and across the space that separated us. My own desk was quite high. I had counted upon it to hold him until my voice and will combined to drive him back, conquered, to his place in the dock. Unfortunately the man was remarkably agile and acrobatic. I had hardly commanded him a dozen times to 'go back' when he rose like a sky-rocket from the other side of the desk and came down on all fours directly in front of me. Evidently I had miscalculated the time necessary to get him under complete control, and now the dignity of my position forbade me to grapple with the fellow in physical combat. I remembered that there was usually a policeman at the court-house entrance and I decided to decoy Toadhunter in that direction.

"Therefore I reversed my formula. 'Come on! Come on!' I said as I extricated my person from my coat, left the garment in the hands of the prisoner, and vaulted nimbly over the fairly high rail at the right of the bench. The witness-stand was before me. I cleared it in the manner of children when they play 'leap-frog,' and ran lightly into the judges' corridor. Still repeating 'Come on! Come on!' I led him swiftly along the corridor, down the stairs, and so to the entrance. But I was disappointed to find that the policeman had stepped away for a few moments."

Practically considered, the time between Red Whisker's assault on Mr. Doodleberg and Slant-Eye's arrival on Judge Bean's desk could have been only a few seconds—certainly less than half a minute. But busy as he was, the resourceful Red Whisker saw what had happened and passed a quick word to his equally busy companions. Hardly had Judge Bean leap-frogged the witness-stand, hardly had Obadiah Toadhunter leap-frogged it after him, before Red Whisker had given Mr. Doodleberg a complicated and painful farewell shake and was over the jury-rail.

Nose Ring followed; Yellow Mustaches pursued Nose Ring: it was like the circus when the entire company jump over the elephants, except that here none of the performers turned somersaults. The air of the court, in a bee-line from the jury-box to the judges' corridor, was full of jurymen. It was the only available exit from that crowded court-room, and yet, for a moment, no observer could guess what they were doing or why they were doing it. The corridor swallowed them.

## V

Three hours later, in the cabin of a small, rakish-looking schooner steadily holding a seaward course down the harbor, nine wicked but cheerful men sat cosily at dinner.

"An' mebbe th' luckiest thing o' all," said Red Whisker contentedly, "were as Slant-Eye Toadhunter reckernized th' leetle wagon as they totes ye off to jail in. There she were a-waitin' fer us when we chases of th' jedge out o' th' court-house. An' nothin' to do but pile aboard lively, tickle th' driver in th' ribs business-like, an' tell him to keep th' fog-bell a-goin' an' pint fer th' harbor."

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# The WHITE SLAVES of the DIAMOND

By
IRVING E. SANBORN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HIBBARD V. B. KLINE

MORE free-born, white American citizens have been bought, sold, or traded through the Wiggins block than all the imported or home-grown negroes auctioned off in the old St. Louis Hotel, in the palmiest days of that famous ante-bellum slave mart.

Don't "stop, look, and listen" for a dissertation on the Mann Act. These white slaves don't wear skirts, and this is merely a bit of inside baseball, as played indoors by certain "magnates" whose business methods a Mr. Gallagher of Illinois has asked Congress to investigate, in search of "trust" microbes.

Not much is left of what was the St. Louis Hotel except its dingy shell, as those of you know whom business or leisure has taken to New Orleans recently. But after you have found the aged caretaker, shown proper consideration for creaky joints, and have been piloted through empty rooms and corridors heavily perfumed with history, you have been shown what relic-mongers have left of the block from which the sheriff of Orleans County used to conduct bargain and bankruptcy sales in slaves, while prospective purchasers imbibed enthusiasm at the hotel bar not many yards away. Then you have taken a look at the black hole where (they say) slaves were kept in chains while awaiting their turns on the block; after which you probably have hurried out to the nearest place whose appearance gave assurance that liquid restoratives could be had within, free from chance of ghostly encounters.

The twentieth-century headquarters of traffic in human endeavor produces a very different impression. It is located in Cincinnati, at the southeast corner of Fifth and Vine Streets, on the second floor of the Wiggins block. Here are the offices of the National Baseball Commission, overlooking Fountain Square, where, apparently, all the trolley-cars in the world congregate at certain hours of the day.

This is the lair of organized baseball.

There is no dark secrecy about it. Doors are wide open and you walk right into an expensively furnished but otherwise ordinary business suite. A battery of typewriters is busy somewhere clicking out inside baseball history. There is no slave

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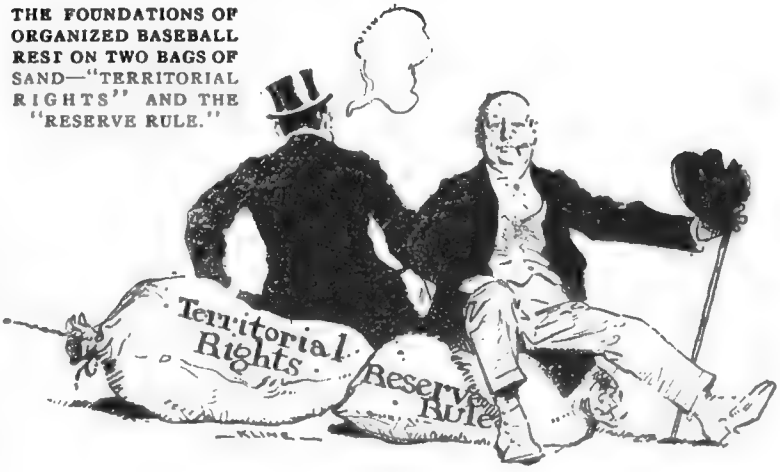


THE FOUNDATIONS OF ORGANIZED BASEBALL REST ON TWO BAGS OF SAND—"TERRITORIAL RIGHTS" AND THE "RESERVE RULE."

block, but around the big mahogany table in the largest room there occurs every September, when the drafting season is on, a great bargain sale of white goods and human chattels, and a quiet but determined scramble of buyers.

There is no auctioneer, for the prices are all fixed and the right to buy is determined by lot. There are no chains; nor even any slaves in sight. Yet out from those offices stretch invisible bonds which control an army bigger than the black legions required to plant, till, and harvest the cotton of the South before the discovery of the boll-weevil, the hookworm, the appendix, and other by-products of evolution.

Wherever there is a professional baseball team playing for the pennant of an organized league "the system" reaches out and snaps silent, unseen fetters on the ankles of every player. It takes no heed of national boundaries, but follows whither the national pastime leads. It enmeshes alike the idol of millions of "fans" and the budding star in the little "bush league."

During the last world's series, when Tris Speaker and Larry Doyle were receiving the automobiles which figuratively crowned them kings of their respective leagues, they did not look much like slaves to the crowds that cheered the joy rites. And no one thought of shackles on the ankles of Joe Wood or Christy Mathewson.

### THE "OVERWORKED" BALLPLAYER

"As long as he remains in baseball"—that is the limit of any man's thraldom under the powerful organization of which Tris and Larry, "Smoky Joe" and "Big Six" are products and exponents. They and all their co-bondmen enter into this state voluntarily and tarry willingly. For the rewards of success are great, and even the meed of comparative failure comes nearer matching the increased cost of living than does the wage of the unfettered artisan or bank clerk.

To earn his stipend the ball-player sometimes is obliged to toil more than two hours a day for six or seven months in a year. Some of the more elect, like pitchers, may be asked to slave only two or four hours a week, while "pinch-hitters" get by with an occasional five or ten minutes of effort.

At intervals these human chattels must make long railway journeys in the lower berths of private sleeping-cars from which the general public is carefully excluded—not under any modified Jim Crow law, because the cars harbor slaves, but to insure all possible rest and comfort for the exhausted athletes. For weeks at a time these serfs must put up with, and at, some of the best hotels in the cities included in their leagues, accepting three meals per day and outside rooms—with baths—from the hands of their masters.

No wonder they don shackles gladly and shed them sadly.

Nevertheless, the professional ball-player, star or "dub," is almost as abjectly subject to the whims of his owner as if he were contemporary and kin of Uncle Tom. Some of them have to kowtow to masters with whom Simon Legree would hesitate to shake hands. Still, any man of them can step across the Mason and Dixon parallel into the same freedom that the rest of us enjoy, any hour of day or night, without fear of the bloodhound.

But even then his immunity may be incomplete. He can not leave the service of one master and later serve on the diamond

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of another of his own selection, or even re-enter baseball as his own master, without the consent of the owner whose house he left.

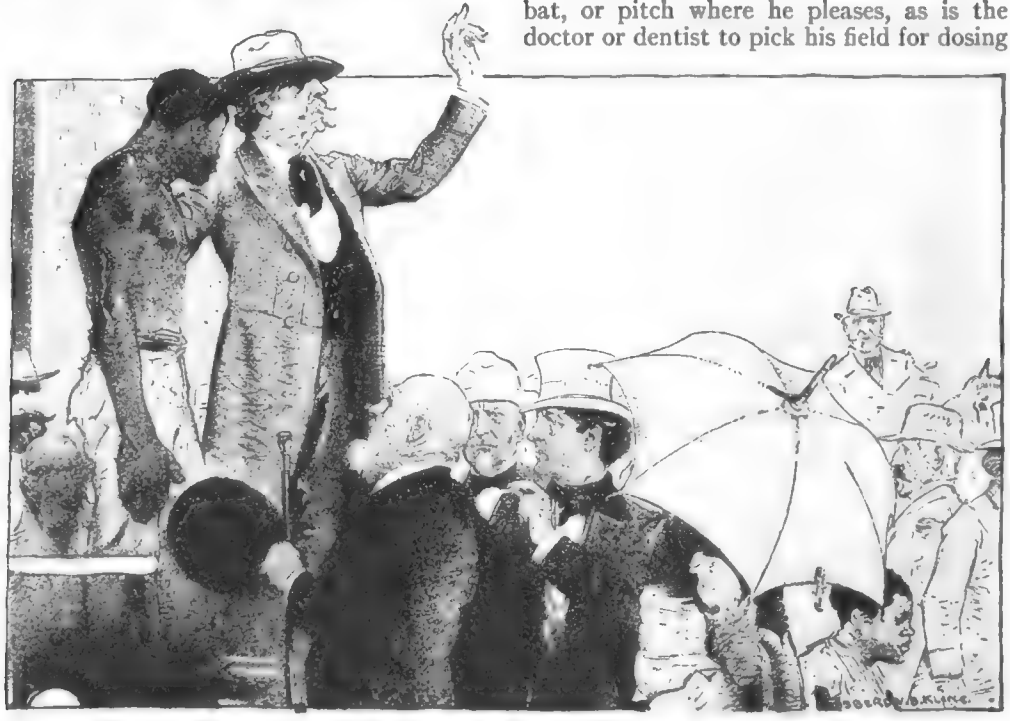
That is why the diamond lost Fielder A. Jones, one of the greatest strategists the sport has known. Shrewd in business as in baseball, Jones invested his earnings to such advantage that they made him something of a capitalist while yet in bondage. He yearned to rise above the rank even of a high-salaried manager to that of part owner of a club. But because Jones was the "property" of probably the only baseball club in the country none of whose capital stock could be bought at any price, his ambition to graduate into the rôle of demi-magnate could not be realized.

He retired and tried to give all his attention to business; but the call of the green diamond was too strong. He attempted to buy minority or controlling interests in other major league clubs, with a view to managing their teams. He was welcomed as an investor, but learned that his employment as manager of any other team would be discourteous to the Chicago American League club, whose owner surrendered with reluctance the hope that Jones would return to manage the White Sox.

Even when one master is willing to emancipate a faithful servant, the freedman can not set up an establishment of his own in organized baseball without the consent of allied masters. When Frank Isbell tried to retire from the White Sox and personally look after his half-interest in a Western league club his own master was willing, but he found that selling tickets to his own ball park was as near as he could get to active participation in the game without jeopardizing his property. It required two years to secure the consent of all the clubs necessary to make Isbell his own master.

Roger Bresnahan was quite willing to continue managing the St. Louis Nationals during the entire five years for which he signed a contract. When it was suddenly terminated at the end of the first year he found no rule of organized baseball that would help him keep his job. These are a few of the high spots. There are plenty of treys and two-spots.

If it is a mystery to any one why a man who can win pennants, or bat .425, or pitch a no-hit game is not as free to manage, or bat, or pitch where he pleases, as is the doctor or dentist to pick his field for dosing



SIXTY YEARS AGO THE SHERIFF USED TO CONDUCT BARGAINS IN SLAVES FROM A PUBLIC SLAVE-BLOCK.

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or drilling, the answer is "the system."

Prior to 1903 organized baseball was not much more stable than a Central American dynasty. There was an attempt to overthrow it every time anybody thought he had a chance. During a turbulent quarter of a century the National League managed to maintain a sort of Porfirio Diaz supremacy. But in the fall of 1900 the American League started something better than a Madero revolution. It succeeded—and it stuck.

In two years of fighting, the old national agreement was shot full of holes and the new major league established its equality by paralleling the National League's circuit. It induced some of the most expert slaves of the old régime to burst their bonds and become freedmen. It was a great two years for the players and more than doubled their salaries. The warring leagues found the cost of ammunition increasing faster than their turnstiles revolved. First came a truce, then a peace compact, signed in 1903 in Cincinnati. Out of that grew a new national agreement which forged new and stronger fetters for the players.

Under the title of National Commission a triumvirate was created with absolute power to interpret and enforce "baseball law." By annexing as "the party of the second part" the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues—vulgarly referred to as minors or "bushes"—the system was extended to the game's frontiers.

The foundations of organized baseball rest on two bags of sand—"territorial rights" and the "reserve rule."

The national agreement defines exactly the circuits of the two major leagues and prohibits changing them except by consent of both organizations. To the minor league body is left the maintenance of its own territorial fences, but the minors are expressly forbidden to "establish or maintain a club in a city on the circuit of either major league, or within five miles thereof, without the consent in writing of the major league, or leagues, having one or more clubs located therein."

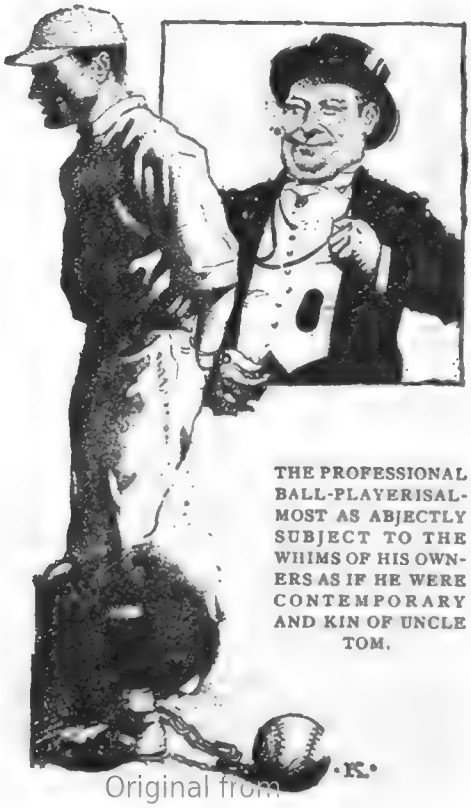
Not being parties to this agreement, there is nothing in the world to keep you or me from operating a ball club on Manhattan field, next door to the Giants' stadium, or across the street from Fenway Park in Boston, if we want to and can buy or lease the necessary ground—provided we have the coin.

The "reserve rule" is merely a sequence of words arranged like this:

"All parties to this agreement pledge themselves to recognize the right of reservation and respect contracts between players and club-owners under its protection."

That sentence is all that prohibits any one from hiring any player he wants either to play ball or to do landscape gardening on the farm. That is the reason why, when Cobb refused to sign his 1913 contract, he did not receive hot off the wires tempting offers from the fifteen major league clubs whose teams he would strengthen.

It cost a group of Missourians $30,000 to learn the real meaning of that arrangement of vowels and consonants which spells "reserve rule." They paid that price for an option on a major league club a few winters ago and announced their popular and laudable intention to give their city a pennant-winner in place of a "tail-ender." They elected directors, who met and picked out their favorite players for the new team. Everything was moving along smoothly toward a consummation of the sale when




THE PROFESSIONAL BALL-PLAYER IS ALMOST AS ABJECTLY SUBJECT TO THE WHIMS OF HIS OWNERS AS IF HE WERE CONTEMPORARY AND KIN OF UNCLE TOM.

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one of the financiers casually outlined their plans for winning a pennant. There is no available record of the exact personnel of the team they had picked out, but they wanted Fielder Jones for manager and half a dozen more stars who belonged to other major-league clubs. They admitted it might require much money to get these athletes, but they had it.

Consternation reigned in the ranks of the prospective "magnates" when they were gently shown that money could not procure the services of any of these stars, let alone all of them.

### WHERE MONEY DOESN'T TALK

They shared with the great majority of baseball's devotees the fallacy that any man who has sufficient coin and public spirit can accumulate an all-star major-league team between seasons by a generous application of both. This same delusion has been responsible for the financing of many a minor-league club and for the itching which more than one man of wealth has felt to engage in baseball. Such illusions quickly vanish before the necessity of discovering, developing, and polishing the different parts of a pennant-winning machine. Mere money cuts little figure.

Therein lies the reason for the "reserve rule," and its only justification. It is as essential to the baseball which we know as is salt to the codfish. Its abolition would not remove baseball from the face of the earth, nor fish from the waters thereof, but that which would evolve under changed conditions would be decidedly something else again. If, at the expiration of his contract, every player were free to sell his talent to the highest bidder, and every club-owner free to bid, the best ball-players inevitably would gravitate to the cities whose populations assured the largest patronage. Ty Cobb would become too great a luxury for little Detroit to retain in its midst. Walter Johnson would prove too costly a viand to be served regularly at Washingtonian tables d'hôte.

Baseball is a normal compound of civic vanity and love of combat. The fan-citizens of a community take personal pride in the winning team that has been built up for them. Its players are theirs, although they may have been assembled from Portland to Portland. They root for them until speechless and stake on them their last two-bits. But this riot of rooting quickly palls on the fan-citizen if there be not an opponent capable of disputing the supremacy of his idols.

A cheer rings from Hell Gate to the Palisades when Chief Meyers makes a home run off Babe Adams, with the bases full, but the applause is perfunctory if the same thing happens to some recruit tried out by St. Louis at the tail-end of a hopeless battle.

Abolition of the reserve rule would soon put baseball, from the viewpoint of the promoter, on the same basis as grand opera. We should have limited seasons of performances by aggregations of stars at the Polo Grounds, under much the same conditions as at the Metropolitan Opera House, supported by subscription patronage at fashionable prices. Following that would come the "tour of the provinces," winding up with the "one-day stands." Between tours the smaller cities would content themselves with the comic opera or canned brands of baseball.

This is no argument that the grand-operatic state of baseball would be worse than the sport that is. We have accepted no retainer from organized baseball or the "reserve rule." It is simply the surest dope we know.

Getting back to the main line, it is perhaps a source of wonder to many how the present system stands up with no foundation other than a "gentleman's agreement," and a great deal of misinformation exists concerning its workings.

Let's start with the young player who is considered great on his college or town team. He is known as a "free agent." For brevity's sake call him—Short. Some club-owner hears about him and sends a scout to look him over. If Short is likely timber, he is offered immediate temptation to join a league team. If he signs the contract tendered him, he surrenders his freedom by that act. Perhaps he asks for time to think it over. The club-owner writes him nice letters and asks what salary Short thinks he ought to get. Short replies that he is not sure he wants to play baseball for a living, and anyway would not care to leave his home or Alma Mater for less than $—— a month.

Back comes a telegram—"Terms accepted," and Short is caught as fast as if he

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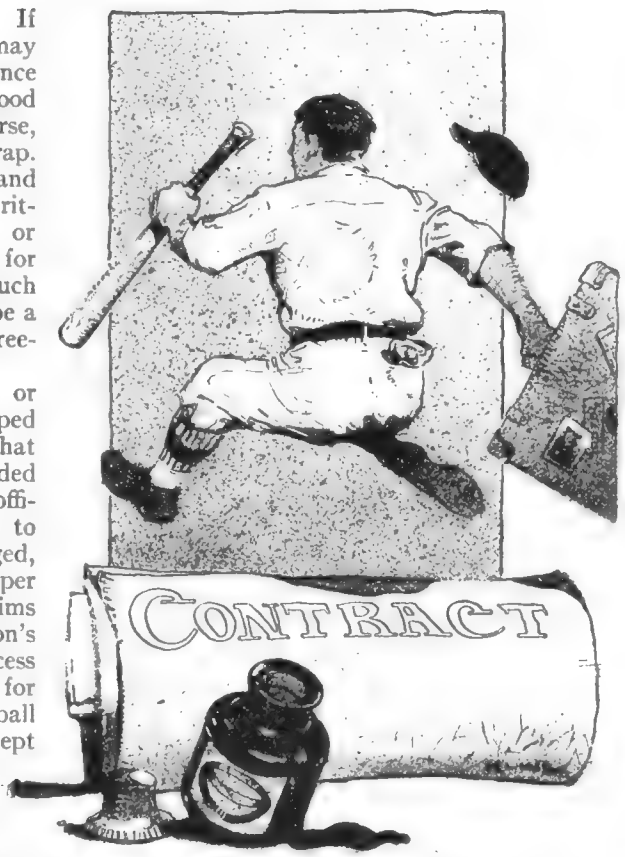
had stepped on a steel bear-trap. If he proves too wary for that, he may be offered a small sum of advance money as evidence of the club's good faith. A receipt is expected, of course, and that is only another kind of trap.

"Any agreement between club and player for services, evidenced by written acceptance, whether by letter or telegram, or receipt from player for money advanced to him to bind such agreement, shall be construed to be a contract"—that is the national agreement's definition of "contract."

Short may refuse to report to or play for the man who has trapped him. There is no fire-escape at that window. As soon as Short was landed his name was wired to the proper official of the minor or major league to which the club claiming him belonged, and in due time found its proper place among all the other "S" victims in one of the National Commission's big card-indexes. By that process Short became ineligible to play for any other owner in organized baseball than the one who snared him, except under certain conditions over which he has no control.




WHEN A PLAYER JUMPS HIS CONTRACT, THERE IS ALMOST NOWHERE TO GO EXCEPT BACK.

Suppose Short does report and makes good in one of the littlest leagues. He is at the bottom of the ladder, technically known as "Class D." Above him are four more classes of minor leagues, "C," "B," "A," and "AA." On top of that pyramid are two major leagues, American and National. Short has little to say about his future movements—in baseball. He must stay with the team he joined first unless he is purchased or drafted into higher company, and he can not choose his company. No one can purchase Short without his owner's consent, but every September there is a chance he may be drafted into a league of higher class, and the lower his grade the better his chance for promotion.

The two majors draft players from any or all minor leagues. Club-owners in "Class AA" can draft from all leagues below them in rank and so on down the line, each class taking its proper turn at the feast, just like fleas—except that in baseball the bigger ones bite the littler ones instead of vice versa as in fleadom.

If Short has the right stuff in him, he is certain to reach the majors sooner or later. It is better for him to arrive later than too soon. In entering the majors he will have no choice of leagues or clubs, and may become a member of a perpetual tail-end team where his light is bound to be hidden under a bushel. Lucky are the Shorts who attain their baseball majority as parts of winning teams, giving them opportunities to make nation-wide reputations.

As in every other monopoly, the chief mischief in organized baseball is its abuse. The preamble of the national agreement makes one of its primary objects "the promotion of the welfare of ball-players as a class, by developing and perfecting them in their profession and enabling them to secure adequate compensation for expertness." Interspersed with provisions safeguarding club-owners and leagues from each other's greed and trickery are clauses honestly designed to protect players from dishonest or

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stingy club-owners and to permit them to advance.

Plans do not always work out according to specifications. The draft rule itself is an illustration. Its abuse has resulted in the too sudden rise of promising youngsters from the lowest to the highest grade without stopping to acquire the rudiments of the baseball education they need to compete with big-league players. Theoretically, the drafting process should advance a young player from one grade to another as fast as he is fitted to go. In practise the major-league clubs corral every undeveloped player who even looks like a diamond in the rough. Nine out of every ten of them are so full of flaws they are sent back after a more or less cursory examination. The big-league manager is too busy to teach kids their A-B-C's.

Scores of good prospects are ruined in this way every season. Too sudden realization of the youngsters' hopes, followed by quick disappointment, wrecks ambition. Without that, players become automatons of no value above the middle classes.

This wrong is intensified by a rule which restricts the number of players that may be drafted from Classes "AA" and "A," the two highest grades of minors, and by the method of determining by lot what players shall be subject to draft in those leagues when two or more are drafted from one club. Fake drafts are resorted to so as to cut down the chances that good players will graduate into the majors. In consequence, the big leagues turn to the lower classes from which they may draft without stint and get only raw material. A few years ago this annual traffic assumed such wholesale proportions that it was necessary to put a limit on the number of players each club could hold by the "reserve rule." Some owners were drafting players merely for the purpose of peddling them for a profit.

The magnate can peddle his players in open market, with a few restrictions. The player can not peddle his services except in isolated cases. A great pitcher may want to work for a master who would give many thousands of dollars to be able to hire him. "The system" makes that club-owner say to the player:

"Bring me a written release from your club. Otherwise I can not negotiate with you."

When a player rebels and jumps his contract or reservation, there is almost nowhere to go except back, and he will have to pay a fine to get back. Independent clubs whose patronage permits paying high salaries are few. Independent leagues have been scarce and short-lived in recent years.

Any one can get busy any winter and sign a grand little team of major-league experts whose contracts have expired. Whence would come the wherewithal to pay salaries if he could not find worthy opponents for his team? Out of his own pocket. For he would be "an enemy of organized baseball," in the language of the national agreement, and as such he would be shunned by all parties to it under penalty of absolute divorce from it.

It would take eight teams to make up the only size of major circuit which experience has proved profitable. A dozen years ago that would have involved a comparatively moderate stake. But the capital needed to finance the whole American League, when it made its winning fight, would not pay the cost of erecting one modern baseball plant.

After that it would be necessary to equip it with a team strong enough to command general attention.

With $8,000,000 conservatively expended you might start an independent league whose prestige would enable it to compete for patronage with the American and National Leagues. More than that might be required to finish what you started, with the chances that you would lose.

That is why organized baseball to-day is apparently as impregnable from without as Standard Oil itself. Internal explosion would wreck it instantly. Some of the elements that have been absorbed by organized baseball are more volatile and inflammable than gasoline.

And perhaps some day some one on the inside may strike a match.

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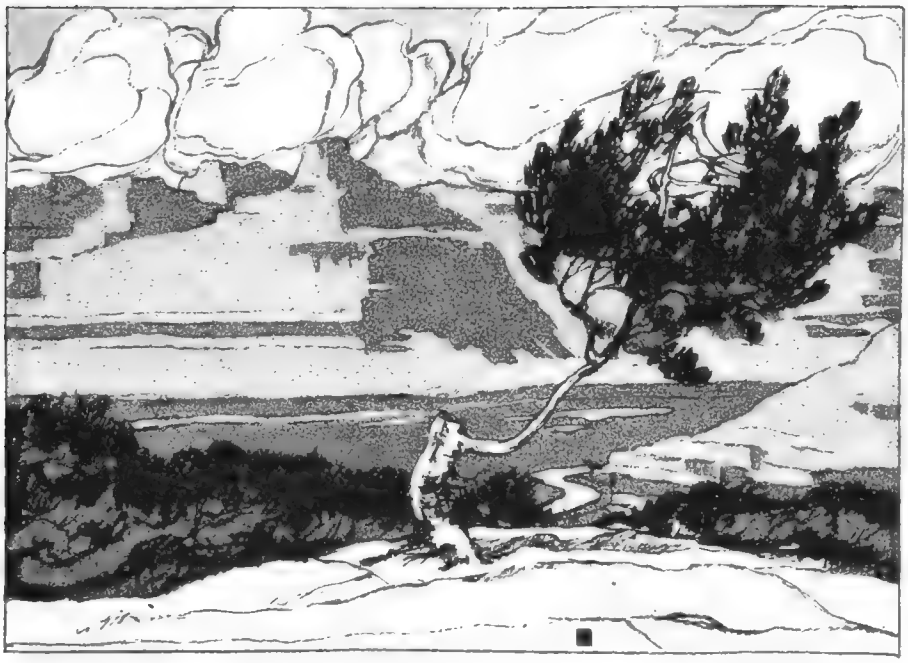

# AN ARIZONA WIND

BY EDITH WYATT

DOWN turquoise ledge and valley
And thousand-terraced height;
Past opal drop and alley
And fawn-veiled stairs of light;
Where full the Colorado
In basalt shadow sweeps,
The changing wind blows high and low
Through purple-folding deeps.

Of sheep-land and of cattle-land
She whispers still and swift;
Her flight has fanned the painted sand,
Gray spur and lilac drift;
Leapt river-bed and rapid-head
Down tawny crags and buff,
Paced caverned gulches dark and red
And hundred-portaled bluff.

What are you, many-chording wind,
And what is it you say,
As light as life, as light as death
Across the vibrant day?
So high you blow, so low you blow—
And yet so close and deep,
I hardly know from my own breath
The hushing air you keep.

Your touch stirred pine and piñyon ways
Before the foot of man;
In Navajo dominion days
Through peopled cliffs you ran;
As soon as star and shadow sped,
Before the first green tree,
Before the Colorado fled,
Your soul soared toward the sea.

Oh, manifold and manifold
The cañyon drops away;
And far the desert shimmers
Old as night and young as day;
And wide your morning music plays,
So dumb, so fully heard,
Like ocean tides and human ways
That speak without a word.

No more I know from my own breath
Your breath of sage and pine:
My thought, my force, my dream, my death
Throb in your life divine—
Divine as desert dust, the rock
In sapphire depths below,
The vanished cliffman, or the flock
Far on the blue plateau.

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# RIPE

by

W B MAXWELL

AUTHOR OF "IN COTTON WOOL," "THE GUARDED FLAME," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK CRAIG

LADY EDITH was the daughter of Lord and Lady Lynton, but she was the wife of Mr. John Upton. She was the wife of a middle-aged stockbroker; she lived for the most part of the year in the suburbs; and yet she was distinctly a personage. She was a greater personage by being outside London than if she had always stayed in it. People liked to come down to Limes Court, and her garden-parties were events. You would read in the morning paper, under "To-day's Arrangements": "Lady Edith Upton's third garden-party at Kingston," and you would long to be going. And in fact it was pleasant enough—if you went.

All this was before the ugly days of motor-cars and electric trams, when the suburbs were unpolluted; but it was not before the days of the speculative builder. As you drove down, it was pitiful to see his brutal, devastating hand at work. From behind each solid red-brick wall his hideous board would rise: "Building Estate. Ripe for Development," etc.

One can picture the rest. Down go the dear old trees; the stately Georgian house stands bare and desolate; then a row of shops line out in front; but still you may catch a glimpse of the cornice or portico for a little while. Then down goes the old house itself, and that is the end of Perceval Park or Aumale House: a town of trumpery villas, streets, parades, terraces of jerry-built, rough-cast, and patent-tile abomination, has rolled over and obliterated the last traces of the home of the famous political lord, the great chancellor, or the king in exile.

Limes Court was safe, of course, and, by reason of the universal destruction, becoming every year more precious and more wonderful.

As you drove in through stone-pillared gates, you were at once hundreds of miles away from the ugly, rolling town. You were deep in the heart of wooded England; you were being taken to visit the lord-lieutenant of the county. There were some of his dwarf Jerseys; there was his thatched tea-cottage; there was the lane that led you to the home-farm.

The house itself was quietly splendid, reposefully magnificent. With the crowds of arrivals, you drifted through the rooms and came out on the terrace—into the thick of Lady Edith's third or fourth garden-party, as the case might be, and, if partial to garden-parties, were glad you had been asked and glad you had been able to come.

Lady Edith, tall, handsome, composedly gracious, was on the terrace, receiving her guests; a Guards band was playing classical and popular music in alternate numbers;



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behind the great windows of the long orangery there were tea and strawberries on small round tables; and ices and sandwiches, and champagne plain in bottles and full of odd things in jugs, being lavishly supplied by many servants at buffets.

And all over the wide lawns, walking in shade and in sunlight, sauntering away through the meadows toward the thatched cottage to look at the cows in their fields, the flowers in their beds, the fish in their ponds—all over the place were Lady Edith's interesting, well-dressed guests.

Here were wise people, pretty people well worth looking at. Here were ambassadors; actors; actresses—if over forty and *very* famous, or French, when no questions were asked; all the lords and ladies who had nothing to do that afternoon; but very few people from the City—just a few.

Here, to admire also, was the famous vista of the limes with the tower of Kingston Church—and never a roof in sight, look where you would. Mingling with the music of the Guards band, a babble of admiration floated on the summer air:

"Too charmin' for words."

"Quite."

"So well kept up, isn't it?"

"Exactly. Just what I was going to say. Nothing spared to make it perfect. Really idyllic—on a day like this."

Often the guests spoke of the City-made wealth by which all this pleasant and animated scene was rendered possible. Often, as to-day, they discussed the present and future market value of Lady Edith's idyllic surroundings.

"I happen to know something about these matters," said a white-haired old boy. "As trustee—ye know—for young Boscastle, I saw the working of the whole thing."

He was with another white-haired old fellow and two most solid dowagers; and as they walked very slowly in the sunlight, he told them of how he and his co-trustees had been forced to break up the Coombe-Mallard estate for building purposes; of how dear old Lady Boscastle had fought against the cruel necessity; and of how completely reconciled her ladyship had been when the money began to come tumbling in—both by way of ground-rents and purchase.

"These speculating builders, agents, and that sort of fellow came buzzing about our ears like so many flies—a swarm of 'em, ye know, bidding against each other, before we'd made up our minds what the dickens we were to do with the place."

"I remember it," said one of the solid dowagers. "Very charmin' place it was."

"Wasn't it? But, ye know, really unknown to us, it had been steadily growing in value—for building. But *they* knew—those agent fellows. They have an instinct that seems to tell 'em when their chance is coming. I called 'em flies, but our solicitors, who carried through the whole thing for us—very good firm—Bridgenorths—they said these regular agent fellows are more like vultures. Hovering—don't ye know—whenever there's death and disaster in the air."

"How horrid!" said the heavier of the two dowagers. "Shall we look for chairs? I believe we should find a seat in the orangery—and some tea."

"Capital idea!" said the white-haired cavaliers.

But perhaps because these two fine old boys were less anxious for tea than the ladies, they somehow got lost in the crowd behind the orangery windows, and, no doubt regretfully, here went off escort-duty. However, stout Mary Lady Crowland and stouter Frances Lady Ambleside obtained refreshment in great comfort at a table all to themselves, and, indeed, found another cavalier in an obliging stranger, who sent a servant to bring them tea, and himself carried them strawberries and cream. He was a grave, kind man, who made nothing of this trouble, and to whom both Mary and Frances were smilingly grateful for the slight assistance he offered.

"Too kind of you, I'm sure! *So* pleasant here, isn't it?"

Talking still of the charms of Limes Court, while they dipped the fresh, sound strawberries in the thick, rich cream, the two good dowagers came soon to speak of the man who worked all day in the City to make the strawberries grow firm and the cows yield generous milk—of their host, who counted for nothing in Lady Edith's garden-parties.

But when they spoke of *him*, the attentive stranger disappeared.

"Er—Frances, could that friendly creature have been our host himself?"

"Upon my word, Mary, I think it must have been! Yes, I am sure it is. I see him over there, speaking to the servants."

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Really, he counted for very little in Lady Edith's garden-parties; really, perhaps, he counted for very little more in Lady Edith's life.

II

They had been married ten years, and he was much older than she—a gray, self-repressed man, strong of feature and strong of frame, dressing soberly, sober, almost solemn of aspect until you came to know him well: and no one seemed to do that. A man perhaps envied by many, but walking alone in a crowd—envied because of his success, but perhaps always carrying with him the sense of failure. No children. That was a heavy disappointment. That, perhaps, was the thought which puckered his forehead and slackened the strong line of his lips when he sat by himself sometimes in his little Mayfair house or his big City office.

He had been wonderfully successful. Once he was John Upton the clerk; then he was John Upton the principal partner. The firm was Meredith, George and Company, but he was the firm itself now—of Lombard Street; a solid, respectable house—brokers to the United Bank; doing Government business—Colonial Government business. No speculation. No need to speculate.

When he fell desperately in love with Lady Edith, it was all easy going for him. He won Lord and Lady Lynton immediately, and henceforth it was a triple attack upon the well-guarded heart. Lady Edith did not surrender without adequate and sufficiently maintained defense. There was no one else—Lady Edith told her mama that she was quite sure of this. But, after all, a stockbroker was—a stockbroker. If Lady Edith had been weaving girlish dreams, she may have felt that in all her dreams she had never dreamt of a stockbroker.

"My wish," said mama, "is *not* to influence you either way. It is for you to decide. But there is *one* consideration that—other things being equal—we ought not to lose sight of. He is certainly very much in love with you; and he has heaps and heaps of money."

Money and love. He offered her both: all that he had of either. And he never asked her which she had chosen when by saying yes she agreed to make all parties happy.

Heaps of money, yet a slight hitch—about tying it all up. But he bought Limes Court, and settled it upon his wife absolutely; and with this the Lyntons were finally contented. As Mr. Upton explained, the golden heaps were in the business itself, and could not be taken out of the business. Lord Lynton might measure, and was invited to measure, the depth and width of the golden stream that annually flowed from the business; and with this measurement the properly careful parent was obliged to be satisfied.

"You'll get a London house, of course," said Lord Lynton, still feebly bargaining. "You won't expect Edie to stick down at Kingston all through the year."

"I have a London house," said Mr. Upton, "in South Audley Street."

His lordship was aware of this fact, but the house was a very small one, and he declared it to be "insufficient," and "a bandbox." "All right, you know, for a bachelor, but really——"

"If Edith doesn't find it big enough, we can get a bigger house later. But there's twelve years of the lease to run."

Mr. Upton further reminded Lord Lynton that it was Edith, and not he, who had taken a fancy to Limes Court, and desired to live outside London.

"It is solely to please Edith that I am buying it," he said. "I have only one wish in life—to make her happy."

"I am sure that's so," said his lordship, "but she mayn't be the best judge of what *will* make her happy."

"If her happiness is to be found in a big London house," said Mr. Upton, "we will look for it there—later on. But we'll carry out the present arrangement first, if you don't mind. You may trust me to do my best."

"All right," said my lord, rather glumly, as if in truth thinking that it was all wrong.

Then with all due pomp and ceremony Mr. John Upton and the Lady Edith Parracombe, third daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lynton, were made one.

She was a good wife from the first; but slowly, as the years passed, they drifted apart, until one might almost say they were two again. Between them there were no quarrels, wranglings, or bickerings; but it seemed that if there was nothing to push

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them asunder, there was nothing to hold them together. She was the person who spent the money; he was the man who made the money; and they did not, after the opening of their married life, ever exchange confidences as to the happiness or weariness which each derived from the process.

Lady Edith was not interested in business matters—did not know if the place in Lombard Street was a house or a flat; had never felt the least curiosity to go and have a look at it.

"I am profoundly ignorant," she told her women friends, "and my husband always leaves his business behind him—forgets it after office hours."

"But how nice!" said one of the friends. "What a blessing that must be! You are luckier than poor Angela Dunford. She says that ever since Bertie went into the City he thinks of nothing else. He moans and groans in his sleep, dreaming that all his silly stocks and shares are going up or down—whichever he doesn't want them to do."

Lady Edith was not fond of fishing. She was a good wife, but not the sort of wife to flounder into running water with a landing-net, and be photographed, making a pretty family picture for the illustrated papers: husband, wife, and salmon. Thus in August and September days, when stock-brokers make holiday, Mr. Upton might be looked for in Ireland or Norway, while Lady Edith could be seen by all the world at Homburg, Carlsbad, or Dinard.

She was a good wife—from a social point of view, a perfect wife. She had made his name as well known in polite society as it was in business circles. "Upton! What Upton? Do you mean Lady Edith's husband?" Whether as hostess at little winter dinners in South Audley Street or as hostess at the big summer parties at Kingston she deserved all praise. She did not shirk, either, those wifely duties which society can not observe, though it can and often does talk about them. When Mr. Upton once was ill in bed, Lady Edith came up from Kingston, sat by his bedisde, read aloud to him in calm, even tones till he got up again. What that she did not give him should a reasonable man ask for?

Mr. Upton asked for nothing—at least, asked only once something in the nature of a favor; and then it was refused to him.

Lady Edith was so good a wife that naturally, in spite of her good looks, the tongue of scandal was powerless to harm her. Really, you could not see her talking to a man—alone with a man, in a box at the opera, in her victoria in Hyde Park, at a German spa, on the top of a mountain, anywhere—without understanding that, as the common phrase runs, there was nothing in it, and that you had better not waste breath in starting a tale which all the wind in your body would never keep going.

But she had men friends as well as women friends. If you saw the man in the victoria one day, you would very likely see him there the next day; also in the opera-box—for a little while the same man always. It was simply the modern fashion. Nothing—absolutely nothing in it.

Once it was an ex-guardsman, who was a musical genius. He composed reveries, nocturnes, what not, and played them himself on the piano—for the first time—to Lady Edith. His talent had been spurned in the regiment. He was always included in week-end parties at Limes Court. Mr. Upton, coming down on Saturday afternoon, would find him at the piano, playing assiduously. And Lady Edith, as her husband came gently into the pretty room, would raise a finger warningly—give him a gracious, smiling, but serious warning not to interrupt the music. The young man always went on playing; and when he had finished his nocturne, or whatever it was, he always politely asked what Mr. Upton thought of it.

Once it was a brilliant and well-connected young man who wrote plays, which were acted only on Sunday evenings, by some peculiar and influential society of which Lady Edith was a member. He rewrote his plays perpetually, and he read—for the first time—all his new versions to Lady Edith. But he never went on reading when Mr. Upton came into the room. He stopped at once; folded his typewritten copy; bit his mustache discontentedly; almost glared at his host, as who should say: "What the deuce are you doing here—disturbing people? Why don't you go back to the City, and attend to your own business?"

Then it was an older man; and then Mr. Upton asked his favor, in the pretty morning-room at Limes Court.

"Edith, I don't care about your Mr. What's-his-name."

"Are you speaking of Gerald Gordon?"

"Yes. I don't care about him."

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"Don't you?" said Lady Edith very coldly. "You scarcely know him. You have not seen him more than half a dozen times."

"I have seen him oftener than I want to. Edith, oblige me—humor my whim. Don't ask him here; and don't let people see you about together any more."

But then Lady Edith protested against what she seemed to consider an unwarranted interference with her freedom in selecting her own friends. She protested coldly, calmly, dispassionately.

"You say 'oblige me;' but you speak as if you were issuing an order. Of course I shall obey you—whatever I may think."

This was at the end of the protest—very coldly and calmly. Mr. Upton, standing by the marble hearth, had picked up a delicate Dresden figure and was examining it as if he had never seen it before and did not remember how much money he had paid for it. He too was quite calm: gray, grave, and strong, a quiet, self-repressed man who certainly conveyed the impression that he would be obeyed if he did issue an order; not at all the sort of man to be set at naught by any Mr. Gerald Gordon.

"Edith, how can you talk like that?"

"You compel me to speak plainly. You don't seem to understand that what you have said to me is—almost—an insult."

"Edith!" And Mr. Upton put down the china shepherdess, and stretched out his hand, as if inviting his wife to come across the room and clasp it. "Edith!"

But his wife did not avail herself of the invitation. "I want to know exactly what you mean. Don't you trust me?"

"Yes, absolutely."

"Then your request is ridiculous."

"I don't think so. I trust you—*absolutely;* but there are appearances."

"Appearances! I think I should be the best judge as to appearances."

"Oh, very well," said Mr. Upton; and that was the end of it all.

Lady Edith remained quite unruffled. It took much to ruffle Lady Edith.

## III

But she was perceptibly ruffled at last. The ruffling began with something that she really might have supported as a most trifling annoyance. It was only an impertinent letter from a person of no consequence —just a vulgar, pushing little tradesman who called himself an estate-agent. The letter made her face flush with indignation.

"Should you be desirous of selling Limes Court," said Mr. Vince, of the New Parade, Kingston-on-Thames, "we shall be happy to assist you in the matter. We may say that we have long considered this land ripe for building, and we anticipate little difficulty in developing it both expeditiously and advantageously."

Sell Limes Court! Cut up and utterly destroy her beautiful home—the place that she had made famous, the place upon which she had lavished her art and care together with her husband's money, the place that she loved! Was ever such an impertinent suggestion made by an impudent agent questing for his odious work?

She was so angry that she spoiled three sheets of her thick Limes Court paper before she satisfied herself by attaining duly crushing terms for her brief third-person reply to vulgar Mr. Vince.

"We note," said Mr. Vince, acknowledging his set-back, "that you do not at present contemplate offering Limes Court for sale, or yourself developing it as a building estate, although, as experts, we have no hesitation in assuring you that it is thoroughly ripe for this purpose. Should you at any time feel disposed to go into the matter again, we shall be most happy to put our services at your disposal."

Lady Edith's hand shook as she tore up this second consummately impudent communication. Really, she was unreasonably angry. But, although the wife of a business man, she knew so little of business that she could make no allowance for the necessity which compels business men, big and little, to be ever seeking business.

In her opinion it would have been grossly impertinent to write to her, even if the preposterous notion that she would ever sell her property had been sober fact. It was true that the property belonged to her, and not to her husband; but that was a purely private arrangement. No Mr. Vince had any right to this knowledge, or any excuse for acting on it. Had Mr. Vince been justified in writing to anybody, he should have written to her husband; but, of course, he should not have written to anybody.

She was driving, in a day or two, by the river, and then past the ugly new shops

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MINGLING WITH THE MUSIC OF THE GUARDS BAND, A BABBLE OF ADMIRATION FLOATED ON THE SUMMER AIR: "AIN'T CHARMIN' FOR WORDS?" "EXACTLY JUST WHAT I WAS GOING TO SAY." NOTHING SPARED TO MAKE IT PERFECT.

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called the New Parade. She looked with haughty contempt at the bill-decorated front window of Mr. Vince's office:

BUILDING LAND
RIPE FOR DEVELOPMENT
GRENVILLE HOUSE ESTATE, ETC.

In imagination she saw such a bill prepared for the sacred and inviolate Limes; and again indignation brought a faint flush to her pale cheeks.

The flush deepened presently. Her carriage had passed the estate-agent's, and then had been stopped abruptly by an obstruction in the road. A builder's wagon, laden with scaffold-poles, blocked the road from pavement to pavement; and the poor horses were helplessly straining to pull it round and move on with it.

"My lady—your ladyship—a thousand pardons—but if I may have a word with you—" An impudent, red-haired little man had come running from his office, and now stood bowing by the carriage-step. "I am Mr. Vince. We have been in correspondence, as you know, and I could not let the opportunity slip."

The stupid footman, thinking that his mistress enjoyed the conversation and intended to prolong it, would have got down to stand by Mr. Vince at the carriage-wheel; but her ladyship told him to remain where he was.

"Turn," she said to the coachman, "and drive back to the river."

"A personal interview," said Mr. Vince eagerly, "often clears up any little misunderstanding."

"There can be no misunderstanding," said Lady Edith. "You have received a reply to your inquiry."

"Yes; but," said Mr. Vince, still close to the step, as the coachman turned his horses, "if you would permit me to come up to the Court any morning. I do assure you there never was a time when things were brisker." And, as the carriage drove away, his ugly, vulgar words followed her: "Ripe—development—top of the market," etc.

As she drove in through the stone-pillared gates, and looked first on one side, then on the other, she felt the warm blood rising to her face again.

The stately trees were throwing long shadows across the rich meadows; at a white gate the cows had clustered, waiting for their servants, the farm-hands, to come and conduct them to the sheds and milk them; beyond, the field was blazing color, red and mauve rhododendrons in their full June glory; through masses of foliage one caught a glimpse of stone balustrades and glittering water.

Presently, beneath the graceful branches of her sweet-smelling limes, the house itself came into view, massive, splendid, imposing, yet with the pretty, homelike touches that so pleased the garden-party visitors when they saw it for the first time. Green shutters to white-framed windows, red-and-white flowers in the tiled window-boxes, red-and-white blinds to make the house seem sleeping while the sun shone upon it.

Sell it! Take the top of the market for the beautiful home which she had made all her care, to which she had given all her love for ten long years! Lady Edith was perhaps more angry than she had ever been as she thought of the insolent overtures of the eager, red-haired man.

On a table in the square hall there were letters, and some visiting-cards left by people who had called in the course of their afternoon drives—people of more or less importance from big houses at Wimbledon, Esher, and Hampton, not ordinary suburb-dwellers. One card the butler had separated from the rest, and laid on the corner of the ebony table, and now he glanced at it doubtfully.

"A person, my lady, who was very particular to see you. I asked him if he was expected by you, my lady, but he said no, only he would be glad if you could spare him a minute, as it was important."

Lady Edith looked down at the isolated card, and started as she read: "*Mr. Robert Miller, Miller and Company, Auctioneers and Estate-Agents, St. James's Street.*"

"I can not see this person."

"No, my lady; I told him I was sure you would not—without he had come by appointment. But he said he'd wait."

"Is he here now?"

"No, my lady. He asked permission to walk round the place."

"You should not have given him permission."

"I didn't, my lady. I told him I couldn't take it on myself to say he might—that is, *inside;* but of course he was free to walk round the outside in the public road, and

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he said he'd go and do so, and call again on the chance."

"That was quite right, Reynolds. If he calls again, tell him I can not see him."

Then Lady Edith picked up her letters, and went into her own room to read them while the footmen brought the tea things.

One letter was from a hospital, appealing for a donation; one was from a friend, asking for an invitation to the next garden-party for a dear girl who would then be staying with her; and one was from the great Pall Mall firm of estate-agents.

"With a view," said the Pall Mall firm, "to the sale by private treaty of Limes Court and the surrounding ripe building estate, we shall esteem it a favor if you will allow us to place the same upon our register."

Lady Edith, after reading her letter, walked about the room with clenched hands. Slander had been powerless to touch her; scandal had been forced to pass her by; but now, plainly, rumor was busy with her name. It could not be chance—that all these agents should of a sudden come like a swarm of flies buzzing about her fragrant limes. Some one had spread a report that she wanted to sell her limes, her shaded paths, her velvet lawns and glittering pools. Some garden-party guest, eating her strawberries but bursting with envy at the sight of so much splendid peace and well-ordered beauty, had done this thing to humiliate her, to annoy her. Perhaps there had been a paragraph in the newspapers: the lie put into public print by the secret enemy.

It was some time before Lady Edith could compose herself; but at last she succeeded in recovering a calmly contemptuous state of mind again. What did it matter, really? If the annoyance continued, perhaps it would be well to get her husband to deal with it—from Lombard Street. He could have newspapers searched, and, if any impertinence were discovered, he could instruct people to get injunctions, and so forth. He would know what to do and how to do it. If the annoyance continued, it would then become a matter of business—something that had passed from her department into his.

Next morning there were two letters from London agents—a Maddox Street firm and a Holborn firm—and another letter from the uncrushed Mr. Vince.

"*Re* Limes Court," wrote Mr. Vince: "We regret troubling you in this matter again, but, hearing that rival firms are moving, we do earnestly beg that, should you ultimately decide to treat, you will in fairness remember that we were the first firm to approach you in this important matter."

Then Lady Edith determined that, on the next occasion they happened to meet, she would request her husband to deal with the annoyance.

## IV

On this glorious June day Lady Edith felt languid and weary. It was a day on which the least effort tired one. She had breakfast in the open air, at the shaded end of the terrace; and she sat for a long time after the servants had carried away the breakfast-table, shirking the duties that lay before her.

This morning she must grant interviews to the man who managed the farm for her, to the man from the waterworks who was to investigate the cause of the lessened pressure at the third fountain, to the head gardener, and the man who was to be sent from the nurseries on Kingston Hill to advise as to the new flower-beds—a heavy morning's work for the mistress of Limes Court.

Then, after lunch, a woman friend was coming to spend a long afternoon and remain to dinner. Lady Edith very nearly made up her mind to send a telegram to Roehampton asking the friend not to come.

She and this Angela Dunford were very old friends, who had seen little of each other in late years. They had been girls together, neighbors in Devonshire. Then Angela had married her Bertie. Captain Bertie was in a smart cavalry regiment, and he had carried his bride into the exile that suddenly befell the dashing corps. From far-off India, Angela wrote immense letters to her dear playmate Edith, and on thin paper and with crossed lines deplored her banishment at such great length that perhaps Edith grew tired of reading about it, and omitted to reply by return mail as requested.

Then the gallant Bertie came into a fortune, left the regiment, hastened home, and promptly lost the fortune by unlucky investments. Then, thinking he had learnt all about the City while achieving his disaster, Bertie became a regular City man;

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and, as Angela said, moaned in his sleep while he dreamed of his stocks and shares. Really, the poor man did very well in the City, and contrived to keep an intact roof to shelter his loving wife and his noisy youngsters.

The two friends met now on rare occasions, but exile and the years had broken the old bond. Angela was handsome still, but to Edith's critical eye all the old charm and elegance were gone. She had somehow become a middle-class matron, thinking of nothing but her husband and her children, and only with apparent difficulty talking of anything else. She came to the garden-parties by train, and she brought with her two little boys in white sailor-suits; and it used to be this sort of thing:

"Good-by, Edith dear. Jack, Tom, thank Lady Edith for a happy afternoon. I hope you didn't mind my bringing them."

"Mind? Good-by, Angela. Really, we have not had a word together."

"No, Edith. Do let me come down one day when you are quite alone."

"Oh, but *do*."

"And, of course, if you wouldn't mind my bringing these two imps, they'd simply love it."

For auld lang syne it would not do to put off poor Angela. In all the years she had never come with her children for the quiet day. But now she had suddenly invited herself, without the children. She was staying at Roehampton, and her friends would lend her a carriage.

"I am longing to see you," said Angela. "I want to be all alone with you, as we used to be in the old times, when we were both happy girls, with nothing in all the wide world to worry or distress us."

Thus wrote sentimental and rather boring Angela; and, receiving no telegram to withdraw the consent to her friendly visit, she duly arrived on this oppressively warm afternoon.

"Oh, Edith dear, I am so glad to be with you." And she kissed her hostess affectionately.

Edith Upton strolled about the lovely gardens with the visitor; showed her the dwarf magnolias and the giant peonies, the water-lilies with the gold-fish darting beneath the broad leaves in the lowest of the stone-walled ponds, the tower of the church at the end of the famous vista, and the upper terrace and the house as seen from the marble seat in the rosery: in a word, showed the visitor all the pretty things that she, the hostess, was never tired of looking at.

But the visitor to-day seemed to see without seeing. Her thoughts seemed far away, and the only serious comment she made was something that sounded like disparagement.

"It is wonderful," said Mrs. Dunford. "So near London—you wouldn't guess. But you don't have the country air. Personally, I could be happy in a cottage—in the country—if only it was the real country."

"The peaches ripen here," said Lady Edith, very seriously. "People say the London smoke extends to Staines now, but I always think peaches are the test. Would you care to go through the houses? I am proud of my orchard-houses."

"Do you know, I'd rather sit down now," said the visitor. "It *is* so hot, isn't it?" And, as they strolled up to the terrace, again she spoke thoughtfully. "Edith, I notice you say about everything 'my,' not 'our.' The whole place is yours, isn't it? I mean, it really all belongs to you, not to Mr. Upton?"

"Yes," said Lady Edith, coldly. "It is mine. It was my husband's wedding present."

"A magnificent present."

"Yes," said Lady Edith.

She spoke coldly, because her friend's somewhat odd question had set her thinking of all those estate-agents again.

After tea she took her friend for a long drive, and during the drive she related the annoyance to which she had been subjected by the agents. She talked of the agents with the utmost scorn and strong indignation.

"Ripe! They call it ripe for development. They say I ought to sell it for building."

"Oh," said Angela, "you wouldn't like to sell it, of course?"

"*Like?* I wouldn't sell it for any consideration whatever. If it was worth a thousand pounds a square foot, they should not have it."

"Oh," said Angela.

Lady Edith, while she dressed for dinner, left her friend time to smooth her hair and put on her hat again, and time also for reflection and musing. The visitor was on the terrace when the hostess came down, looking queenlike and gracious and altogether splendid.

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"Edith," said the visitor, abruptly, "my husband says Mr. Upton has ceased to act for the United Bank."

"Has he? I know nothing of business matters."

"They are all having a baddish time in the City, my husband says." And the guest looked hard at her hostess, who was looking down her vista at the church-tower.

"Are they?"

It was rather a silent meal. The two friends had talked about so many things already that there was not much more to talk about. It was a still, oppressive night; and there was not a leaf stirring as they stood once more on the terrace, listening for the sound of the carriage-wheels.

"I don't understand you," said Angela Dunford, at this last moment, very abruptly. "When you speak of Mr. Upton you might be speaking of a stranger."

Lady Edith laughed. "It is not necessary—is it?—to convey all one's feelings in the tone of one's voice."

Angela, she thought, had exceeded an old friend's license. An old playmate and girl friend is entitled to be a bore, but she is not entitled to be impertinent.

"Edith, I have something on my mind. I have been trying to tell you—Bertie says there are things being said about Mr. Upton—things that a wife ought to know. People are talking about it."

"Do you mean that he is paying the bills —of some actress?"

"Oh, no! They say—well, that his business is going to pieces—that he has been speculating unsuccessfully."

"That can not be true. His firm does not speculate."

"How do you know? You say you know nothing about him and his business. Well, I thought you ought to know."

"Thanks," said Lady Edith. "Though, really, I don't understand why, or what I can do in the matter."

"Don't you? If my husband was in any mess, I should know what to do!"

"What?"

"Stand by his side and face the trouble with him. . . . Good-night, Edith."

## V

Lady Edith, alone on the terrace after her friend had gone, walked up and down, thinking deeply.

She understood now. This was what had set the agents moving. Rumor was busy with her husband's name, not hers. Disaster was in the air; and about the threatened man all those who make their profit by wreck and ruin, like vultures, had begun to hover. Doubtless all the world had been talking, and, as always, the wife was the last to hear an echo of the ominous chorus. Walking slowly to and fro, she thought of how this trouble had come unushered into her quiet, guarded life. It was the last danger she had ever thought of: that the golden heaps of money would one day melt and vanish. Now, instinctively, she was sure that her husband's ruin would be complete and rapidly consummated. It was the common end—had she ever reflected—of the common business story. Trite, stale, and yet inevitable—she had seen it acted in stage plays, had read it again and again in stupid novels.

"I beg your pardon: my husband will not spare expense," the proud wife would say defiantly. "My husband is a rich man."

"*Was* a rich man," some one would heavily reply. "Say *was*, not *is*."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that your husband is a ruined pauper." (Act-drop. End of Act II, etc.)

Trouble, perhaps disgrace, was coming fast into her quiet life. Disaster was in the oppressively heavy air. The sky was growing darker; the long summer twilight was gone; and the starless night seemed to draw in, closer, heavier, each time that she turned in her thoughtful pacings.

She was thinking of him now. At last her thoughts had passed from herself, from consideration of how the trouble might affect her, to how it might affect him. Suddenly, pity moved her. He would suffer; he must suffer very greatly in the ruin that, like the dark night, was closing him round. He was a strong man, a resolute, fighting man, who would suffer torments of mind in his failure. He was not the sort of man to take defeat easily; to get up from the ground, brush the dust from his clothes, and try to smile as if nothing had happened. He had fought a good fight—she felt no doubt of that; had fought longer and harder than another sort of man. But, beaten at last, he would be heartbroken.

Pity pulled at her heartstrings as she thought of him—grave, silent, self-repressed, a doomed man walking in a crowd,

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envied by many while he carried his secret burden of dread. As she thought of him now, her friend's words sounded again in her ears. She must go to him to-morrow morning. She must stand by his side and help him to face his trouble. She must do her duty. And while she thought of her wifely duty, sadness, regret, weariness possessed her—an infinite weariness made her footsteps drag as she turned from the dark terrace toward the lighted house.

There was a sound of voices in the hall, and for a moment she thought that her husband had come down—to excuse her from the task of going to him. The weight slipped from her feet, and her steps quickened as she went toward the voices.

But she found only servants closing the shutters, while the butler talked to a belated visitor in the porch.

"A Mr. Jefferies, my lady," said the butler, coming from the porch. "One of Mr. Upton's clerks, my lady, from Lombard Street."

Then the visitor advanced into the hall.

LADY EDITH WAS PERCEPTIBLY RUFFLED AT LAST. THE RUFFLING LITTLE TRADESMAN WHO CALLED

"I am sorry to disturb you," said Mr. Jefferies, politely, "at such an hour. But I hoped to find Mr. Upton here, or that he would have left me some message."

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BEGAN WITH AN IMPERTINENT LETTER FROM A VULGAR, PUSHING HIMSELF AN ESTATE-AGENT.

Mr. Jefferies was a bearded, middle-aged man—sedate, self-repressed, one might say, as his master: a fitting and suitable confidential clerk with the Lombard Street manner.

"I live at Twickenham," said Mr. Jefferies. "So I just came on to Kingston to inquire."

Lady Edith, speaking to the visitor, was conscious of the interest shown in this visit by her servants. The butler was lending an attentive ear; the footmen were pretending to be busy with the shutters, slowly, noiselessly lifting bars and closing flaps; Sergeant, her maid, passing through the hall, lingered on the stairs; a baize door that led to the offices had moved slightly—there were hidden listeners. Disaster was in the air. Echoes of the ominous City chatter had been heard in outer halls and lobbies.

"Not finding him in South Audley Street, I thought I would come on. I thought perhaps he might have left a message for me with you."

"No."

"Knowing that he had been here this afternoon, I thought——"

"But Mr. Upton has not been here to-day."

"I beg your pardon, my lady," said the attentive butler. "The master was here this afternoon—while you were out driving."

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"For how long?"

"About an hour, my lady. He said he would not disturb you in any case; but you were out for the drive, my lady."

"Yes, my lady," said Sergeant, the maid. "He was in his room for over an hour."

"Oh, you saw him?" said Lady Edith, rather breathlessly. "Did he say if he would be down for the week-end? Did he leave any message—for *me*, I mean?"

"Er—no, my lady," said Sergeant. "No, my lady."

Lady Edith told the visitor to follow her into a pretty little room on the left of the hall, and to close the door. "Tell me what you want exactly. There is some serious trouble—in Lombard Street?"

"Well," said Mr. Jefferies, with a deprecating gesture, "a pressure of business—certainly; and we are, perhaps, a little at sixes and sevens, as it were—for the moment."

Mr. Jefferies was calm, self-possessed, but graver in the little room than he had been in the big hall; and with every word he ruffled Lady Edith's composure more and more completely.

"I have no doubt I shall find Mr. Upton to-morrow morning in South Audley Street—I have very little doubt. That's what I will do—go there, first thing in the morning, and take his instructions. We are—as I say—rather at sixes and sevens."

"What time will he go to the office to-morrow?"

Mr. Jefferies glanced round the room. He did not reply to this inquiry. "What time in the morning do you expect him in Lombard Street?"

"We expected him there this afternoon," said Mr. Jefferies gravely, "but he didn't come."

"And were you—did his absence make things more difficult for you?"

"Well—no easier. But I was not thinking of that. You—see, the fact is—as I say, we expected him. It is, of course, important that he should give us all the fullest instructions—just now." And Mr. Jefferies pulled out his watch and looked at it.

"I don't suppose," he said, still looking at his watch, "that Mr. Upton tells you much about office-work and us—our names even. But I can assure you I have been in Mr. Upton's confidence. I assure you he reposes trust in me." And he looked up suddenly from his watch to Lady Edith's face. "I wish I could have seen him to-night. I wish I could have seen him. . . . If he is here, I beg of you to let me see him."

Lady Edith's hand began to shake, and her face was very pale. The man thought she was deceiving him: that, in this hour of crisis, she was hiding her husband from his confidential clerk. Eagerly she protested her innocence; and Mr. Jefferies, with his eyes upon her face, at once believed her.

"Forgive me," he said. "I see I was wrong. I thought it was just possible. Well, I can't do anything more. . . . Eleven-fifteen—the last train has gone from Kingston—so I can't go back to town to-night. . . . I'll just walk home to Twickenham, and go up first thing to-morrow."

He had frightened her. With every word he frightened her more. Disaster and disgrace were coming to her. All her composure had been blown from her by the cold wind of ruin. Lady Edith, of the third and fourth garden-parties, had vanished utterly: it was only a white-faced, frightened, commonplace woman who was clinging now to the visitor's arm, and imploring him to tell her the truth.

"For God's sake—don't keep things back from me! What is it? You—you want to warn him. How—how can I help him? You—you want him to get away—before the morning?"

"No, no," said Mr. Jefferies, stoutly, but very gravely. "I wonder you think that. No. Certainly not. There's nothing *wrong* in that sense. If—if we are in trouble—and I don't say we are——"

"You are not telling me your real thought."

Then, with a very curious change of manner, in broken sentences this Mr. Jefferies told her something of his real thought. "You wouldn't understand—what I mean. I'm not thinking of the business: I'm thinking—of *him*. Lady Edith—you wouldn't understand. In business, men are bound together by more than the mere money. Employer and employed are sometimes—friends. That's what he and I are. I owe him everything—he trusts me—he knows that I pay my debt—in love. He is worried to death—I've been trying to make him face it—to help him, as best I could—not to lose heart—to keep steady on his base—whatever happens."

They were her friend's words, sounded again in this strange voice. To stand by his side and face the trouble with him! That

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was all the Lombard Street clerk wished to do. That was what was keeping him out of his bed at night. Love of his employer, not fear of losing his employment, was driving the man.

Soon now the man left her, and she was alone to think over it.

In his dark hour her husband had not turned to her for love or sympathy. Why should he? What had she ever done to tell him that he would find either if the need came? Pity and shame were strong upon her as she went down a corridor and turned on the electric light in her husband's little-used library. He had been here to-day—alone with his misery for an hour or more; and he had told the servants that she was not to be disturbed. In his misery he had wished to avoid her—as if she had been an enemy, not a wife.

"Not to lose heart. . . . To keep steady on his base, whatever happens!" Even now, looking round the empty room, thinking of the man's words, she did not understand the man's real thought.

The room was large and unhomelike—without the pretty things that abounded in other parts of the house: a rarely used room, scrupulously neat and tidy. Tidier, perhaps, to-night than she had ever seen it: on the big desk no litter such as a busy man often leaves, every drawer emptied of memoranda and notes, all endorsed letters carefully burnt; there was the pile of black ashes in the iron grate—a room tidied and set in order by a man who meant never to use it again.

At last she understood the thought.

When Sergeant, the maid, came to the open door, her mistress was on her knees by the bureau, with her hands shaking and rattling in the empty drawers. The maid's face was as white as that of her mistress, presently, as the girl stammered out her replies.

"My lady. I must tell you. . . . I—I am frightened. My lady, he gave me the letter to give you to-morrow morning—not before."

"Where is it? Give it me!"

Lady Edith snatched it from the girl's hands, and her own hands shook so violently that it seemed she would never be able to tear open the envelope.

I am in great difficulties, and, really, I see only one way out of them. I am very sorry to leave you like this; but you must sell Limes Court and do the best you can. They tell me the ground is ripe for building.

Then Lady Edith rushed out into the corridor—ghastly white, with a hand above her head, calling, in a voice that rose to a scream:

"Reynolds! William! Who is there? Come here!" The servants had never heard or seen the like of it. "Wake them at the stables! The carriage! The horses! For God's sake be quick!"

## VI

Suicide! Nothing else! Death was in the air!

With clenched hands she was pacing to and fro in the stable-yard, while the scared servants were dragging out her smart victoria, bringing harness for the sleepy horses, tumbling into their clothes, tumbling over one another in their frantic haste. Panic spread from her: she had filled the night with fear.

"For God's sake be quick! Can't—can't you see—it—it's life and death?"

Livid, shaking, stammering, she stood among her grooms, praying to them for speed. Swept away on a wind of horror, their proud, calm-voiced lady had vanished in the darkness between house and stables: here, in the lamplight by the coach-house doors, was a disheveled, agonized suppliant praying to them for speed.

He was alone in the silent house so many miles away, calling to Death to come to him. It was a race against Death. If she could get to him first, if she could stand by his side, she could save him. The delay almost drove her mad.

"All right, my lady. Right now."

The coachman, in his stable clothes, had pulled on his gloves after buckling the reins. Her maid had brought her a hat, and put a big cloak round her bare neck and shoulders. The maid, in bonnet and jacket, thought she was going for the drive also, but she was told to stand back.

"I best take a chap with me, my lady," said the coachman. "Jump up, Dick."

"No; no one! No one to add to the weight. Go on. Drive on."

Two of the stablemen had run forward with lanterns, to get the gates opened, to light them on their way. It was so dark beneath the spreading limes that the coachman was compelled to drive very slowly till



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they came out between the meadows. Then they went at a swinging trot along the smooth gravel to the twinkling lantern at the open gates. Slowly again through the stone pillars, and slowly turning out into the broad high-road.

"Now—now gallop them. Make them gallop now."

Then the light from the carriage-lamps flashed upon brick walls, glass fronts of shops, white palings of villas; the beat of the iron shoes rang out loud and clear: the race with Death had started. The coachman shouted to a sleepy wagoner, and the light carriage swept by in safety. A policeman was calling after them. A dog barked at them, followed them in a cloud of dust. From wall to wall the clatter of the galloping feet echoed and reverberated.

They were forced to let the horses walk when they came to the first steep hill, past the Kingston gate of Richmond Park.

"Pity we couldn't 'a' gone through the park," said the coachman. "It would 'a' saved us a lot if the park was open."

While they mounted the hill she was standing up, talking to her coachman, with her white face touching his elbow sometimes. He explained that it would be fatal to try to gallop up the hill. "Only bust 'em before we get to Wimbledon Common. Let 'em catch their wind now, and we'll do nicely." He explained to her that the road through Richmond was under repair, or he would have gone that way. "It's a bit longer, but it's a better road, if it was in order; but it isn't. Once we get to the top of the Common we'll have a fair run, down Roehampton Lane and on to Hammersmith."

All terms and ceremonies had disappeared in the darkness as they went up this first hill. No "my lady" even. Something in the heavy air stifled ceremony.

"Soon as we're over Hammersmith Bridge," said the coachman, "we shall get among the night-crawlers—the cabs, I mean. You best pick up a hansom then and go on in that. My horses will be about beat by the time we reach the bridge."

Then they galloped once more, upon the flat, broad road, between stately, sleeping houses; slower again, down the long hill; and once more galloping, through the vale, toward the next hill.

With clenched hands she sat staring in front of her, almost frozen with horror. Death was flying before her in the darkness, flying to the far-off house where *he* stood waiting.

He would wait for the night. He would wait till the night fell deep and full, and then he would creep out of the silent house, steal to the black river, and drop from a stone parapet into the darkness below. He would wait till all was silent in the street beneath the windows, and then would go from her with a flash of fire and a puff of smoke. He would wait in the silence with a glass in his hand, would drink, let the glass fall and break upon the floor, and, gasping, would drop forward from his chair. In imagination she could see him. Would she be in time?

In this long drive, all her married life seemed to come back to her. How selfish she had been always, how cold, how cruel—always. As she thought of it, her love seemed to come back to her. She had loved him. At first, not at all. Then, because of his love for her, because of the bond itself, she had been forced to love him. For a little while—for a little while after the priest had joined their hands, she had really loved him. If there had been children—she would have loved him always.

How cruelly selfish she had been! She thought of attempts he had made to bring her back to him—a word, a tone, a gesture, the meaning of which she had understood, but ignored. She thought of him lying ill, of his gratitude to her for sitting by his bedside. In imagination she felt his hand upon her wrist, heard his low voice:

"Edith, don't read any more. Don't tire yourself. Edith, how good you have been to me while I have been lying here! I shall never forget your goodness to me—never forget it."

And she had opened the book again and read on; not because he wanted to hear more, but because it was less trouble to read to him than to talk to him. She could not look back even upon this famous bedside reading without shame and regret.

How generous he had been always! He had given her all his gold; and when the gold was gone he would rather face death than empty-handed meet *her*. And she thought of how she had spent while he toiled; of her careless, grand, unquestioning way of using his money. She thought of something he had once said. "We are steadily increasing our expenses." "*We*"—

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not "*You.*" And she had said: "I thought you were so rich," or something like that—something utterly unworthy. "Yes," he said; "but I should be richer if I sometimes saved money." "Is it worth while saving?" she answered. "What should we save for?" That was a cruel—a bitterly cruel—thing to say.

Horror froze her blood now as she thought of these things. She had been driving him on—to this. The carriage-lamps flashed upon brick walls again, and the clatter of the flying feet echoed loud and long. They were dashing down Roehampton Lane. Would she be in time? Henceforth she thought no more of the past. She thought only of him, with ever-increasing fear.

She had felt certain that he would be at the house in South Audley Street; that he would go there some time this evening, as he had been to Kingston, to make all tidy and neat in the room that he meant never to use again. Instinctively she had been certain that he would go there—to wait. But now, as she drew nearer to her goal, fear broke her thought, fear nearly drove her mad. The last half hour—first with the beaten horses, and then in the hansom-cab on again from Hammersmith Broadway—was an interminable agony.

No light showed from the house; not a sound came to her as she sprang from the cab and with shaking fingers set her latch-key in the lock.

A policeman watched her as she let herself into the dark hall, and then he stood talking to the cabman.

"Seems in a hurry about something, eh? What's up, I wonder?"

Light from beneath the door of his room on the first floor; and, when her shaking hand was on the door itself, something that seemed to make her heart turn to fire, and then stop beating—the sound of a footstep.

He was by his writing-table, stooping over a tin box, tidying his papers. There was a litter of papers on the floor; there were papers on his table, on the seats of chairs; papers smoldering above a heap of ashes on the hearth. Close to his desk lay his watch. He had been busily setting his papers in order: working through the silent night-hours, with his watch open to tell him when he must strike work and use the revolver that lay waiting near the watch.

He was gray, haggard, dreadful to see—a doomed man methodically working on, with Death staring in his eyes and whispering in his ears.

Lady Edith was on her knees, an arm clinging round his legs, a hand pulling at his sleeve. She was moaning; she was sobbing; she was clinging to her husband with frenzied strength.

"Oh, oh, oh!—thank God!—oh, thank God, I am in time!"

That was how Limes Court came into the market.

Mr. Upton has been compelled to begin all over again. But he will succeed—because his wife is standing by his side, facing his troubles with him.

**IF YOU want to get a clear opinion on the claims for and against Socialism—and you ought to—read the debate on Socialism, between Morris Hillquit and John Augustine Ryan, D. D., which opens on Page 482 of this number.**

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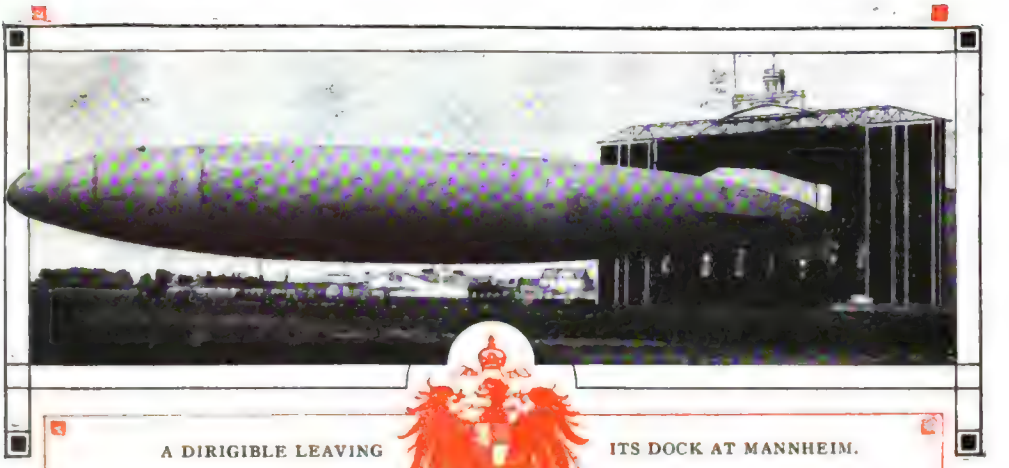

A DIRIGIBLE LEAVING ITS DOCK AT MANNHEIM.

# The WAY of a SHIP in the AIR

by

T R MacMECHEN.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE AUTHOR

ON THE night of October 13, last year, a strange airship suddenly appeared above Sheerness, London's military outpost at the mouth of the Thames—a huge bulk aglow with light. England, with her perennial suspicion, had new visions of a "Flying Dutchman."

Again, at night, the vision in the sky was seen over Dover, and again the visitor's brilliant illumination indicated friendly intentions. Yet England was agitated from end to end by the one question: Was it a war Zeppelin?

The first caller turned out to be the passenger Zeppelin, *Hansa*. The other was her sister ship, the *Viktoria Luise*. Unbidden, they were demonstrating the opening of air-traffic between the "tight little isle" and her German neighbor.

Since then the Zeppelins have made a mill-pond of the North Sea, and the scales have fallen from English eyes. England is re-reading her prophetic Tennyson, her Wells, and her Kipling, and beginning to realize the dawn of commercial air-traffic. And, in view of Germany's strong plea for peace and progress, England may now decide that the foreign airships were only the "night mail" arriving.

A few weeks ago, another Zeppelin, the *Sachsen*, flew from southern Germany to Vienna in half the running-time of the fastest express train, rode out a heavy thunderstorm at anchorage, and returned through a heavy storm to her port.

And there is also the memorable voyage of the German Admiralty's new marine Zeppelin.

This destroyer, on the morning of October

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13, 1912, started from the Swiss frontier, with a war crew of twenty-one, three tons of ballast representing munitions, and fuel for a voyage of fifty hours. Twelve hundred miles it flew—nearly half the distance over the Atlantic—across German soil and the North Sea, to the island of Heligoland, then above the Danish peninsula and the Baltic Sea, to Berlin. For thirty-one hours it was driven through a dense fog that prevailed over all Germany and the sea, and for not one moment were its navigators without knowledge of their ship's exact position.

These repeated demonstrations have been greeted throughout Germany as definite assurance that the day of air-travel has arrived; that steamships on the ocean are not more "practical" than sky liners. Two or three months ago Count Zeppelin and his technical staff announced that a modern Zeppelin will cross the Atlantic in three days, perhaps in 1913. They are ready at any time to build the ship, which would require only a perfectly practical enlargement of present ships. The last doubt of the Zeppelin's ability to cross the Atlantic was removed two months ago when Karl Maybach, designer of the Zeppelin motor, announced, in honor of Count Zeppelin's seventy-fifth birthday, that he had built a new motor, stronger and lighter, which will enable a Zeppelin to carry 800 horsepower instead of 500.

Already there are ten Zeppelins in the air, and one is being turned out every month. As if to place the seal of confidence on a new epoch, the German Admiralty has ordered a fleet of ten mammoth sea-going Zeppelins.

Whether this new instrument is to be employed for war or for commerce, Germany's airships undoubtedly lead the world. The German Emperor uttered no idle words when he recently wrote to Count Zeppelin: "The empire of the air is settled. German genius, German generosity, German perseverance, have dissolved all doubt as to the place of the Fatherland in the conquest to come." From her "soap-bubbles" and "floating sausages" Germany has developed the only air-machine that gives definite promise of doing the world's work of to-morrow.

But mark: It is not merely in constructive genius in building airships that Germany is years ahead of other nations, but also in mastery of air-navigation. For Germany alone is actually navigating the air. Germany alone has penetrated Nature's aerial mysteries, and worked out from them a new science and art.

The very fundamental of air-navigation is *working in harmony with Nature's laws*. Instead of trying to master the opposition of the winds, Zeppelins are selecting air-paths of least resistance. They choose routes by which they altogether avoid head-winds, and thus achieve results with a minimum of effort and expense. They are learning to let Nature help!—that is the true art of air-navigation.

### HIGHWAYS OF THE SKIES

Zeppelins have fully demonstrated that the whole air is a system of wind-rivers, flowing at different levels, shifting in regular sequence. The meteorologist now positively predicts how all the wind-rivers will have shifted by the end of every three hours, and every weather station in Germany furnishes airships, while under way, with a complete weather prophecy of Europe for twenty hours ahead, and with a report of the winds' changes over all localities. This information about the winds the weather station gets by measuring, simultaneously, the drift of tiny pilot-balloons.

Reports are then telegraphed to the central charting-office, where they are made visible in consecutive charts, a separate one for each level. The curving courses of all winds are seen in a mass of wavy lines. Under this, the map of the country reveals at a glance the quickest air-route between any two cities at the moment, and another chart shows the routes that will be quickest three hours later.

By wireless the airship acquires news of these changes, and up-to-the-minute charts are quickly drawn on board by referring to those originally shipped. Thus these charts, corresponding to hydrographic charts for ocean-liners, are practically a motion-picture film of the shifting wind-rivers.

This aerographic system, though not yet perfect, is the key that unlocks the whole movement of the air, and it has placed the airship on a commercial basis. The German Aeronautic Commission has worked out safe sailing-routes over Europe and adjacent seas; and the air-currents over the Atlantic have been charted by Professor Rotch and Professor Hugo Hergesell for the use of the great airship that Germany is ready to build.

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AN AIRSHIP HULL STILL ON THE CONSTRUCTION STOCKS. OBSERVE THE GAS COMPARTMENT INSIDE THE WOODEN LATTICE OF THE SKELETON AND, AT THE EXTREME LEFT, THE OUTER WEATHERPROOF SKIN OF THE CRAFT.

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They advise using the permanent trade-wind from Europe to America, and returning on the constant eastward flow of the faster upper currents. Professor Hergesell's report, now with the German Admiralty, shows that either Zeppelin or Schuette-Lanz airships can depend on the trade-wind as far north as the Azores, to make the passage in two days.

Professor Rotch's fine sailing-charts of the wind route to Europe show that all winds, no matter how they may be blowing at sea-level, begin to turn east at 3,000 feet, and airships making, *under their own power*, only twenty-five miles an hour, while traveling little higher than half a mile, will make the eastward passage in two days.

Twenty-five miles for the airship—the wind does the rest!

It is to be observed that the air-line is not necessarily the shortest in the air. Aeroplane pilots learn this lesson when they fly against the wind in a straight line from start to finish. They find their way easily, but it takes twice as long to arrive as if they zigzagged from current to current. A water analogy is furnished by the Indian Ocean, where steamers, to save time and strain on ship and passengers, often leave the shortest route to compromise with crazy "monsoon currents." A nine-knot tramp steamer from Singapore, favored by the currents, reaches Hong-Kong in eight days, while eighteen-knot mail steamers on the shorter mid-sea track, making against the monsoon, often take ten to twelve. In the same way, the pilot's wisdom permits an airship to save time, fuel, and money by zigzagging from current to current.

### A GENUINE HUMAN BIRD

Yet in certain sequences the currents blow straight and then the aircraft can make record speed with little power. Henri Salmet found this out by accident. Summoned from London to Paris on urgent business, while trains and steamers were tied up by the British coal strike, the aviator recklessly took to the air in a storm. Above the clouds, where he had nothing to guide him, a swift wind-river shot his feathery craft straight into France—two hundred and twenty-two miles in one hundred and seventeen minutes; he arrived ahead of his own telegrams, and made the record for human travel. The aviator had blundered into the scientific truth that during storms the winds frequently blow in a direct line.

This is the secret of migrating birds' long annual flight over seas. Discerning weather changes by slight signs, they select the great storm-winds that will aid travel, and voyage upon them at tremendous speed. The winds are not only their support but their guide. De Cyon showed by an interesting experiment with carrier-pigeons that a bird's nostrils, sensitive to the slightest changes in the air, enable it to remain in the same wind-river in which it starts. This is the bird's "sense of direction." Flocks bound for a distant island have been seen flying through dense fog exactly parallel with a steamer bound for the same place.

So these vast bird-journeys, punctual year after year almost to the day, established the great air-routes over sea long before science discovered how to use them.

### STORMS HAVE NO TERRORS

Riding on the wind is not, physically at least, a wild and terrible adventure. In the fiercest storm the airship, immerged only in air, suffers none of the pounding and wrenching and twisting to which an ocean vessel is subjected by the two opposed forces of wind and wave. The Zeppelin *Hansa*, during a review of the German fleet off Heligoland, flew in a gale over the North Sea where it was so rough that the Emperor boarded the flagship at Wilhelmshaven, instead of at sea, as usual. But although the wind at the airship's level was greater than on the water, Captain Doerr did not realize the roughness of the weather until below him he saw dreadnoughts rocking on the white-caps like small boats.

The thunderstorm over land is for the airship the equivalent of a typhoon. After it passes, the whole atmosphere is exactly like the sea after a hurricane. If caught, the airship helmsmen have a stiff bit of work in steering through the tremendous up and down drafts, side winds, and eddies—but still passengers, not realizing that they are in a storm, often mistake such movements for mere maneuvering.

Here is a heroic instance.

Captain Hacker, in command of the *Viktoria Luise*, ran into a heavy thunderstorm while in flight over an untried route from Chemnitz to Gotha. A wild uprush took hold of the craft, and in sixty seconds it shot

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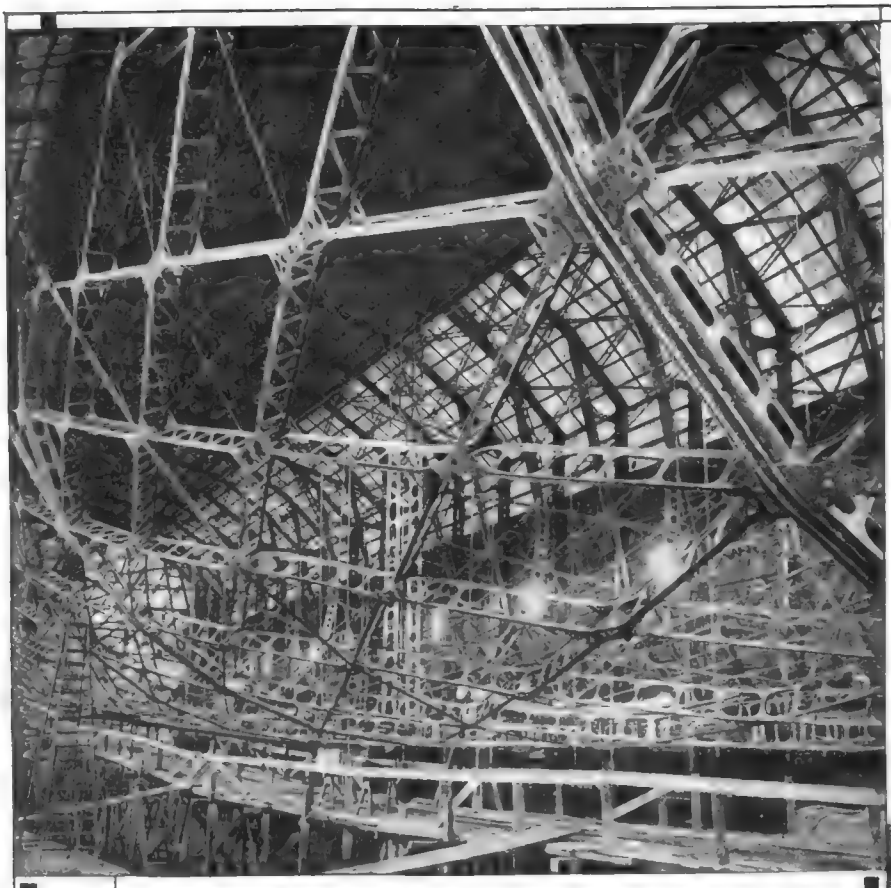

SECTION OF A SCHUETTE-LANZ SKELETON, SHOWING THE STRONG JOININGS.

CLOSER VIEW—A HORIZONTAL GIRDER AND A CROSS BEAM.

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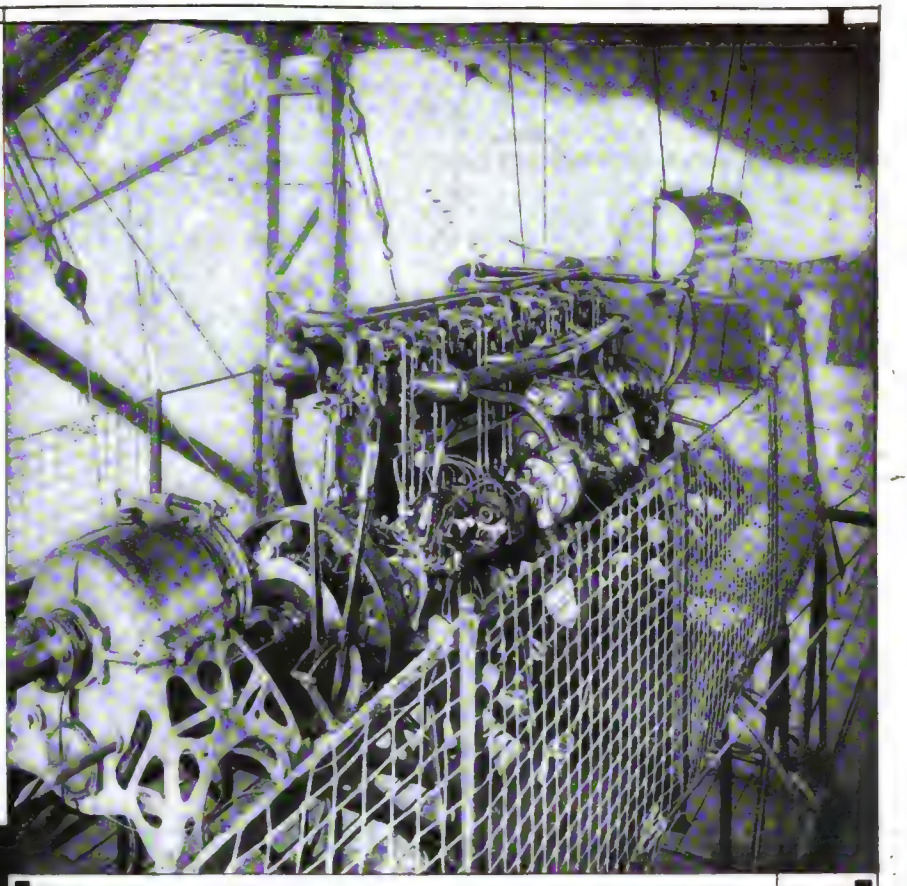
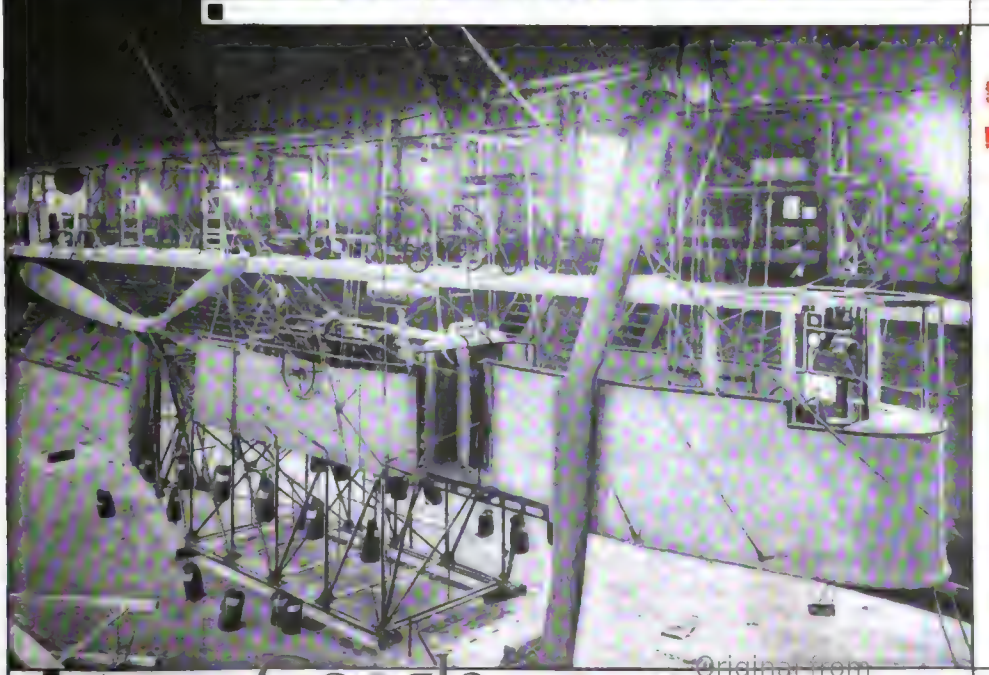


ENGINE CAR, CONTAINING TWO 220-HORSE-POWER ENGINES.



FORWARD CAR, FOR NAVIGATORS — CORRESPONDING TO THE BRIDGE OF A STEAMER.

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up a thousand feet. There, for an instant, the *Luise* hung motionless. Then a monstrous wave of cold air cast her, with racing propellers, back to within four hundred feet of the ground, where she was swung around ninety degrees by a violent eddy.

Nothing happened. Though the ship took an hour and forty-five minutes to go fifteen miles in this blow, she maintained throughout the entire trip an average speed of twenty-six miles an hour.

Such experiences, however, are infrequent. Electrical-storm tracks are easily avoided. For instance, the Rhine Valley between Bingen and Bonn is notorious for violent midsummer thunderstorms every day between four and five o'clock. The airships sailing the Rhine Valley have adjusted their schedule accordingly, leaving Frankfort early in the morning and arriving at Cologne and Düsseldorf about noon-time. Commanders acquire a "nose" for electrical-storm tracks; and besides, an instrument of recent invention, recording electrical vibrations in the atmosphere, betrays a distant thunderstorm and its path.

In steady sea winds, by the way, an airship uses all the navigating instruments of a steamer. But above the more treacherous land, in shifting winds that make sport of the seaman's "dead reckoning," it is compelled to employ entirely new methods and much improved instruments, in addition to every resource of ocean navigation.

### PARADOXES OF AIR AND WATER

The captain of the steamship *Viktoria Luise* would find amazing differences in methods of navigation if he were suddenly transferred to her namesake in the air, where wind-charts must be redrawn every fifteen minutes, and the sun's altitude taken every ten minutes.

He would be shocked to see the airship "hug the rocky shore" in heavy storms, when the shore would be an ocean-liner's deadliest peril. The airship makes headway by being steered right among the cliffs of the ground, because while they create a wild air-surf, they break the wind's violence.

He would be puzzled to find that not in overcast and threatening weather, but in innocent sunshine, it sometimes takes all the skill of two helmsmen to prevent the ship's being swayed by great swells.

He would be astonished to find that an air-captain must select his navigating-level. At some heights the ship rocks and pitches and struggles to get out of its course; at others it floats like a chip on a mill-pond and almost steers itself. To know these quiet levels, a commander must master the whole theory of the atmosphere, and be able to read a thousand imperceptible signs, such as a bird recognizes.

### MASTERS OF THE AIR

The air pilot often discovers upper wind-rivers and measures their speed by sighting clouds moving at different levels, in opposite directions, or by the long rolls of cloud-waves. Wind below is betrayed by dust-streams flowing from big cities. High up, mountains and rivers of the earth are seen "photographed" on the floor of the cloud sheet. A long, sinuous trough shows the cold down-draft of a river below; and where the cloud sheet rises in ghostly hills, hot up-drafts from mountains are at work. Captains steer past the suction of cloud-troughs and avoid patches of summer cloud—the visible tops of eddying up-drafts.

Airship captains are leagues ahead of the aviator in understanding local air-conditions. Captains Hacker, Doerr, and Stelling of the great passenger Zeppelins make a practise of trying out unfamiliar routes, and have developed marvelous dexterity in steering. They have learned such curious facts as that a forest slows the wind: sixty yards beyond a forest, in the airship's path, the wind is nine times slower; but six hundred yards beyond, it blows with its former strength. They have mastered the swift winds that bank up and eddy in the windings of the Rhine Valley, and learned to advance behind the shelter of houses, trees, and hills against the heavy blow that formerly drifted them back higher up.

An aeroplane would be instantly wrecked if its pilot should attempt such heroics as Captain Stelling's of some years ago, when his ship scraped and bumped the rough ground and almost killed cattle while forcing its way through the lower eddies of a thunderstorm.

No harm was done; yet no airship captain would be so reckless now.

Fog is the real danger to the airship's movements. The air-vessel feels its way down to a landing always at the risk of colliding with a smokestack or tower. In

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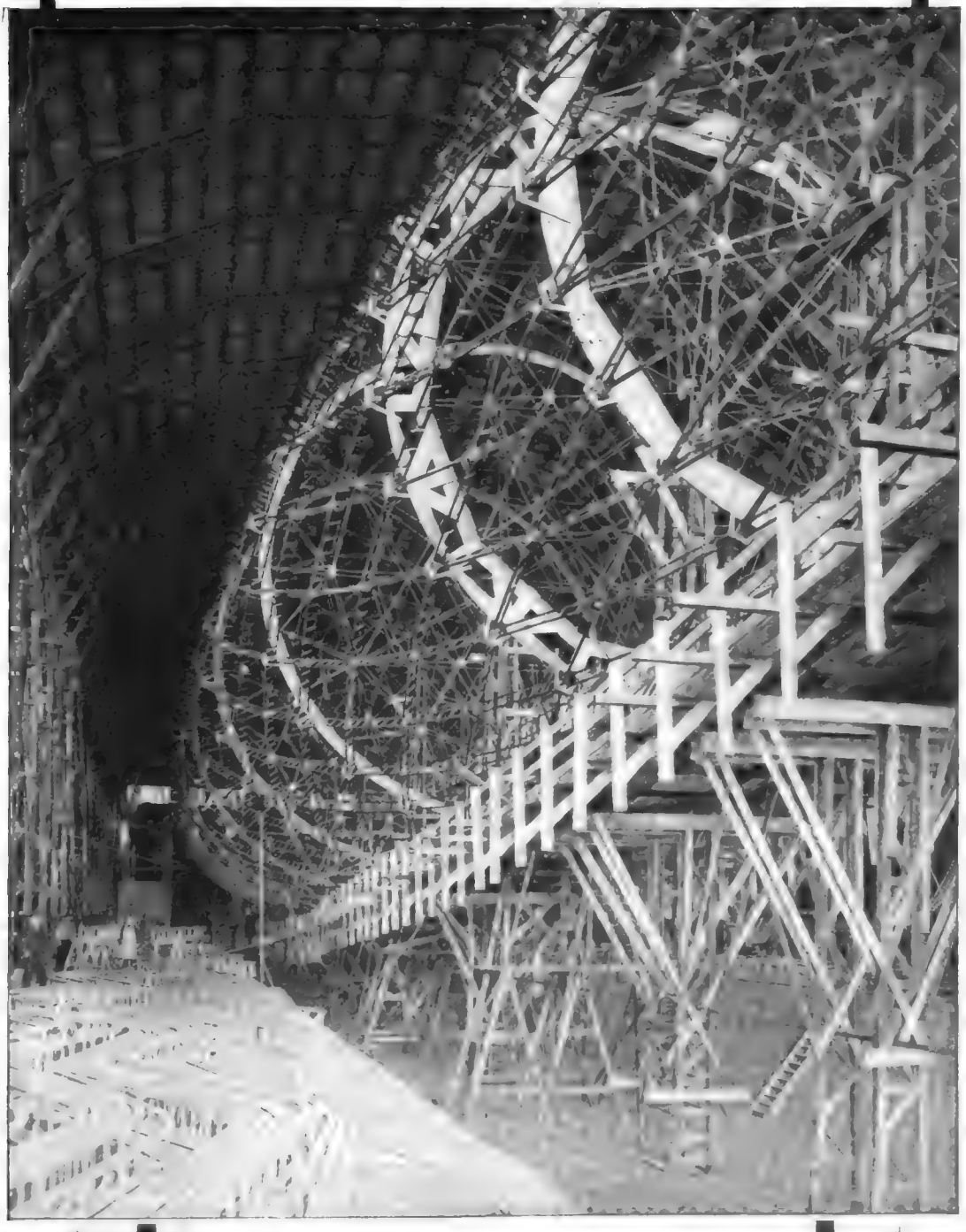

THE SKELETON OF THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT'S NEW SCHUETTE-LANZ 2, THE LARGEST AIRSHIP YET CONSTRUCTED: 550 FEET LONG AND 60 FEET IN DIAMETER. THE HEAVY WHITE WOOD IN THE FRAMEWORK WILL BE REMOVED.

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Bavaria, the damp, flat Erdinger Moos, with its sudden fogs, is accounted a veritable "Banks of Newfoundland," while around Kiel and the Baltic fog and sunshine chase each other with incredible rapidity. So the navigator has had to study the freaks and foibles of fogs with the greatest care.

The disasters of the heroic age of airships were disasters of ignorance—occurring while the science of air-navigation was still in its infancy. Captain Hacker, who had long before celebrated his four-hundredth voyage as a Zeppelin commander, once saved the airship *Schwaben* by sheer sense when the ship put into Baden-Baden and found a strong wind blowing athwart her shed. On board were Colonel Boitteaux, commander of the French airship squadron, and his staff, as paying passengers. The ship was anchored in the open at a safe distance from her dock, and the French party went to the city. As the storm increased in violence, they believed that the airship was doomed. Later, they telephoned out to the dock, only to be told that the *Schwaben* was no longer there. Mystified, they went out in an automobile, and were astounded to find the airship safely inside her dock.

This is what had happened: Captain Hacker, seeing a furious squall coming, like the good seaman he is, slipped his cables and went into the air-ship's own element, where she rode easily. Then he caught a lull, and came down quickly into shelter.

### DOCTORING THE WINDS

The same airship was later broken and burned before her dock at Düsseldorf. The directors of the German Airship Navigation Company ordered an investigation. And who do you suppose was elected for the job? Not a board of airship captains, or even a solemn group of mourning stockholders. No, it was an air-detective, so to speak; a nosing weather scientist—Dr. Polis. He came, and, as it were, smelled out the trouble. He walked backward and forward across the bare, sandy plain on which the dock stood; he stood at the center of the field sniffing the air; deliberately looked toward all points of the compass—and smiled. Then he quietly went to his home in another city.

From there he wrote and told the aeronauts—to sod their soil. That was all.

Now for the explanation: The Rhine River loops the tongue of plain on which the shed stood, and the cool air-currents rising from the river made a curtain around the sandy peninsula, which was rapidly heated by the sun. The quickly accumulating hot air next the ground was made a prisoner by a lid of colder air. In its struggles to get free, the hot air finally did the perfectly natural thing—executed strong up and down drafts and side jerks, all hammer-blows upon the helpless airship, though not a breath of wind was stirring elsewhere. Hence Captain Hacker's ascent to the quieter air above.

Now every airship-landing in Germany is covered with green sward that can not be heated by the sun. . . .

### BALLOON PLUS AEROPLANE

Appreciating the wonders of the aerial ocean, it becomes easier to comprehend the perfected Zeppelin—this super-thing, with wireless eyes that see invisible winds and instrumental ears attuned to catch the distant pulsations of the storm.

A Zeppelin is a marvel of adjustment. Its never-failing engines drive it two thousand miles on its fuel capacity. And its arbitrary control of its balloon-principle—the ventilation of its double hull with hot and cold drafts that defeat the action of heat and cold on its gas—permits going up or down, from wind to wind, through two miles of airy depth.

After traveling four hundred miles it is three to four tons lighter, through constant burning of fuel. It would shoot skyward if it were not a huge aeroplane as well as a balloon. See what happens: At full speed, with bow slightly depressed, its hull produces four tons of downward pressure against the air. This defeats the balloon's defects—that of swiftly ascending if the gas expands, and, on reaching great altitudes, quickly contracting with sudden loss of support, and rapidly sinking to its lowest remaining level of buoyancy. Instead, navigated as an aeroplane, the overbuoyant ship can not rise. It flies on a perfect level, exactly, because the balloon's lift is working against the engine's downward pressure. The airship is jammed solidly in air. And elevating the bow and driving forward, if the ship is overloaded with snow or rain, arrests sinking.

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So a modern Zeppelin travels at the operator's will. Thus it is a true ship, though displacing air with gas instead of water with air. It is a true ship, too, in its rigidity—all the guiding and propelling devices are rigidly attached outside on the solid hull. Pygmy propellers and small stern rudders handle the huge craft as easily as an automobile. And all the directing is done from the commander's "bridge," in front, which controls, by throttle, valve, and pressure-gage, the interior spaces for air and ventilation. A relay of three expert navigators pilots the ship over seas and mountains, by day and night, over and through clouds.

The Zeppelin is a true ship, too, in its arrangement — carrying passengers, gun-mounts, and all, inside of the long hull, right among the gas-chambers; while all necessary duplicate parts, tools for repairing defects while under way, life-belts, and a life-boat for oversea trips are carried in a storeroom at the stern.

In the process of airship development, the steamship is virtually being lifted off the ocean—and put back again: for the Zeppelin, with her seaworthy motor-gondolas, is becoming a hydro-airship. Recently one of these ships plunged to the Elbe River, where she outskimmed the river steamers.

### SKY LINERS

More and more, a Zeppelin's appointments resemble those of ocean-going vessels. Its ponderous railed-in engines, its carpeted floors, its comfortable cabin, steamer-chairs, tables, dining-service, speaking-tubes and telephones, wireless-room, and other conveniences, begin to suggest a compact Atlantic liner.

Rocking and seasickness are notably absent. Walking around does not disturb the huge "float" overhead; in fact, there is so little vibration from the noiseless engines and humming screws that a hand laid on the cabin-wall hardly feels a tremor. One writes with ease. Women do the finest needlework. The sharpest photographs and the most exacting observations are made from the side windows while flying at the speed of an express train. Such is the security and comfort on board that recently an absent-minded passenger lighted a cigar beneath the enormous volume of gas that sustained himself and others in space. In time, one will enjoy a smoke on an absolutely fireproof airship. It is practically possible to-day. But no foolish chance is taken.

The Zeppelin's stability is further evidenced by the work now done in her laboratory on board, which is fitted up with delicate instruments for measuring and recording atmospheric effects. Indeed, the meteorologist now goes aloft, day after day, to study at first hand the climate of the upper air, while traveling for hours at the same level. Here it was that Dr. Diechmann discovered that lightning will not strike a Zeppelin, since the electric tension accumulated by her metal hull stays about the same as that of the clouds above it. Indicators betray any dangerous difference.

### SANITARIUMS ABOVE THE CLOUDS

In the wonderful economy of future travel, none of the airship's possibilities will be wasted. Cabins will soon be warmed by radiators carrying the motor's exhaust. At the last Berlin Medical Conference there was actually discussion of the future use of airships as sanitariums. Dr. Flemming, one of the conferees, announced that fifteen minutes' flight at high altitudes meant certain death to the tuberculosis germ. And it was suggested that the delicate operation for appendicitis might be performed with greater sanitary safety on an airship than on the ground. A structure that is stable enough to give perfect aim, as fully demonstrated by the marksmanship of war Zeppelins, should fulfil all such expectations—and more.

Perfect rest in a reclining chair in the "sea-air" of great heights, among currents laden with the fragrant flavors of far countries, should tempt the brain-fagged, earth-sick neurasthenic. None of the aviator's sickness in the air—the humming in the ears, the burning of the face, severe headache, tension of the arteries, tendency to fall asleep, producing fatally sluggish movements of the body, and resulting in false steering—none of these things is found on the airship.

Security and comfort are paramount in the luxurious scheme of modern travel, and these tremendous advantages the airship possesses in the highest degree, owing to its colossal size and its rigidity, a capacity

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that already allows staying under way from forty to eighty hours, and the great speed which makes it master of almost every storm.

According to the distance it must cover, a Zeppelin carries from seven to nine tons of cargo—either a great quantity of fuel, guns, and ammunition, or passengers. To-day, it is seven times larger than the first crude airships. A ship seven hundred to one thousand feet long—the dimensions that would result from a thirty per cent. enlargement of present ships—would carry three hundred passengers, besides its crew, and fuel to cross the Atlantic twice, if necessary. It would cost one-twentieth as much as one of the present ocean giants, and would be anchored at steel towers or on sheltered water basins.

It is too late for other nations to deprive Germany of the honor of inaugurating traffic through the air. Even to match her will take years of study and development, as shown by the failure of both France and England in their first attempts to build "Zeppelin types." It took Count Zeppelin seven years—years of repeated disappointment—merely to learn how to handle these great machines, and three years to apply the secrets of Nature to their navigation. This means a much greater knowledge of the atmosphere than other nations have even begun to realize.

Out of a wrack of wind and cloud, of birds and steamships and aircraft, one clear fact emerges: there is an aerial ocean of perfectly navigable wind-currents, and the way of a ship in the air is the way of a bird in the air. Nature could not have announced her secret louder if she had strewn the heavens with superimposed ribbons of moving tracks. The moment that Man compromised with Nature, the skies were turned into innumerable human highways.

# A MERRY HEART

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

MY brothers for their part
Were given gold and fame,
But all my share was a merry heart,
Wild as a dancing flame.

Oh, earth is dark with gold,
And every blowing wind
Sets flying dusty fame of old,
Withered and out of mind.

But joy is dear, folk say,
Laughter is far to find;
Few are the dancing hearts to-day,
Merry and mad and blind.

What do I need of state,
Of fame or yellow store?
Beggars of joy, my brothers wait
Humble beside my door.

Is Socialism right or wrong? Could you decide for yourself? Or don't you know what Socialism means? It's high time you did. Read the debate on Socialism between Morris Hillquit and John Augustine Ryan, D. D., which opens on Page 48.

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# The Golden Key

## A Problem in Lovers for the Crime Doctor

by

E W HORNUNG

AUTHOR OF "RAFFLES," "WITCHING HILL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

"SHELLEY was quite right!" exclaimed the young man at the book-shelf, with the prematurely bent back turned upon Dr. Dollar at his old oak desk.

"He was never wrong when he stuck to poetry," said the doctor, looking up from an unfinished prescription on which the ink was nevertheless dry.

The other gave a guilty start. He was an immaculate young wreck, with the fashionable glut of hair plastered back from a good enough face, as if to make the most of its haggard pallor. And he was in full evening dress, for the Crime Doctor's patients came at all hours.

"Did I say anything?" he asked with exaggerated embarrassment.

"You thought something aloud," said Dollar, smiling. "Don't let it worry you; that's not one of the straws that show an ill wind. What is it of Shelley's, Mr. Edenborough?"

"Only a bit of one of his letters," said the young man. "I just happened to open them at something that rather appealed to me." And the book shot back into its place.

"Not the bit about the prussic acid, I hope?" suggested the doctor, for all the world as if in fun.

"What was that?" said Edenborough, with a face that would not have imposed upon an infant.

"A little commission from Shelley to Trelawney for a small quantity of the 'essential oil of bitter almonds,' as he called it, so that he might 'hold in his possession the golden key to the chamber of perpetual rest.'"

"That was it," said the youth at length. "I may as well be honest about it. But I don't know how on earth you knew!"

The doctor gave a kindly little laugh. "Only by knowing the book," he assured the patient. "It's rather a notorious passage—and you had just been clamoring for at least a silver key to some chamber of temporary rest!"

"You said you would give me one, Dr. Dollar."

"And now I think I won't," said the doctor, rising from his aged chair. "No; you shall not go without hearing my reasons, and what I am going to propose to you instead. These keys, Mr. Edenborough—" and he tore the unfinished prescription into little bits— "gold or silver, they are not keys at all, but burglars' jimmies that injure and vitiate the chambers they break into. It certainly is so with the night's rest you want at any price; it may be the



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same with the perpetual peace that Shelley took for granted. Yet I happen to have a Chamber of Peace of sorts here in this house. It's my latest fad, you've found it a name, and in return I should like to offer it to you for the night."

"Do you mean a room that sends you off instead of drugs?"

Young Edenborough was looking puzzled, but for the moment taken out of himself. He had heard of Dr. Dollar as a rather eccentric consultant, but as the very man for him, from no less an authority than Mr. Topham Vinson, the Home Secretary of England, and no farther back than that very evening at dinner. He had come straight round from Portman Square, foreseeing miracles and magic potions; but he had not foreseen John Dollar, or his unprofessional conversation, or the slight cast that actually added to his magnetic eyes, his cheery yet gentle confidence, or (least of all) a serious if casual invitation for the night.

"That's exactly what I do mean," said the author of these surprises. "It's the most silent room in London, and there are other little points about it. I got our friend Topham to give it a trial during the bread strike. His verdict was that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would sleep the sleep of the just there!"

Edenborough had a laugh that turned him back into a schoolboy; but he checked it sharply, as though the sound put him to shame and pain. "I would give anything for one decent night," he said. "But you are far too good, sir, especially to a man you know nothing at all about."

"I ought to know more in the morning, Mr. Edenborough, but it will keep very well till then. Enough for the night that you're a friend of the Home Secretary, and at your worst at just the time when a man wants to be at his best."

Edenborough smote his brow like a young man on the stage, but with a piteous spontaneity beyond all histrionic art. "It's on Thursday!" he cried as one in exquisite dread. "My God, I'm to be married on Thursday, and this is Sunday night! How can I toe the mark unless I get some sleep?"

"Leave that to me," said Dollar, cutting a pregnant pause as short as possible. "Leave everything to me, and come straight up-stairs. I keep the room in constant readiness; you shall be fitted with pajamas and I'll send a special messenger anywhere you like for whatever you may want in the morning. Come, my dear man! I am burning to give my Chamber of Peace a crucial test, because I know we shall all come out with flying colors!"

There was less confidence in the Dr. Dollar who ran down-stairs a little later and sat at his telephone with an urgent face. In another minute he had left the house, and in another two Mr. Topham Vinson was opening the door to him in Portman Square.

"I call this too bad of you," began the doctor, short of breath and shorter still of patience with his powerful friend.

"My dear fellow, I couldn't help it," vowed the minister, with disarming meekness. "He would go straight to you, and just then I couldn't have rung you up without giving him away at this end."

"I can stay five minutes," said Dollar, looking at his watch, "to hear as much as you can tell me in that time of what I ought to have known before I saw your neurotic friend."

"Hasn't he told you all about himself, Dollar?"

"Hardly a word worth anything in a case like this, where the cause matters more than the effect. Of course I could have insisted, but that might have finished him off for the night! I gather, however, that he's one of the First Lord's secretaries, but a friend of yours, on the brink of being married, and in more than the normal state about it, or something to do with it."

"I'll take your points in order," said Topham Vinson, who could be brisker than anybody when he chose. "George Edenborough is not only one of Tynemouth's secretaries, but the most private and confidential of the crowd. I don't know about his being a friend of mine; I've been a friend to him for family reasons, and found him a nice enough fellow. But the girl he's going to marry—if they do marry—is one of us!"

"If!" cried the doctor. "Do you mean to say she'd draw back in the last week?"

"She may not be able to help herself," was the grave reply. "George Edenborough is under a cloud that may burst at any moment."

"A sudden cloud?"

"Out of the blue for me. I only heard of it from Tynemouth on Friday night. But it's no new thing to him. He might have told me sooner, I think, seeing it was

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through me that Edenborough ever went to him."

"In some special capacity, I gather?"

"Yes; he can draw a bit; in fact, he's not a secretary at all except in name, but the First Lord's private draughtsman. Tynemouth's a whale for details, but a dunce at technicalities; what he likes is the thing on paper as he sees it with his own eyes; so he makes his inspections with Edenborough and a sketch-block, illustrated notes are taken at every turn, and all sorts of impossible improvements worked out in subsequent collaboration. I had that this evening from the boy himself. It will show you what chances he has had of giving things away—or—selling them!"

"Is it as bad as that?"

"Tynemouth swears it is. To me it's inconceivable. But he gives chapter and verse of at least one drawing that found its way across the North Sea early in the year. Edenborough admits that he either lost it or had it stolen from him. He seems to have been more careful—whichever way you look at it—during the summer. But this autumn the trouble has begun again. A dockyard sketch-map has flown the German Ocean, come home to roost by some means into which we'd better not inquire, and is pronounced by Tynemouth a bad imitation of one made for him by Edenborough six weeks ago."

"THAT WAS IT," SAID THE YOUTH. "BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW ON EARTH YOU KNEW!"

"Why a bad imitation, I wonder?"

"The original has been in the First Lord's archives ever since; he says the copy must have been made from memory, but he has good reasons why nobody but Edenborough could have made it."

"Reasons that are not so good in law, apparently?"

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"Exactly; as yet there's no case and there has been no accusation; but I very much fear that traps are being set, and I've taken it on myself to put the madman on his guard."

"To-night?"

"Yes; it was the first chance of getting hold of him, and that only by having the poor little bride to dinner as well. Heavy work, Dollar, drinking their healths and knowing what was in the air! The only comfort was that Edenborough knew as well as I did; it was written on his face, if you had the key, and I hadn't to do much beating about the bush when I got him to myself. He was wonderfully frank, from his point of view. He told me that the atmosphere of suspicion was driving him out of his mind; he said he hadn't slept for nights and nights."

"Although no accusation has been made?"

"Although not an open word has been said to connect him with the bad copy of his own map!"

"That's the worst thing you've told me," said Dollar quietly. "He protested his innocence, of course?"

"In absolute tears!"

"And what was your own impression, Mr. Vinson?"

"Extremely mixed. I felt that he was speaking the truth, and yet not the whole truth. He had an air of guilty knowledge, if not of actual guilt."

"His physical condition bears you out," observed the doctor with reluctance. "And the poor devil's to be married in four days' time! May I ask the girl's name?"

"Lucy Trevellyn."

"Any relation of Admiral Trevellyn?"

"Own daughter to the old sea-dog, and if anything the breezier of the two! I couldn't imagine a young girl more like an old salt at heart. She'd go to sea if she could; as she can't, she's a little pillar of the Navy League—and engaged to the First Lord's best young man! Could you conceive a more ingenious irony, or a greater tragedy when the truth comes out? Dollar, it must come out before Thursday, if it's ever coming out at all!"

"Is it otherwise a likely match?"

"The very likeliest, but for this world's goods, and there'll be more of them by and by. She has go enough for two, and they have tastes in common. I told you he could draw a bit; she's a little artist, though you wouldn't think it if you saw her teaching him to skate at Prince's or taking me on at golf! Lucy Trevellyn's the best type of sportswoman."

John Dollar was on his feet. "Well, I've stayed longer than I intended," said he grimly. "I promised to go up within half an hour to see if he was asleep. And he will be. But what's a night's rest against such a tragedy as the whole thing's bound to be!"

"Or such a mystery?" suggested Topham Vinson. "If you could get to the bottom of that, Dollar, we might know how to act."

"I'm not a detective," returned the doctor—but the stiff words were hardly out before the stiff lips relaxed in a smile. "I've said that before, Vinson, and I shouldn't wonder if you made me say it again. I am out to stop things happening, not to bother about things that have been done and can't be mended. But in this case discovery may be the mother of prevention, and I must have a shot with both barrels."

He had come in glum and grumbling; he went off gay and incisive, subtly enlivened by the very gravity of the matter, as he always was. But it was grave enough, as was Dollar himself behind the sparkling mask that he wore unawares in all times of stress. And on one point his confidence was justified without delay: the young man in the Chamber of Peace was found drenched already in slumbers worthy of the name he had unwittingly bestowed upon that magic fastness.

But this was not a case in which the Crime Doctor could leave well alone; every hour of the night he was up-stairs and down again; and, in the intervals, either deep in such grim reading as the Illustrative Cases of Transitory Mania, in the terrible fourth volume of "Casper's Forensic Medicine," or deeper yet in his own cognate speculations.

In the morning it was he who carried up the patient's suit-case, woke him up, and watched the rising tide of memory drown the thanks in his throat. Now was his chance of checking Mr. Vinson's version of the young man's troubles; but he waited for George Edenborough to open his own heart, and waited in vain till the last five minutes, when the boy began to thank him and ended with the whole story.

It differed very little from the second-hand synopsis; but it confirmed more than

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one impression which Dollar would have given much to relinquish. The talk of intolerable suspicions was indeed more consistent with a guilty conscience than with anything else, since it was duly followed by the admission that nobody had expressed such suspicions in anything like so many words.

The Crime Doctor was sorry he had put the question; it was the only one he asked. But by exhorting Edenborough to get all the exercise he could, and by saying he had heard great things of Miss Trevellyn's skating, the reluctant dissembler had little difficulty in obtaining an immediate invitation to tea at Prince's Skating Club.

Poor Edenborough had departed with a face almost radiant at the prospect; yet he had scarcely spoken of his beloved until the subject of the skating cropped up. It was as though that was the only relation in which he could still think of her without pain and shame; and in due course he was discovered on the ice with the same look of lingering pride and joy.

It was the height of the skating afternoon and the glassy strip an opaque pane on which a little giant might have been scribbling with a big diamond. The eye swam with pairs rotating as in a circus—with single practitioners at work under dashing instructors down the middle of the rink—while the ear sang with a resounding swish of skates. One of the workers was George Edenborough, who came off one leg, with a glistening forehead, to find his guest a good place behind the barrier.

"So glad you're not late for the waltzing," he said nervily. "I've had a long day out of town, and didn't get here myself till much later than I expected. Lucy's writing a letter in the lounge, but she'll be here in a minute for the enclosure, and after that we'll have tea."

Dollar ascertained that the waltzing enclosure was a closed quarter-of-an-hour for all but those more or less proficient in that delicate and astounding art. Edenborough said that he himself was not quite up to the standard of these displays, and suited the action to the word by taking the floor unsteadily on his skates. As he seated himself a gong sounded, the band struck up, beginners dispersed, confident hands clasped lissome waists, and the rink was a maze of sweeping grace and symmetry.

Dollar had never seen anything like it in his life, for artificial ice was in its infancy in London before the war, and ever since he had been a busy man. He followed first one couple and then another, and each seemed to him more competent and graceful than the last. Yet the first short waltz was not over before an involuntary selection had eliminated all but a dark, strong girl in red and a swarthy man with bright eyes and a black mustache.

"Those two are the best," said he, "that girl in red and the heavy alien."

"Do you think so?" cried the delighted Edenborough. "Then you're a judge, because that's Lucy!"

"I didn't mean to insult her partner," said Dollar, in some dismay. "He's the best waltzer on the ice, except Miss Trevellyn."

"He's an Italian marquis," returned Edenborough, in another voice. "Rocchi's his beastly name. I've no use for the fellow. But he can skate."

The first waltz finished; there were two more in quick succession, and Edenborough had a better word for Miss Trevellyn's next partner. He was only a glowing schoolboy, home from Eton for his leave, but the past mistress lent herself to his dash and fling with a gusto equal to his own.

"I'm glad that's over," said Edenborough, as she escaped with her life from the young desperado's clutches. "I say, confound that fellow Rocchi!"

She was waltzing with the handsome brute again; for he looked no less, with his deep blue chin and insolent eyes, and his air of conscious mastery. Edenborough plainly loathed him, chafing visibly as the pair swept past with certainly the appearance of some extra verve for his benefit. Dollar himself was very disagreeably impressed, and that down to the end, when Rocchi skated up with the lady, whom he surrendered with a gleam of palpable bravado.

Yet that impression altered with the very opening of Miss Trevellyn's resolute mouth. She had good teeth and a hearty voice, and eyes of a breezy and humane audacity. Dollar thought of Topham Vinson's tribute, and agreed with it heartily.

And they had talked about the wedding, and their presents, and the wedding-trip, as though neither God nor man could interfere!

"Only three days to go!" said Dollar to

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himself—and two of the three were soon gone without alarums or excursions, except on the part of the Crime Doctor himself. He was neglecting his practise for the case in hand; he was nowhere to be found when badly wanted on the Tuesday night, nor yet on the Wednesday morning; and this was the more extraordinary in that it was George Edenborough who wanted him, now with an ashier face than ever, and now on the telephone in a frantic voice.

At dusk on the Wednesday, Dollar's key turned in the latch, and next day's bridegroom burst from the waiting-room at the same moment.

"At last!" cried Edenborough, and looked so ghastly in the electric light that Dollar did not switch it on in the consulting-room, nor ask a question as he shut the door.

It was one of those mild, unseasonable days on which the best of servants keep up the biggest fires; the doctor opened the French window that led from his den, down rusty steps, into a foul and futile enclosure of grimy gravel and moribund shrubs. In the meantime Edenborough had not taken a seat as mechanically bidden, but had planted himself in defiant pose before the fire.

"You might have left word where you were!" he began with great bitterness.

"I have just done so," returned Dollar, "at your rooms. I was wanting to see you—presently. It seems like fate, to find you here before me."

"I suppose you've heard the latest, wherever you've been?" pursued Edenborough, aware and jealous of some independent perplexity on the part of Dollar.

"I have heard so much!" said the doctor, dropping into a chair. "Better be explicit—and as expeditious as you can, my dear fellow. I have an appointment almost directly."

"Oh, there's not much to say," rejoined the other, sardonically. "You remember when you came to Prince's, doctor?"

"I do, indeed."

They both spoke as if it were weeks ago.

"You know I told you I'd had a hard day out of town?"

"I remember."

"I meant with my chief—Lord Tynemouth—seeing his new brood of submarines."

"In their unfledged state, I suppose?"

"That was it—and making the usual sketches. That's my job—or was! I was Tynemouth's walking kodak until yesterday afternoon; then I got the boot for a wedding-present, and a chance of the jug for my honeymoon!"

The harsh voice broke, for all its sudden slang and satire. Dollar was driven to his only policy.

"I'm not going to pretend I don't know of this," he said. "I know of it from the Home Secretary. A duplicate of one of those last drawings of yours——"

"A duplicate!"

"Well, a bad imitation, if you like."

The doctor paused as though he had finished a sentence, as though the amended phrase had interrupted his thought.

"Well?" said Edenborough, grimly. "Did you hear how they got hold of it?"

"Intercepted in the post, I gathered, on its way abroad. And have you no idea how it came there?" asked the doctor bluntly—but now he meant to be blunt; he was not sorry when his man flew into a feeble passion on the spot.

"What the devil do you mean, Dr. Dollar? I know no more about the matter than—I was going to say, than you do—but I begin to think you know more than you pretend!"

"I didn't think I had pretended," said Dollar, simply.

"Well, what *do* you know?" demanded Edenborough, in a fury of suspicion. "All, I suppose?" he added, with a schoolboy sneer, when the answer was slow to come.

"Yes; all," said the doctor, very gravely and reluctantly, as though driven into a pronouncement of life or death.

There was no outcry of surprise from Edenborough. He had some pride. But his knees began to tremble in the firelight, and his unclenched hands to twitch.

"I don't believe it," he exclaimed at length. "You tell me what you know!"

"All that you yourself suspected, and made yourself ill with suspecting, and couldn't sleep for suspecting—long ago!"

Pitiful tone and tender hand carried a heavier conviction than the words. And now it was the patient who had sunk into the chair, the doctor bending over his bowed and quivering shoulders.

"You are not the first man, my dear Edenborough," he went on, "who would seem to have been betrayed in cold blood

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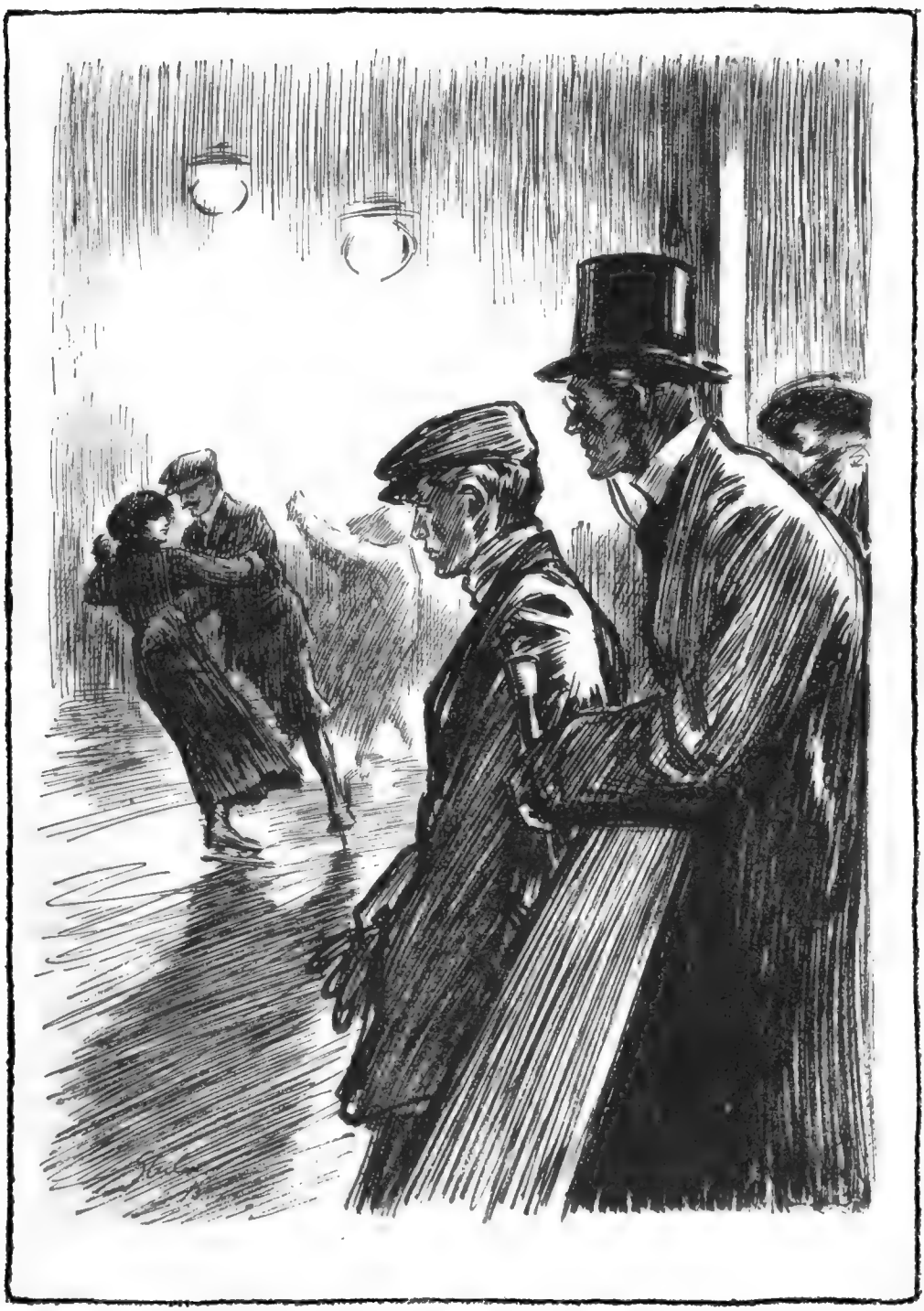

SHE WAS WALTZING WITH THE HANDSOME BRUTE AGAIN. EDENBOROUGH PLAINLY LOATHED HIM, AND DOLLAR HIMSELF WAS VERY DISAGREEABLY IMPRESSED.

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by a woman—by *the* woman. Mark my words closely. I say it seems so. I would not condemn the greatest malefactor unheard. I meant to hear Miss Trevellyn first—feeling in my bones, against all reason, that there may still be some unimaginable explanation. But, if the worst be true of her, then the best is true of you; for you *are* the first man I have known bear the brunt as you have borne it, my very dear fellow!"

"What makes you suspect her?" groaned Edenborough to the ground.

"It's not a case of suspicion; don't deceive yourself as to that, Edenborough. I *know* that Miss Trevellyn produced—and parted with—those last two sketches about which there's been all the trouble. I only suspect that she got you to show her the originals, almost as soon as they were made, on the plea of her tremendous interest in the Navy."

"Quite true; she did," said Edenborough, but as though he did not appreciate what he was saying, as though something else had stuck in his mind. "But it *was* a tremendous interest!" he exclaimed, jumping up. "It was her father's interest; his life, indeed! Isn't it inconceivable that his daughter—apart from everything else I've found her—that she of all people should do a thing like this?"

"I am afraid the inconceivable happens almost as often as the unexpected," said Dollar, with a sigh. "Criminology, indeed, prepares us for little else; think of the perfectly good mothers who have flown to infanticide as the first relief of a mind unhinged! The inversion of the ruling passions is one of the sure symptoms of insanity."

"But of course she's mad," cried Edenborough, "if she's guilty at all. But that's what I can't and won't believe. I can believe it one minute but not the next, just as I've suspected and laughed at my suspicions all this nightmare-time. One look in her face has always been enough, and would be at this minute."

"Well, we shall soon see," said Dollar, glancing at the clock. "But I can only warn you that my evidence is overwhelming."

"Let's have it, then; what is your evidence?" demanded Edenborough, in a fresh fit of stone-blind defiance.

"My dear fellow, you force my hand!" said Dollar. "God knows you have a right—and it can't make matters worse than they are. My evidence consists of a full and circumstantial confession by a scoundrel to whom I took your own dislike at sight, and whose career I have spent the week investigating. I needn't tell you I mean the infamous Rocchi."

"Rocchi!" whispered Edenborough at the second attempt, as though his very tongue rejected the abhorrent name. Yet now he stood perfectly still, like a man who sees at last. "Well," he added in an ominously rational voice, "I must live long enough to send *him* to hell, whatever else I do!"

"You will have to find him first," said Dollar. "He has gone back to his paymasters—not his own countrymen—they kicked him out long ago. I've taken it on myself to do the same, instead of handing him over to the police and doing an infinite deal more harm than good."

But Edenborough was not listening to a word; he was talking to himself, and he talked aloud as soon as he was given a chance.

"Now we know why she was so keen on my wretched job . . . . . on the whole Navy? . . . . . No, not a lifelong fraud like that . . . . . And she pretended to dislike that brute as much as I did! I believe she did, too, but for his waltzing . . . . . No, never jealous of him, and I'm not now . . . . . but so much the worse, so much the more damnably cold-blooded!"

Dying philosopher could not have displayed a more acute detachment; but the last touch was lost upon Dollar, whose expectant ear had caught the ting of a bell.

"Edenborough," he said, in the voice of urgent conciliation, "the time has come for you to show what's in you. So far you have kept your head and played the man; keep it now, and you will play the hero! I still can't imagine what Miss Trevellyn can have to say for herself—but I implore you to hear her out, for I believe she is being admitted at this moment!"

"Lucy—here—and you expected her?"

"I told you I had another appointment. You were bound to have this out between you—and to-day. If you wish me to be present—but no human being can help!"

"Unless it's you!" suggested Edenborough, in a panic-stricken whisper. "I can't face her alone—I can't trust myself!"

Dollar took no notice of a knock at the

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door. "Edenborough, you must," he said gently; "and whatever she may have to say —much or little, and it may be much—you must hear patiently to the end. It's your duty, man! Don't flinch from it, for God's sake!"

"But I do flinch from it!" cried Edenborough below his breath. "I flinch from it for her sake as much as mine. I'm not the one to shame her, even if Rocchi's telling——"

The door opened in response to Dollar's decisive call. It was the little Barton boy, to say that Miss Trevellyn was in the waiting-room.

"Show her in," said Dollar. "I have more than Rocchi's bare word, Edenborough."

The distracted youth looked about him like a wild creature in a cage—and saw his loophole at the last moment.

"I won't be the one to shame her, whatever she has done!" he whimpered through his teeth. "If there's any explanation, she need never know I knew; if there's not, good-by!"

And he slipped through the open window, out upon the iron steps, as Dollar switched on the electric light that turned the outer dusk to darkness; and the door opened even as the window curtain was drawn in desperation, with a last signal to Edenborough to stand his ground and at least hear all.

"Good evening, Dr. Dollar," said Miss Trevellyn, briskly; and with that she stopped in her sturdy stride. "Is anything the matter?"

"Is it possible you don't know what?"

"Is it anything to do with George? You're his doctor, aren't you?" These questions quicker, but with a sensible check on any premature anxiety.

"He has consulted me, but the matter more directly concerns yourself. It's no use beating about the bush, Miss Trevellyn!" exclaimed the doctor, with a certain irritation at her straight carriage and straighter look. "I have to speak to you about the Marchese Rocchi."

"Have you, indeed!"

Miss Trevellyn had winced at the name, but already her eyes looked brighter and bolder, and the firm face almost serenely obdurate.

"The Marchese Rocchi," he continued, "fled the country yesterday, Miss Trevellyn."

"I wondered why he was not at Prince's!"

"He fled because of a scandal in which you are implicated," said Dollar, very sternly. "He has been trafficking in naval secrets—this country's secrets, Miss Trevellyn—and he swears you sold them to him. Is it true?"

"One moment," said the girl, with a first trace of emotion. "Is all this of your own accord, or on behalf of Mr. Edenborough?"

"Of my own accord entirely."

"You've been ferreting things out for yourself, have you?"

"You are entitled to put it so."

"Detective as well as doctor, it appears?"

"Miss Trevellyn, I implore you to tell me if these things are true!"

"So that you may tell your patient?"

"No. I shall not tell him," said Dollar, disingenuously enough, but with the deeper sorrow.

"Very well! I'll tell you, and you can shout it from the roof for all I care now. It's perfectly true!"

Dollar started, not at the thing that had to come, but at the manner in which it came. It seemed, indeed, the last word in wickedness—impenitent, unblushing, even vainglorious to eye and ear alike. His glance flew to the curtained window, but no sound or movement came from the iron stair outside.

"True that you sold those drawings to this man Rocchi?" he heard himself saying at last, in a tone so childish that he scarcely wondered at the smile it drew.

"Perfectly true," said Miss Trevellyn.

"Drawings made by George Edenborough, for the First Lord of the Admiralty, and shown to you because you are the stronger character and insisted on seeing them, but only in such confidence as might almost be justified between future man and wife?"

"I didn't sell his drawings," said Miss Trevellyn impatiently. "I copied them, more or less from memory, and sold my own efforts."

"Of course I know that; it was a slip of the tongue," he admonished her, while marveling more and more. "And you can put the whole thing plainly without so much as a blush!"

"I am going to put you to the blush, instead, Dr. Dollar," returned the lady, with a lighter touch. "You are very clever at finding out what I did, but you don't ask

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why I did it; that's not so clever of such a clever man, and I must just enlighten you before I go. The first drawing was not a copy; it was the original they got that time, and it was stolen from Mr. Edenborough on his way home from the Admiralty. He never knew exactly where it was stolen, but I always thought I knew. You are a bit of a detective, Dr. Dollar; well, so am I in my way. You have not let me into the secret of your success, and I shouldn't think of boring you with mine. I thought it happened at Prince's, and I suspected Rocchi—that was all. It was last spring, and I had all the summer to think about it; but when Prince's opened I set to work; for there was Rocchi, making up to us both as before. He didn't get much change out of George, but perhaps I made amends when George wasn't there, and sometimes even when he was! Rocchi could waltz, you see, and so can I," said Lucy Trevellyn, with something like a sigh for her bereavement on the rink.

"Yet you copied the other two drawings, and you even admit you sold him the copies?"

"I sold them quite well," said Miss Trevellyn, with sparkling eyes—"and you may guess what I did with the money—but it's not fair to call them copies. I made them as inaccurate as possible without spoiling everything, and indeed I couldn't have made them very accurate from memory, and they were only rough sketches to begin with! Of course George was wrong to let me see them, but he was assisting in the best of causes. Rocchi was an expert professional spy. I soon sized him down as one. But he was not a naval expert—and I'm that as well! That's my last boast, Dr. Dollar; but it's not unjustifiable, if you come to think of George and me between us keeping a national enemy out of serious mischief, feeding a friendly Power with false plans, and giving the money to our own dear Navy League!"

Dollar surveyed the radiant minx with eyes that needed rubbing. His only sorrow was that Edenborough did not burst through the curtains without more ado; he must have extraordinary self-control, when he liked.

"Not that George was a conscious party to the fraud; he wouldn't have approved of it, he couldn't possibly, poor George!" said George's bride. "But I shall tell him all about it now; of course I always meant to tell him—after to-morrow—but he has had quite enough bothers of his own, and this was my show! I suppose you don't know what's been bothering him, Dr. Dollar? He says it's overwork—and I do think Lord Tynemouth's an old slave-driver; do you know, I haven't even seen George since the day before yesterday at Prince's?"

"Nor I," said Dollar, no longer with the least compunction, "from that hour to this!"

"Of course I know he's all right," concluded Miss Trevellyn, as they were parting perfect friends, "because he has rung me up several times to say so; and he looked better on Monday than for ever so long; but I must own I shall be glad when I get him away for a real good rest!"

She had refused to hear another word in explanation—or of regret—and she made her departure with all the abruptness of a constitutionally decided person. But she had blushed once at least in the last few minutes. And the doctor rushed back into his den with singing heart, ready to fall upon his patient's neck in deep thanksgiving.

No patient was there to meet him even now; but the curtain swayed a little before the open window. Dollar reached it at a bound; but there was nobody outside on the iron steps, and the curtain filled behind him as the inner door banged in the draft. The horrid little space at the back of the house, between the high black walls with the broken-bottle coping, lay empty of all life, in the plentiful light from the back windows, save for a cat that fled before Dollar's precipitate descent into the basement.

"The gentleman's gone," said Mrs. Barton at once. "He come through this way some time ago—said he couldn't wait no longer out there!"

"How long do you suppose he had waited?"

"Not long," said Mrs. Barton, firmly. "Bob here was at his tea when he had to go up to show the young lady in; and the young gentleman, it couldn't've been more than two or three minutes before he was through 'ere as if something had 'appened."

"I didn't hear him."

"He was anxious you shouldn't be disturbed, sir."

"Did you show him out, Bobby?"

The master had never been so short with them. Bobby quaked. "Yes, sir!"

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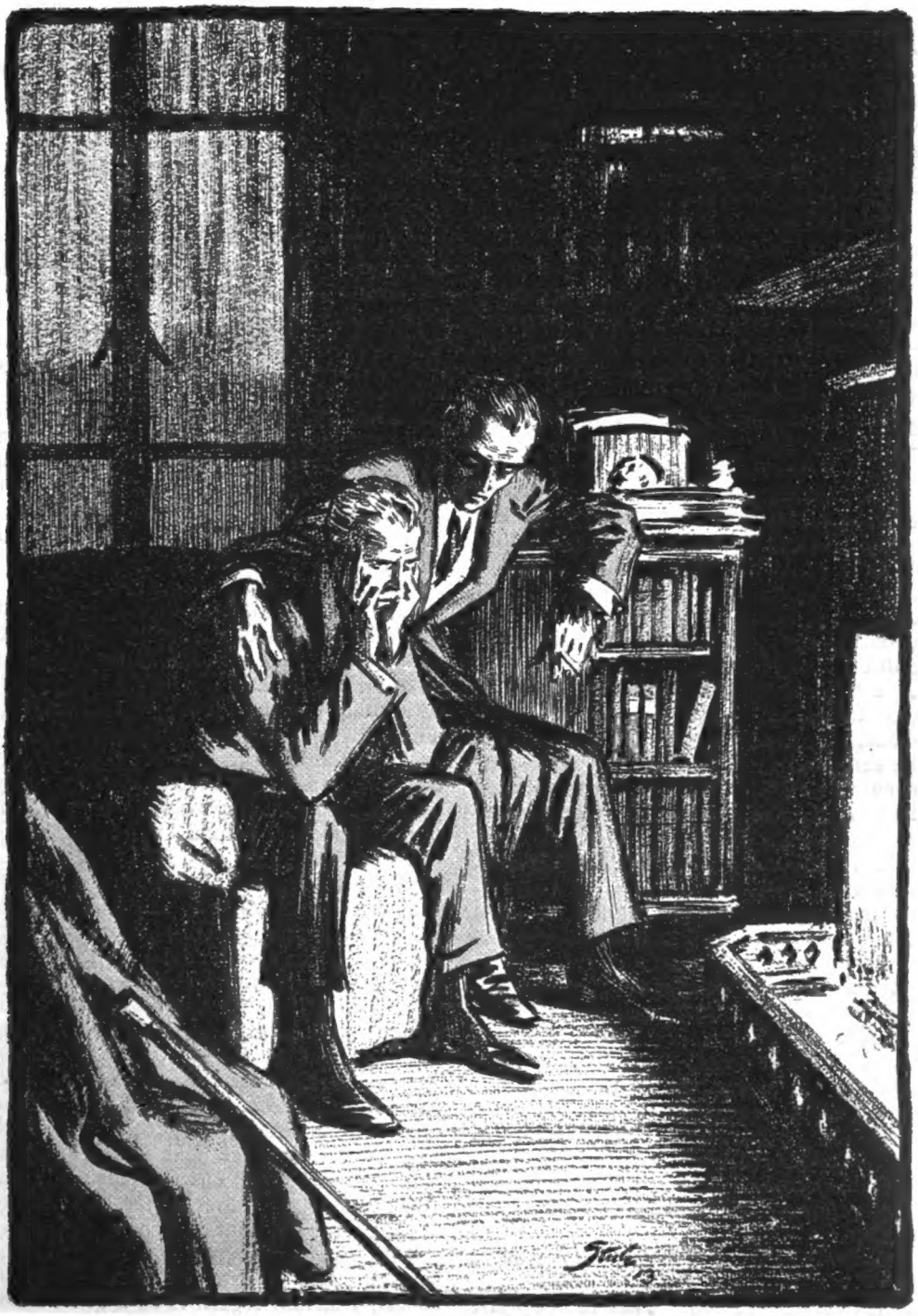

"YOU ARE NOT THE FIRST MAN, MY DEAR EDENBOROUGH, WHO WOULD SEEM TO HAVE BEEN BETRAYED IN COLD BLOOD BY A WOMAN, BY *THE* WOMAN."

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"Which way did he go—and how—foot or taxi?"

"I—please, sir—I never stopped to see, sir!"

Dollar flew to his telephone; forsook it in five minutes for a taxi-cab; drew Edenborough's rooms in vain; inquired as vainly (as an anonymous wedding-guest, uncertain of the church) at Admiral Trevellyn's; was at the House of Commons by half-past six, and at Scotland Yard (armed with written injunctions from the Secretary of State) before seven.

At that hour and place the matter passed out of the hands of Dr. John Dollar, who could only hasten home to Welbeck Street, there to enter upon the most shattering vigil of his life—the terrible telephone at his elbow—and still more terrible inquirers on the telephone as the night wore on!

But never one word of news. . . .

Toward midnight Topham Vinson arrived with the elaborate sandwiches and even the champagne that he had found awaiting him at home, as usual. It was the measure of a born leader; the doctor had not broken his fast since lunch; and in the small hours he once dozed for some minutes in his chair.

But the politician had not the temperament to wait for the telephone to talk to him; he talked repeatedly into the telephone, set a round dozen of myrmidons by the ears, and at last was rightly served by being sent off to Hammersmith to identify the dead body of a defaulting clerk, just removed from the Thames.

"I'm not coming with you," said Dollar, even when the description seemed to tally. "Edenborough couldn't drown himself—and this is my place."

It was a being ten years older who opened his own front door again at daybreak. His face was as gray as the wintry dawn, the whole man bowed and broken. Topham Vinson stood aghast on the step.

"It isn't all over, is it?"

The doctor nodded with compressed lips.

"When—and where?"

"I don't know. Come in. They're getting up down-stairs; there'll be some tea in a minute."

"For God's sake tell me what you've heard!"

"Haven't I told you? They rang up just after you went. He bought prussic acid yesterday!"

Dollar had dropped into his elaborate old chair; the bent head between his hands drooped over its own reflection in the historic writing-table.

"Who rang up?" asked the man on his legs.

"Some of your people."

"Is that all they had to tell you?"

"That was all; we sha'n't have long to wait for the rest."

"Where did he buy it?"

"At his own chemist's—'to put a poor old dog out of its misery!' His very words, Vinson, so they tell me! I shall hear them all my life."

"And it has taken all night to learn this, has it, from the chemist's where the poor devil dealt!"

Dollar understood this outburst of truculent emotion. "That was my fault," said he. "I told them to confine their attention to entries made in the poison-books after five o'clock yesterday afternoon. Edenborough had signed his name and got the stuff earlier in the day.

"Before you told him anything!"

"He had his own suspicions, you must remember. I had confirmed them—and *her* first words left no more to be said, that he could bear to hear! If only he had waited another minute! If only I had dragged him back to face it out!" groaned Dollar, in a bottomless pit of self-reproach. "I call myself a Crime Doctor, yet I let my patient creep into space with a bottle of prussic acid, and commit the one crime I had to prevent!"

"Why prussic acid, I wonder?"

The idle question was not asked for information, but it happened to be one that Dollar could answer, and it brought him to his book-shelves with a certain alacrity.

"I know," he said, "though I never thought of it till this minute! I was trying to write him a prescription on Sunday night, when the poor chap suddenly remarked that Shelley was right, and I found him dipping into these letters, and had the luck to spot the very bit he'd struck. It was this—" and he read out the passage beginning: "You, of course, enter into society at Leghorn: should you meet with any scientific person, capable of preparing the *Prussic Acid, or essential oil of bitter almonds*, I should regard it as a great kindness if you could procure me a small quantity" . . . . . down to "it would be a

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Trumbull White Managing Editor
Herman J. Ridgway President
Ray Brown Sec'y and Treasurer

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# STRAIGHT TALK

## With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

THE strained situation in Mexico at this moment recalls to us a letter we received some months ago, criticizing Mr. Frederick Palmer's article in our March number. There is a pretty tangle of commercial interests in our sister republic. There is talk of intervention. The Jingoists are hard at work with pen. (And, in case of war, they will stick to the "mightier" pen.)

Hence this letter on the general subject of going to war. We offer it for what it is worth—and some of the ideas in it are worth a whole lot of consideration. If we go to war with Mexico, under what pretext will it be? Patriotism? Superiority? In any case, of course, we must not admit any purely commercial or economic reasons.

Here is the letter:

Mr. Palmer's article on the war in Turkey is acceptable as far as its news and facts go; but when Mr. Palmer preaches, he puts on motley and cap and bells.

Why put a religious aspect on a purely commercial war? Had the Bulgarians, Greeks, etc., thrived and made more of life and money under the Turk, then Mohammed or Christ had never been an issue.

The name of Christ was invoked against the name of Mohammed only when it seemed an expediency, an appeal. Christ and Mohammed with a finer vision know better, and are friends in another world—let us hope—where there is forgiveness and forbearance.

"Because in Arabia, where heads grow hot and eyes see visions . . . ." Be careful, Mr. Palmer. Jesus moved under just such skies. God performed all His miracles where heads grow hot and eyes see visions. Mr. War Correspondent, you are treading on dangerous ground.

And when Mr. Palmer states that the Koran means to the masses something Mohammed never intended and that, therefore, the believers in the Koran should be warred upon, he throws his brief for Christianity out of court. For note—

What did Jesus say to warrant war in His name?

What does the Christian religion mean to the Russian bigot who rips an unborn child from its mother's entrails and tears her breast off while the scapula hangs about his neck?

What did Christianity mean to the Protestant in the tortures inflicted on peaceable Catholics during the English anti-popery riots?

What did God and Abraham and Moses mean to the Jews who hounded Jesus to the cross?

What did Isis or Osiris mean to the Egyptians?

Those who live in glass houses should pull down the blinds.

Mr. Palmer, you have been too long under skies that make heads hot and eyes see visions—but no, you are a fairly capable man writing for the "goats."

Mr. Editor, are the Turks, man for man, more ignorant, more fanatic, more cruel, worse in any way than the intensely Christianized Mexican, for instance?

Are the Turks falling because they do not believe in Christ or because they have been corrupt and luxuriant and have sought to maintain that paradise on earth which their prophet sought to hold aloof till the business of living should be over?

Mr. Editor, give us facts and let us draw our own conclusions. S. B.

Fruitvale, Cal.

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### THAT WORD "PRACTICAL"

I have heard Mr. Walter Lippmann's challenge to define "practical" and I do not feel the "blank despair" he predicts. I do not consider his query "unnecessary or insulting," and I know of a fairly good definition he can find in any edition of Webster's dictionary. It defines practical as useful.

But I would like to go further and tell him that there is no abyss which divides theory from practise—they work hand in hand. They are as inseparable as cause and effect. The practise of to-day is from the theory of yesterday. The theory of to-day goes to build the practise of to-morrow. We can not, fortunately, practise to-day's theory to-day—there is too much of it. We must let it stand overnight and in the morning we can use the cream of it, and luckily discard the rest. If in doing this we lose a bit we should have kept, and hold a bit we should have left behind, it is regrettable; but ingenuity, thus far, has furnished us no cream-separator for theory.

It is fallacious to state that a thing is all right in theory but that it won't work in practise. Go back to your theory—that's where the trouble lies. We won't have perfection in practise until we get perfect theories. That's what's the matter with Mr. Lippmann's "world of practical men." Personally, I am convinced that the consensus of theory to-day is better than it was yesterday, and we can expect to-morrow's practise to be bettered accordingly. When a boat doesn't ride steadily in the water it seldom helps matters to turn it upside down.

A practical man is one who recognizes ninety-nine per cent. of all theory to be faulty, and has the ability to pick out the one per cent. that is sound. A good many of them are theorists with theories that worked. A. P. H.

Honolulu, Hawaii.

### HER NAME *WAS* NORMAL

I had not supposed that any one, outside of books or stories, was ever expected to quote accurately, offhand, lines of poetry or prose that were just apropos; but it has always seemed so easy for the hero or heroine in a story to do so, that we have come to expect it, and when your writer, Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton, in his story, "Her Name Was Normal," in the July EVERYBODY'S, tells us his hero "instinctively declaimed," "My Name is *Normal;* on the Grampian Hills," etc., we wonder if he was joking or thought he was "instinctively" quoting correctly. The recollection is that the name of the member of the family whose flocks fed upon the Grampian Hills, was *Norval*—however normal he may have been.

Please allow me to thank you for the most pleasing return of Gouverneur Morris. "The Championship" brings back the creator of charming "Aladdin O'Brien," our friends in "The Spread Eagle," and the wholesome boys and girls of some other older stories. If you are going to give us more stories on this order by him, we shall drop the other magazines which contain stories of his which only disappoint us, and depend upon you for his "real self" tales. MRS. M. S.

South Norwalk, Conn.

No; Mr. Eaton knew, and his hero knew, that Norval's name was Norval. Here is his own answer to inquiries:

The following process is supposed to have gone on in Roger's mind: The girl tells him that a child said his sister's name was normal; this suggests to him by a certain similarity of sound the name Norval, and because the whole episode strikes him as rather amusing, he begins to spout the ancient declamation. I personally spouted this in my youth, and was quite aware that the correct quotation is Norval. W. P. E.

## A New Department

**IN response to a very general demand, we are going to begin a Financial Department in the November number. It will be edited by John Parr, whose authoritative articles on Wall Street have been published from time to time by EVERYBODY'S.**

**Mr. Parr will strive to make the problems of finance clear to you, and we believe that his judgment and advice, which will be given not only in the pages of the magazine but in letters to correspondents, will be helpful to those of you who want to know how to invest money with safety.**

**We imagine that we know what you want to know about how to invest your money; but this department is an experiment, and we shall be glad to have you advise us about it.**

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